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The Portrait of a Christian Gentle

A MEMOIR OF

PATRICK FRASER TYTL

AUTHOR OF THE

"HISTORY OF SCOTLAND."

BY HIS FRIEND

THE REV. JOHN W. BURGON,

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Beati mundo corde.

XXA 87

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1859.

22499

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WOODFALL AND KINDER,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

TO

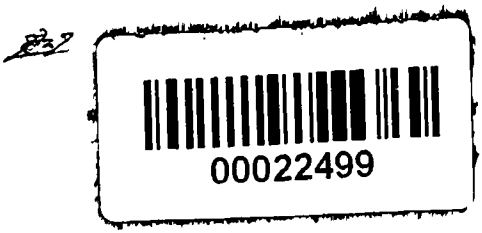
HER MOST SACRED MAJESTY,

THE QUEEN

AN

UNSANCTIONED

ACT OF HOMAGE.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INTRODUCTORY.

It shall be my endeavour in the ensuing pages to draw the portrait of a Christian Gentleman. In the republic of letters indeed, Mr. Tytler occupied a distinguished place; but I should have hesitated to assume that even a higher degree of literary celebrity forms in itself a sufficient warrant for so detailed a personal Memoir as the present. It seemed however that I should both be rendering an useful service to society, and paying a not ungraceful tribute to the memory of the man I loved, if I attempted to weave into a connected story the materials which his family placed at my disposal: for I knew that I should set before the world a very bright example, if I could draw the lovely character of which I there found the authentic evidence, and of which my memory supplied the living image.

It cannot be necessary to state that the life of a good man is generally more instructive, as well as better deserving of attention, than many a more stirring biographical record. And yet, I am not without hope that the ensuing Memoir will be found of real interest also; for, besides the private details which are proper to it, and which seem to be deficient neither in picturesqueness nor in variety, not a few historical personages here come before the reader, and names which the world holds in honour. With certain passages concerning the loftiest in the land, (be it humbly spoken,) I was much perplexed to know how to act: but I

took the best advice I could get; and venture to hope that I shall incur no censure. One need perhaps hesitate the less when every detail is calculated to inspire reverence and admiration. How far I may be blamed for revealing so much of my friend's inner life, I cannot tell: nor is this altogether the place to discuss the propriety of such disclosures. It shall only be said that between the desire to draw a faithful portrait, and the dread of incurring the charge of indelicacy, a biographer finds himself placed in an awkward dilemma; from which he must be content to extricate himself by the exercise of that instinct which, after all, is perhaps the safest guide in such matters. If a character is not to come abroad,—then is it better to lay down the pen at once: if it is to be drawn,—then must not those more delicate touches be omitted, which give individuality and life to the picture.

Where every member of the family has placed unreserved confidence in me, I know not in what quarter to direct my thanks particularly. The friend who helped me most, the authoress of 'Leila,' has gone to her rest. Next to Miss Ann Fraser Tytler, I am most indebted to Thomas Hog, Esq.; and I must not fail to record with gratitude the patient assistance which I have received from James Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee.

HOUGHTON CONQUEST,
Christmas 1858.

MEMOIR

OF

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

Family traditions—John Tytler—William Tytler—His defence of Queen Mary—Anecdote of David Hume—Domestic happiness—Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee—His early education—'Elements of History,' and other works—Birth of Patrick Fraser Tytler—His eldest sister, Ann Fraser Tytler.

'TYTLER,' or 'De Tytloure,' is a Scottish surname of great antiquity;* but it was not borne by any member of the family which has since rendered it illustrious, until a period subsequent to the battle of Flodden field. Their original name was Seaton; and their ancient residence was in the south of Scotland, on a part of the estate of their kinsman the Lord Seaton. They belonged, therefore, to one of the best of Scottish houses. Mention is made of three brothers who accompanied George, Lord Seaton, to the battle of Flodden, in 1513,—where all were slain, except one of the brothers who attended Lord George in the capacity of chaplain; and who, having returned alive from the field, lurked for some time about the English border, and eventually was presented to a border living. It is further related of him, that he made acquaintance with an English gentleman named Gray, who on a certain occasion invited him to a hunting match; when a difference arose between them,

* In the first year of David Bruce (1364) 'John de Tytloure, esquyre,' witnesses a charter of Robert, Earl of Strathern, Steward of Scotland.

which unhappily resulted in the death of Gray. "After this *unlucky accident*," proceeds the family record, "being apprehensive of his danger, he withdrew to France, and, concealing his name of Seaton, adopted that of Tytler;"—whether because he was connected with any of that name or not, does not appear. He took up his residence for some time near Paris; and, having contracted marriage with a French lady of property, he subsequently withdrew to Calais, and became the father of many sons and daughters.*

Two of these sons attended Queen Mary to Leith in 1561; and, proving faithful adherents to her cause, were engaged in the skirmish which happened at Corrichie, near Aberdeen, between the Earls of Murray and Huntly, where the latter was slain, and his two sons taken prisoners. One of the Tytlers fell on the same occasion. The other retired to a place called Learnie, near Kincardine Oneille, about sixteen miles west of Aberdeen; where, about the year 1563, he settled, married, and had several children.

From the survivor of the skirmish of Corrichie was lineally descended John Tytler, whose father died in 1690, aged almost eighty, after having often related on his own father's authority the preceding traditional history. The family point out, in confirmation of it, that the armorial bearings of the Tytlers are those of the Seatons, the blazon being counterchanged, with a lion's head erased for a difference.† Their crest, (the rays of the sun issuing from a cloud,) and motto, 'Occultus non extinctus,' are said to refer to their change of name at a time when the family was, as it were, *under a cloud*.

* One, at least, of these sons returned to the neighbourhood of Paris, where some of his descendants may yet be in existence. There were Tytlers in those parts as late as the year 1738.

† The Tytlers bear *gules, between three crescents or, a lion's head erased argent*; the Seatons, *or, three crescents gules, within a royal tressure*.

John Tytler, merchant in Aberdeen, (at that period the greatest commercial emporium in Scotland,) married Barbara, daughter of John Skene, 'of that ilk,' the chief of the family, a very ancient and highly-connected baronial house. Alexander, his son, was the father of William Tytler, the defender of Queen Mary. But this is a name which deserves to be more fully commemorated. I cannot enter on the subject of the present Memoir, until attention has been invited to the life and character of his two immediate progenitors, his grandfather and his father. Genius has proved hereditary in this family for more than three generations,* and has thus vindicated for the race a high position in what may be called the literary aristocracy of their country.

William, then, was the only surviving son of Mr. Alexander Tytler, writer (that is, solicitor), in Edinburgh; and was born in that city 12th October, 1711, being the eighth of twelve children, of whom four only attained maturity. His mother, Jane Leslie, was the daughter of Mr. William Leslie, merchant in Aberdeen, and grand-daughter of Sir Patrick Leslie, of Iden, provost of the same town, and member for the borough in several Scottish parliaments. An interesting 'Account of the Life and Writings of William Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee,' was read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, by its author, the well-known Henry Mackenzie, in 1796; from which, notwithstanding the timid precision which characterizes the style of that period, a lively notion of the character of my friend's grandfather may be obtained. There is almost as much of individuality in the few linea-

* Margaret Fraser Tytler, the amiable, accomplished, and lamented daughter of the late Sheriff of Inverness-shire, and, therefore, great granddaughter of the defender of Queen Mary, was the author of many elegant and well-known works of fiction. This lady's literary performances, however graceful and popular, are not to be confounded with the matchless productions of her aunt, Miss Ann Fraser Tytler.

ments of his character which the author of the 'Man of Feeling' has permitted himself to portray, as in his speaking likeness by the hand of Raeburn.' William Tytler became an author simply because he desired to obtain a wider audience for the opinions which he privately advocated, than conversation could supply: while his intense nationality decided the subjects on which he should successively bestow his attention. His first work, which appeared when he was forty-eight years of age, (an 'Enquiry, historical and critical, into the Evidence against Mary, Queen of Scots,') was, it is well known, a hearty defence of Mary Stewart, against what Mr. Tytler believed to be the calumnies of Robertson and Hume. This work is declared, by a writer of the time, to have formed an era in the literary history of Britain. It was the first book of a controversial character which had appeared without one trace of personal acrimony: exhibiting the most punctilious courtesy, combined with the most conscientious candour. The 'Enquiry' was universally read, passed through four editions in the author's lifetime, and was translated into at least one continental language. Dr. Johnson and Dr. Smollett were among its reviewers; and the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke declared it to be "the best concatenation of circumstantial proofs brought to bear upon one point, that he had ever perused." It procured for its author a great reputation, and is the work for which he will be chiefly remembered. To what extent national prejudice may be thought to have influenced his judgment respecting Queen Mary, it is useless at this time of day to inquire. I prefer to point out that William Tytler's imagination may have been early fascinated with the romantic history of a princess to whose fortunes his own ancestors had attached themselves, and in whose cause they had bled. That enough allowance had never before been made for the barbarous manners of Mary's country, and the

lax morality of the age in which she lived, must at least be freely granted.

Robertson took William Tytler's criticism in good part. They lived on terms of perfect intimacy and cordiality: and when Mr. Tytler dined at Dr. Robertson's house for the last time, he had the pleasure of seeing there Queen Mary's portrait, supported on one side by the portrait of his entertainer, and on the other, by his own. David Hume was a different kind of person. In a common-place book kept by Lord Woodhouselee, among many valuable personal notices, I find the following passages relative to the (so-called) philosopher, which it is supposed will be read with interest. "David Hume, with all his mildness of manners for which his friends so highly extol him, in cases where his pride was wounded by attacks on his character as a writer, was immeasurably resentful, and carried his antipathies to a most extraordinary height. Of this, the scurrilous reflections, and bitter invectives he threw out against my father in a note on that part of his history which relates to the conduct of Elizabeth to Mary Queen of Scots, is sufficient proof. His best friends condemned him universally for this instance of departure from his usual plan of making no answer to his literary antagonists.* But he hated my father on another account. *He*, who made it a rule never to disguise or conceal his opinions on matters which he conceived of real importance, had often with the greatest energy expressed his aversion to those metaphysical opinions of Hume which shook the foundations of our religious and moral sentiments. This, together with the attack on his fair dealing as an historian, in that very

* "I found by Dr. Warburton's railing, that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good company. However, I had a fixed resolution, which I inflexibly maintained, never to reply to anybody; and not being very irascible in my temper, I have easily kept myself clear of any literary squabbles."—*Hume's Autobiography.*

popular work, the vindication of Mary, (which produced a great revolution in the sentiments of the public upon that question,) blew the passions of David Hume into a flame; and he determined in his own mind to crush this presumptuous antagonist by a blow which he should never recover. But the consequence was very different from what he expected. His antagonist was only roused to a greater degree of exertion. He attacked him in a supplement to a new edition of his work, with tenfold spirit; supporting every charge that he had formerly made with new and accumulated proofs, so as to leave this doughty champion not a corner to turn himself in, or a loophole for escape.

"A strong instance of David Hume's inveterate resentment on this score, I myself was a witness to. One evening my father and I went to drink tea with his old friend Mr. Middleton, of Seaton, and Lady Di, at their house in Nicolson Square. On entering the room, the only stranger there was Mr. Hume; who, the moment my father appeared, rose abruptly, took his hat and cane, and walked off without saying a word. When he was gone, Mr. Middleton said to my father, 'You have fairly put him to flight, for he came but a few minutes before you, and meant to pass the evening at whist.' What a terrible little man you are, that can discomfit such a Goliath!' 'Aye,' said my father, 'the Philistine boasted, but I smote him in the forehead.'"

Mr. William Tytler produced besides (in 1783) an edition of 'The Poetical Remains of James I., King of Scotland,' in which he vindicated to that monarch, (himself a contemporary of Chaucer,) two ancient poems of uncertain attribution, namely, 'The King's Quair,' and 'Christ's Kirk on the Green.' In an essay on Scottish music, subjoined to the Dissertation and Poems, he claimed for James I. the honour of having first introduced into Scotland those lovely

airs, so pathetic and plaintive in their character, which are known at this day as the national music of the country.*

"In music," says Mackenzie, "he was uncommonly skilled;" and the taste descended in an eminent degree to his son, as well as to his son's son. "It was his favourite amusement; and with natural partiality, he was apt to assign to it a degree of moral importance which some might deem a little whimsical. He used to say that he never knew a good taste in music associated with a malevolent heart; and being asked what prescription he would recommend for attaining an old age as healthful and happy as his own,—'My prescription,' said he, 'is simple: short but cheerful meals; music, and a good conscience.'" The writer of a short biographical article in "The Bee," was present at the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the 29th day of April 1784, when Dr. Carlisle read Collins' ode on the genius of the Highlands; at which time he could not help contemplating, with a pleasing astonishment, the enthusiastic ardour that animated the whole frame of Mr. Tytler at the recital.' He was then a man of 73. He is described as rather thin, and somewhat below the middle size; with a quick springy walk, and a great affection for those manly exercises of which the refinement of modern times had robbed the gentlemen of Scotland. He delighted in the company of the young; and his singularly social disposition retained its buoyancy, and love of harmless frolic, until he had attained the age of fourscore. His spirit had been bowed, not broken, by affliction, of which he had tasted a large share. Of his eight children,

* His other works were "Observations on 'the Vision,' a Poem first published in Ramsay's 'Evergreen,'" in which he vindicates to Allan Ramsay the poems in question. "An Account of the Fashionable Amusements and Entertainments of Edinburgh in the last Century, with the Plan of a Grand Concert of Music performed there on St. Cecilia's Day, 1695;" and a paper in "the Lounger" (No. 16), entitled "Defects of Modern Female Education in teaching the Duties of a Wife," complete the enumeration of William Tytler's works.

he had successively lost five; but the death of his wife, Ann, daughter of James Craig, Esq., of Costerton,* was the calamity which touched him most nearly.

She had been dead more than two years and a half (November 1785), when the old man wrote as follows on a blank leaf of his Bible:—"I thank GOD the anguish of heart, the bitterness of grief, is past. Still, still, however, I deplore her loss, which nothing can now supply. The most pleasant moments in my life, at present, are in calling up in my mind our mutual endearments, and the bliss and domestic happiness which we enjoyed together. I say it with truth, that in the above space of time, since our separation, she has never been one hour absent from my mind. She is the first idea that strikes my waking thoughts in the morning, and the last that forsakes me in sleep. On entering my home after a day's absence, my heart, which formerly used to be elated, now shrinks within me while I look in vain for the sweet figure that used to welcome me by flying to my arms. Those sparkling eyes, those ardent looks, I no more behold. That sweet voice, her fond exclamation,—'Well, how is my Willie?' still vibrates on my ear!" . . . Who would imagine that this was written by a man of seventy-five? He went to his rest on the 12th September, 1792.

His eldest son, Alexander, who succeeded to the paternal estate of Woodhouselee, (from which he derived, as Lord of Session, the title by which he became afterwards so famous,) was born at Edinburgh, on the 4th of October, 1747. The son of such parents could hardly fail to be a remarkable person; but Alexander Tytler had the additional advantage of living from his boyhood in the society of all those who

* It was in consequence of this match that the Tytlers, after the death of Sir James Henry Craig, the last male of that family, carried the arms of Craig in their second quarter. The arms of Fraser figure in the third quarter, in consequence of Lord Woodhouselee's marriage with the heiress of Fraser of Belmain.

were then most distinguished in Edinburgh for their manners, their talents, or their accomplishments. Nor were these advantages, which the paternal roof so liberally procured him, lost upon the boy. "It was in this domestic school," says Mr. Alison, "that he early acquired that taste, or that sensibility to whatever is graceful or becoming in conduct or in manners, which ever afterwards distinguished him, and which forms, perhaps, the most important advantage which is derived from an early acquaintance with good society."

The progress of his education is not unmarked with interest. After passing five years at the High School of Edinburgh, which he left with the highest honours, he was sent, full of boyish ambition, to an academy at Kensington, near London, then under the care of Mr. Elphinstone, a man of worth and learning, and a friend of Dr. Johnson. Here he taught himself Italian and drawing; and at the age of sixteen produced a copy of Latin verses, which his preceptor, in the pride of his heart, carried to Dr. Jortin, who was at that time Rector of Kensington. Jortin rewarded the youth with praise, and a volume of his own Latin poems containing an appropriate inscription. Dr. Russell, a celebrated physician of Aleppo, who resided in the neighbourhood of Kensington, and to whose notice Mr. William Tytler had especially recommended his son, took him to his house during the holidays, made him his companion, and imparted to him a taste for natural history, which never afterwards forsook him. Returning to Edinburgh at the age of seventeen, he adopted the profession of the Law; and had the good fortune to be a student in the University at a time when the professorial chair in almost every department of science was occupied by persons of the highest distinction. Among the young men also, with whom he became at once associated, are recognized some of the brightest names which adorned the literary annals of

the northern metropolis, during the second half of the last century,—Henry Mackenzie, Lords Abercrombie, Craig, Meadowbank, and Robertson, Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, Robert Liston, Andrew Dalzel, John Playfair, Dr. Gregory, Dugald Stewart, and it has been mentioned as "his peculiar happiness, that among those to whom the affections of his youth were given, the course of his mature life was passed, and its final period was closed."

At Woodhouselee, the romantic residence of his father, distant about six miles from Edinburgh, where he spent his vacations, the youth soon began to reap the reward of his boyish assiduity. He familiarized himself with the literature of modern Europe, especially of Italy, France, and England, maturing thus early that taste and judgment of which he afterwards gave the world so many valuable specimens. He became an excellent draughtsman and musician, learned thoroughly to appreciate whatever is most beautiful in nature, and "in the course of a few years, there were few scenes, either in England or in Scotland, which he had not visited, that were distinguished either by natural beauty, by poetic celebration, by the residence of eminent men, or by the occurrence of memorable transactions." At the age of 23, (in 1770,) he was called to the bar; and six years after, married Anne, eldest daughter, and eventually heiress, of William Fraser, Esq. of Balnain,—"an union" (says his biographer) "which accomplished all the hopes he had formed of domestic happiness, and which, after the long period of thirty-five years, almost unclouded by misfortune, closed in more grateful and profound affection than it at first began."

The period at which Mr. Tytler entered upon his professional career has been characterized as the most remarkable, perhaps, that has occurred in the literary history of Scotland. It was a period of singular awakening. The

intellectual energies of that great people were then first beginning to find scope for their exercise and development. Hume and Robertson, Adam Smith, Mr. Erskine, Lord Hailes, and Lord Kames, had established for themselves a first-rate reputation in many of the gravest departments of letters; and Alexander Tytler possessed the necessary abilities and attainments to follow their example. But it was a beautiful feature in his character that he preferred to follow that of more excellent way,' which should not prove incompatible with the strictest duties, the largest charities of social life. In his very ambition, there was always something domestic. The only honours to which he aspired were those which he could share with those he loved; the eyes in which he desired to read 'his history,' were not those of 'a nation,' but those of his family and his friends. He determined accordingly to pursue Law as *a science*, rather than as a profession; and resolved to establish his claim to the honours of his calling by engaging in a great work on some legal subject. His choice was decided by the suggestion of his friend and patron, Lord Kames, that he should write a supplementary volume to his own 'Dictionary of Decisions,' bringing down that work to the time which, in 1773 or 1774, was called *present*. To this task Mr. Tytler devoted the next four years of his life. His supplementary volume appeared in folio, in 1778, and received the approbation of the great lawyers of the day. At the end of two years, he had associated himself with Mr. Pringle in the professorship of Universal History and Roman Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh; and he was appointed sole professor in 1786. "From that period, until the year 1800, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the duties of his professorship; and ten years of assiduous study were employed in the composition and improvement of the course of lectures which he read annually before an immense body of

students." Those lectures have only lately been published, (in Murray's Family Library, 1834,) but with their general scope all are familiar from the little work which their author put forth for the assistance of his pupils, under the title of 'Elements of General History,'*—a work which has since found many editors, and has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and even into Hindoostanee. The lectures themselves, which were exceedingly popular, and attracted general attention, established the fame of their author on a solid basis. Their method was novel; their arrangement, in the best sense of the word, philosophical; the reading and thought, of which they afforded evidence, immense. Sir Walter Scott relates that he was himself one of Mr. Tytler's pupils.

In 1790,† he read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh a series of papers on Translation, which he published shortly afterwards under the modest title of an 'Essay on the Principles of Translation.' This performance attracted great and deserved notice, passed through five editions, and was long regarded as a standard work. In the same year, Mr. Tytler was appointed Judge Advocate of Scotland,—an office which he discharged with singular conscientiousness and credit; and Lord Melville, to whose friendship he owed his advancement, further raised him to the bench of the Court of Session, where he took his seat in the beginning of 1802, with the title of Lord Woodhouselee. He was now free from his academical engagements. The death (in 1792) of his venerable father had placed him in affluent

* This work, as it at first appeared in 1772, was far briefer, and bore a different title—"Outlines of a Course of Lectures."

† A Short Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. John Gregory; some papers in the "Mirror" and "Lounger," which were found to have been written on the blank leaves of his sketch-book; an Account of the Origin and History of the Royal Society; a Memoir of Robert Dundas, Lord President of the Court of Session; and a paper on the Vitrified Forts of the Highlands, comprise the sum of Mr. Tytler's minor works from 1778 to 1789.

circumstances; and his wife had already succeeded to her paternal estate of Balnain in Invernesshire. For about ten years his great delight had been to embellish his grounds, to extend his plantations, and to improve the dwellings of his cottagers, "an occupation in which he found himself every day rewarded by seeing the face of nature and of man brightening around him." He enlarged his house in order "to render it more adequate to the purposes of hospitality; and in the course of a short period," writes Mr. Alison, "he succeeded in creating a scene of rural and domestic happiness which has seldom been equalled in this country, and which, to the warm-hearted simplicity of Scottish manners, added somewhat of the more refined air of classical elegance. It was here, from this period, that all his hours of enjoyment were passed,—that all his works were composed,—and that, in the bosom of his family, and amid the scenery and amusements of the country, he found the happiness that was most congenial to his character and disposition."

Mention has been already made of Lord Woodhouselee's wife, (the excellent mother of the subject of the ensuing pages); but I have not yet noticed the births of his eight children, four sons and four daughters, one of whom, a daughter, died in infancy. Of these, only two, alas! now survive,—James Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee; and Jane, the widow of the late admirable James Baillie Fraser, Esq., of Moniack, in Invernesshire. Miss Ann Fraser Tytler, the celebrated authoress, has left the scene while these pages have been in progress. PATRICK FRASER, (or, as he was invariably called by his family and friends, *Peter*,) was the youngest of all; having been born at No. 108 (*then* numbered 65), Prince's Street, Edinburgh, on the 30th August, 1791. He was named after his uncle, Col. Patrick Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee's only brother, who was alive

until the year 1849. So hopelessly ill was he at some period of his infancy, (the exact year is unknown to me,) that his father actually selected a spot for his grave.

And now I have reached that part of my narrative in which I foresaw from the first that, without assistance, my story must inevitably break down. As often as the present Memoir was discussed with any of the family, I felt that all its earliest pages must of necessity present a blank. My friendship with Mr. Tytler did not begin till the year 1836. He was then five-and-forty. How was I to bridge over the chasm between his infancy and his early manhood? It was clear, since I had never made a single memorandum on the subject, that some one who knew him intimately in his youth must render help. I explained my difficulty to an elder sister who loved him tenderly, and whom he himself loved with a most entire affection,—Miss Ann Fraser Tytler, whose name has been already mentioned: but I speedily discovered that the subject opened up too many channels of aching remembrance; and, in short, was one which she could not even contemplate writing about without positive pain. Before making this discovery, after explaining my own utter inability to handle the earlier portion of her brother's life, I had once ventured the entreaty that she would commit to paper a few memoranda; from which notes she might tell me orally what I desired to know. The tears which this request elicited were very distressing. Even biography may be purchased at too dear a price. The assurance that she was in feeble health, and could scarcely see to write, I knew how to encounter with a suitable suggestion: the declaration that she was growing very stupid, I had heard before—from herself; and knew how to meet in a way which should compel her to laugh, and reprimand me in exceedingly pure Scotch: but tears were quite unanswerable. *That* conversation, I instantly assured her,

should be the last in which anything should ever be said of my difficulty.

I foresaw what would be the result. I knew that the accomplished lady who had already entrusted me with every journal and letter she could obtain of her beloved brother, must inevitably *desire* to help me; and, from a few words which she let fall, I perceived that it was only because she fully appreciated the effort which would be required in order to satisfy, not *my* expectations, but *her own desires*, if she entered upon the task at all, that she now hung back. To be brief, at the end of a few months, a neatly-written MS. was modestly put into my hands. It was the transcribed result of many patient pencillings, through the long days of summer, when feeble health had kept the writer, for the most part, a prisoner at home. She completed her task in the spring of 1856, and here it is as it was given to me. To have recast what had been put together by so distinguished a pen, would have been absurd; but having been repeatedly requested to add or omit whatever I pleased, I have done so freely—always distinguishing the additional matter by a discontinuance of the inverted commas, or by foot-notes. There exists also, I am well aware, another and a more effectual method of distinguishing between our respective styles than any typographical device could supply.

CHAPTER II.

(1791—1800.)

Miss A. Fraser Tytler's MS.—Early recollections—P. F. Tytler's boyhood—The bicker—Lord Woodhouselee among his children—The "Cottagers of Glenburnie"—Basil Hall and his sister—Sir James Stewart of Allanbank—Evenings at Woodhouselee—Mr. Black—Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott and his family—Dugald and Mrs. Stewart—Henry Mackenzie—Sydney Smith—Sir James Mackintosh—The Rev. A. Alison—The poet Leyden.

MISS ANN FRASER TYTLER'S MS.

"I HAVE been so strongly urged by that kind friend who has long been anxious to give a Memoir of my brother Peter's life to the public, to assist him in some small degree, that I feel I can no longer refuse to make the attempt to furnish him with a few of such particulars as memory, and some slight memoranda taken down at the time, will afford.

"My brother was the youngest of a family consisting of four sons and three daughters. His eldest brother, William, married, and left us at the early age of twenty-one. His second brother, James, passed as writer to the Signet, and also married some years after. The third son, Alexander, sailed for India in 1805. Isabella, the second sister, died unmarried in 1841; and Jane, the youngest, married, in 1823, her cousin, James Baillie Fraser, of Relig, who was afterwards well known by his various publications.

"As a boy, my brother Peter was in no way remarkable, except for the invariable truthfulness, openness, and perfect simplicity of his character. In acquirements, he was for many years below most boys of his age. His love for music and drawing showed itself at a very early period. His blithe songs and his playfulness made him a favourite with

high and low. When he did sit still, it was generally with a pencil in his hand; and a scrap of paper was long retained in the family, on which was drawn a very wonderful beast, with a strange variety of legs and an enormous mouth, and under which was printed in large capital letters, *The Crater of Mount Vesuvius.*

"This early love for the fine arts was not accompanied, at that time, with any literary propensities. He attended Miss Stalker's reading-school, who succeeded her father, (the well-known reading master in Edinburgh, from whom Walter Scott received his first early instruction;) but to my brother, this school was a sad weariness of the flesh. It was very near our house in Prince's Street; but, as the hour of attendance drew near, he used frequently to be seized with all manner of mysterious indispositions; and when, at last, he would dart off, it was still with a very rueful countenance.

"The following anecdote I give in his brother James' own words: 'He had got hold of a gun of mine, and had contrived to break the main-spring of the lock. Afraid, I presume, to face me on the occasion, he managed to print a little note addressed to me, and containing these words: *O Jamie, dinna think of guns, for the main-spring of that is broken, and my heart is broken.*'"—A glance at the original document, in uncials, shows that the author cannot have been more than five years' old when he indited the cramp piece of penmanship alluded to. How strange, by the way, that the first childish effusion of one who in his maturer years proved so very keen a sportsman, should afford evidence that the ruling passion of his manhood was already developed!

"At the High School, in his attainments, matters were mending rather. He was there under Mr., afterwards Professor Christison, and Dr. Adams, the Rector of the Institution; and though often careless and inattentive, and

much addicted to drawing most grotesque figures on his books, he yet always maintained a very respectable place in his class.

By his school-fellows he was greatly beloved: his amiable generous temper, and playful humour, made him a general favourite. In spirit and manliness he was by no means deficient. Who, that had seen the apparently gentle boy, with his mild sweet expression, would have known him again, when, with his face all bruised and streaming with blood, he darted into the room one day, and, addressing his youngest sister, exclaimed: 'Wash my face; quick, quick; put a cold key down my back, and let me out again to the bicker'?

"This *bicker* lasted three successive days after school-hours. It was the last I remember. The master found it necessary to make a firm stand against so barbarous and dangerous a mode of warfare. The boys of the High School and of the University were jealous of each other, and perpetually quarrelling; and when this spirit now and then proceeded to a height, a bicker was found a necessary, though by no means a safe vent to their fury. They were drawn out in battle array, facing each other; each party with a mountain of small stones by their side, which they hurled without mercy at the heads of their enemies till one of the parties gave in.

"Walter Scott used frequently to mention that those bickers existed in his time, and for a considerable period before. It was not then, as later, between the boys of different schools, but between those of the higher and lower classes, who inhabited different parts of the Town.

"The boys in George's Square, where Walter Scott then resided, having formed themselves into a company, were presented by a lady of rank residing there with a handsome set of colours; a gift more congenial to the ardour of the

youthful heroes than judicious, perhaps. The feud between those gentlemen of the Square and the barefooted lads of Bristo Street and the neighbouring suburbs, became daily more fierce. One young lad in particular, who used to be styled the Achilles of the Cross-causeway, was always foremost in the charge,—a slim, blue-eyed, fair-haired youth, about fourteen, but of undaunted courage. Heading one of those charges, he had advanced some paces before his comrades, and was on the point of seizing the highly-prized standard, when a young aristocrat, infuriated by the threatened disgrace, aimed a blow with a sharp instrument at the vulnerable head of the youthful Achilles, which deluged his fair hair with blood.

"In dismay at a proceeding so unexpected, both parties fled different ways. The unlucky hanger was thrown into one of the meadow ditches, and solemn secrecy was sworn on all sides: but their remorse was great, when they found that the wounded hero had been carried by the watchman to the Infirmary, where he remained several days.

"Repeated inquiries, however, failed in inducing him to reveal the name of his assailant, though perfectly well known to him. When he recovered, Walter Scott and his friends opened a treaty of peace with him, through a ginger-bread baker in the neighbourhood, well known to both parties; and a well-filled purse which they had collected was offered to him, and pressed upon his acceptance; but he declined the gift, saying, that 'no money should ever purchase his Scotch blood.'

"My father was the one of the family who seemed to feel the least, indeed, I may say *no* disappointment at my brother's not particularly distinguishing himself in his class. 'You do not understand the boy,' he would say; 'I tell you he is a wonderful boy. Look at the eager expression of his countenance when listening to conversation far above his

years: he is drinking in every word. You tell me he never opens an improving book: that it must always be an amusing story for him. I am much mistaken if he does not read grave enough books by and by. I see the spirit of it is in him.' (Little did we think, then, that we should in vain try to repress the ardent and laborious spirit of research, and of deep thought, under which his health ultimately sunk!) 'Then, do you not observe what an eye he has for painting? And what a spirit of drollery there is in him! I do not say he has yet the real wit of his brother James, but still, he is a wonderful boy.'—My dear father! when did he ever find out a fault in any of his children? We were all perfection with him; yet we were a wild unruly set: we scrambled into a sort of uncertain education, I scarce know how. There were no female colleges in those days. We never had a governess, and from our masters we learned by fits and starts. My dear mother in vain endeavoured to check my father's unlimited indulgence. 'I do it on principle,' he would say; 'I know they are the kind of children with whom it will answer best;' and my mother seldom contested the point: in fact, she was not herself by any means a strict disciplinarian. Her conscience once satisfied, it seemed equally her wish to show us every indulgence. Ours was indeed a bright and a happy childhood.

"On summer evenings we often walked out with my father, and in whatever direction we first bent our steps, we almost always returned by the village, for there the cottagers' wives, with their children, would be seated on the green turf seats before their doors, anxious to catch a few words from my father, who had always something kind for each as he passed along. This village was a constant source of pleasure and occupation to us. We had found it, like most Scotch villages in those days, dirty and disorderly, both within and without doors. Now, the cottagers vied

with each other who should have the cleanest house. They whitewashed them regularly once a year, and roses and honeysuckles were covering the walls outside, and clustering round the latticed windows.

"When Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton was on a visit to Woodhouselee, we took her to visit this little village, and she was so pleased and impressed by what might be done with a little care and encouragement, that she soon after sent us a copy of the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' saying, at the same time, that our pretty village had given her the first idea of writing this book which afterwards had so wide a circulation.

"My father had himself the keenest sense of the beauties of nature; he never failed to draw our attention to the picturesque scenes by which we were surrounded. One of his favourite quotations, when giving vent to the gratitude and happiness which filled his heart, was from Cowper, I believe:—

"Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue and approaching heaven."

"In all this Peter closely resembled him of later years. No passing shade across the landscape was unobserved by my brother. During walking expeditions, where historical incidents or traditional legends were connected with the scene, amid ancient ruins or remains of our forefathers' piety and splendour, his whole soul seemed animated in recounting them again to his children. He also resembled my father in often becoming their playmate, in relaxing his mind, by bringing it down to the level of their merriment.

"Frequently, when my mother and aunt retired to discuss some family matter, my father would start up and exclaim, 'Now let us give ourselves up to all manner of licentious-

ness!' and, darting into the middle of the room, would tie a handkerchief over his eyes, and commence a game at German blind man's buff. In this game many of my father's elder friends frequently joined. But never can we forget Basil Hall's keen enjoyment of it, when in one of his visits to Woodhouselee, just after his return from a voyage, he was accompanied by his two beautiful sisters, Helen and Madeline Hall. Of those joyous three, not one remains. Helen died of consumption at an early age; and Madeline's slight graceful appearance seemed ill fitted for the exertions she had but a very short time afterwards to make. She married Sir William de Lancey, and accompanied him within one short month to Waterloo: it was her hands that girded on his sword on the eve of the battle. He left her at Brussels, and she never saw him again till she was told he had been carried off the field mortally wounded, and no one knew exactly where he had been taken. It was evening before she made her way through the wagons of the slain and wounded soldiers; and after a prolonged search, she found him in a cottage near the field of battle. No medical man having been near him, tearing up her own linen, she herself bound up his wounds. Medical aid was procured, but at the end of a week he expired in her arms.

"We were all fond of music. Both my sisters were thought to sing well for those days, and my brother James's voice was remarkable; he also played the violoncello, and my father the flute. Some of my father's friends occasionally joined those musical evenings. It was a sad trial of our politeness and forbearance, when an elderly gentleman, whom we used to hear always called Sandy Irvine, would arrive with his violoncello. The wonderful grimaces he made in his efforts to give expression to certain passages are not to be described, and often put us into fits of laughter.

Sir James Stewart of Allanbank was another intimate friend, who used to make one in our *grand crashes*, as he used to call them. He was a perfect enthusiast in music. One evening when we were performing a piece of Corelli, he started up, exclaiming, 'That note is worth a thousand pounds!' and taking out his pencil, marked the figures above the note. His taking his way to our house in Prince's Street, when the musical fit was strong upon him, became almost a mechanical act. Seeing the postman at the door one evening, he darted past him, rushed up stairs, and finding the drawing-room empty, opened the piano, and was soon lost in his own compositions. Soon after, an elderly lady came into the room; but he, thinking her a guest on a visit, after a slight bend of the head, took no further notice, but continued his occupation. The lady became restless on her seat, coughed, hemmed, all in vain; then losing patience entirely, she exclaimed in a stern voice, 'Pray, sir, may I ask to whom I am indebted for the honour of this visit?' Sir James cast his eyes on the pictures hanging on the walls, —'In the wrong house, as I shall answer!' and with a vain attempt at some incoherent apologies, he darted from the room, and entered our house convulsed with laughter.

"But no audience beyond his own family was necessary for my father's enjoyment of music. Alone with us at Woodhouselee, it was his solace to close the evening in this way, after the labours of the day;* for he, too, wore out his mind with incessant labour and study, which, joined to his public occupations, undermined a constitution not naturally robust. The first chord being struck on the piano was the signal for my brother's inestimable tutor, Mr. Black, to glide into the room. At this moment he seems to rise up before

* In a very pretty poem, entitled "The Cypress Wreath," which Mr. Tytler wrote in the summer of 1815, and which will be found described in a subsequent page, he has described these evenings very feelingly and well.

me, with his slender figure and slightly-stooping gait, his black hair hanging carelessly on his neck, and his sallow, Spanish-looking countenance, so full of expression! His young pupil always left the room-door partly open to facilitate his entrance, and then he would steal in with his frightened look, and sink into a particular chair placed immediately behind the door. His shyness was almost unconquerable; he never, during the whole time he was with us, attained sufficient courage to walk straight into the room at once. During the evening, we would find sometimes that he had migrated from one chair to another, till he had attained a tolerably near proximity to my father, to whom he looked up with the profoundest admiration. But it was when assembled around the supper-table, that Mr. Black forgot his shyness; and his various stores of information and amusing anecdote flowed on without restraint.

"It was my father's desire to assemble us frequently all around him to a very early supper, that he might enjoy the company also of his younger children before they were dismissed to bed;* and at such times he took great pains to draw Mr. Black out. When tolerably at ease, his powers of conversation were remarkable, and his anecdotes very amusing. He would dart off from some grave subject to something extremely droll; then, looking up timidly into my father's face, he would say, in a half-assured voice, 'My lord, is that good?' and, on receiving a nod of approbation, would immediately add: 'Then it 's mine.'† . . . Those early

* The following playful note, addressed to his wife and children, which has been preserved by one of the family, requires no preface nor explanation :—

"Lord Woodhouselee presents his best compliments to Mrs. Fraser Tytler and family, and requests the honour of their company to drink tea with him in the library this evening, at 7 o'clock precisely.

"Library, Woodhouselee, Saturday, 10th Sept., 1808."

† Among the papers which have come into my hands, I find an interesting letter from this accomplished gentleman to his friend and patron, which,

suppers were often prolonged by my father insisting on all joining in a catch or glee before dismissing us: himself

because it is singularly illustrative of their respective tastes and habits, shall be here inserted. It is dated 28th March, 1804:—

'My Lord—Last night, before going to bed, it struck me that it would be some amusement to me, to try to imitate an ode of Horace your lordship mentioned at dinner. Accordingly, upon turning up the book, I stumbled upon Ode vii., Book iv., and wrote the following before going to bed. So that if it has no merit, (and I believe it has very little,) it at least did not occupy much time in its composition:—

'TO LORD WOODHOUSELEE.

'The snaw is leaving Pentland hills;
The trees are clad again wi' buds;
Unbound frae crystal chains, the rills
Now gaily prattle through the woods.
And soon the Graces will be seen
Upo' the green at Woodhouselee;
Ane bonnier far than Beauty's Queen,
Her sisters—fair as fair can be.'

[Of the five stanzas which follow, I select the third and fourth.]

'Alas! whate'er in Nature flows,
Repairs its waste and soon revives;
But Man soon sinks in dread repose,
And only once on Earth he lives.
Soon we, my friend! in dust must lie,
My place unmarked—*yours* with a stone;
For Tully did (and Mansfield) die,
Like Robin Hood and Little John.

'What need ye heap for Pate and James?
Your family will hae enow:
Bring out your wine to Phœbus' beams!
'T is long, my lord, since we 've been fow.
What though in Scotia there be nane
That can sae sweet a period turn?
Ah, Eloquence will plead in vain
To save her darling frae the urn!'

[At foot, Mr. Black had written the words of the poet:]—

'Diffugere nives: redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ;

always leading, 'Hark the merry Christ-Church bells,' 'White sand and grey sand,' and all those well-known catches, which my brother Peter afterwards sang with his own children.—Every morning, whilst my father was in town, Mr. Black used to assemble us in his favourite room, his library in the tower at the top of the house.* The back window looked upon a little dell, through which ran the rippling burn, which Leyden, whilst on a visit to Woodhouselee, has addressed in a beautiful sonnet, written with a diamond upon a pane of glass, in the window of his bedroom, immediately below.† The front window of the library

. . . . . decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt:
Gratia cum . . . geminisque sororibus. (This last line is well expressed.)

* * * *

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ;
Nos, ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

* * * *

Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.
Quum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, *genus*, non te *facundia*, non te
Restituet pietas. (Something tolerable might be made out of the last four lines of Horace; but I have no time at present, and it does not much signify—the thing being entire without it.)'

* Since pulled down. See a letter from P. F. Tytler addressed to myself, dated July 16, 1844, which will be found in the latter part of the volume.

† Leyden's autograph of the sonnet alluded to by Miss Tytler lies before me. In transcribing it, I venture to punctuate, and to write 'resounds' for 'resound,' in the ninth line:—

'Sweet rivulet! as in pensive fit reclined
Thy lone voice talking to the Night I hear,
Now swelling loud and louder on the ear,
Now melting in the pauses of the wind,
A boding sadness shoots across my mind

commanded a most extensive view of the distant country; and in those days, when we knew my father was to be detained in town till late in the evening, we always placed a candle in this window. Often did he remark that he never gained sight of this twinkling light through the trees of the avenue, without feeling his heart raised in gratitude to Heaven for the many blessings by which he was surrounded, and the happy home to which he was returning.

"In this library, while my father was absent in the mornings, Mr. Black (as I mentioned before) used to assemble us: for there stood the large celestial and terrestrial globes; and every day we had a lecture in geography, astronomy, the nature of the tides, &c., &c.; in all such subjects Mr. Black being deeply versed. How my brother Peter failed to become a little prodigy of learning with such advantages, I know not: but his time for study had not yet come; his reading, (for he did read,) consisting chiefly of Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry,' Spenser's 'Faëry Queen,' the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' and de Salis's 'History of the Moors.' This last work took strong hold of his imagination: it was a very old-looking book, a thin quarto, in very large print, which he had poked out from some odd corner in the book-case. There would he lie, stretched all his length on the carpet in the library at Woodhouselee, reading his beloved book for hours together; and if my memory does not deceive me, a history of the

> 'To think how oft the whistling gale shall strew
> O'er thy clear stream thy leaves of sallow hue
> Before this classic haunt my wanderings find.
> That lulling harmony resounds again
> That soothes the slumbering leaves on every tree;
> And seems to say, 'Wilt thou remember me,
> The stream that listened oft to Ramsay's strain?
> Tho' Ramsay's pastoral reed be heard no more
> Yet Taste and Fancy long shall linger on my shore!'

Moors begun, but never finished, was his first attempt in composition. Latterly, he took to Shakspeare, which he devoured greedily, and could repeat a great part of many of the plays by heart."

The youthful essay on the history of the Moors, thus alluded to by Miss Tytler, was in progress in the year 1810, when her brother was nineteen; and though it may have been begun at an earlier period, it was certainly preceded by a juvenile performance, which he accidentally met with when he was arranging his papers in 1843, and which he showed to his brother-in-law, with an intimation that he should destroy it. It showed a precocious taste for authorship, if Mr. Hog's impression be correct that the MS. alluded to was produced before his kinsman had attained the age of ten years. It consisted of a metrical version of some of the fables of Phædrus; each fable being illustrated by a pen-and-ink drawing, framed within a border, in the manner of Bewick. This little work was dedicated to his father.

On being presented to the living of Coylton, in Ayrshire, Mr. Black left Lord Woodhouselee's family; and Peter had for his tutor Mr. Lee, of Edinburgh, who subsequently became Dr., Professor, and Principal, and was a person of high ability. "Mr. Tytler never spoke of him to me," writes his brother-in-law, "but with the highest respect and gratitude; and often told me that he owed his spirit of resolution to work hard, to this gentleman's influence."

"If, however, my brother during most of the time Mr. Black remained with us profited but little in these higher branches of study, his acquaintance with fairy lore became most extensive. That he should have escaped being superstitious with Walter Scott's ghost stories, and Mr. Black's fairies, is wonderful.

"It was while Mr. Black was with us that he composed and published what we thought that beautiful pastoral, 'The

Falls of Clyde; or the Farewell of the fairies to the Earth.' He used to read the poem to us as it advanced, when seated around the school-room fire, and never had a timid author a more encouraging audience. Mr. Black published after he left us a 'Life of Tasso,' which possessed great interest, and I believe was highly thought of.

"I come now to speak of Walter Scott's frequent visits, for many days at a time, to Woodhouselee. It was a beautiful feature in his character that he required no audience of the learned or the great to draw out the charm of his conversation: he seemed in his element equally with old and young. He frequently assembled us around him after breakfast, and proposed a walk; then, with his joyous look and vigorous step, he would take his way towards what we called the Green hill of Castleawe. It lay to one side of the house. The black hill rose immediately behind. It was rugged of ascent, but the summer wind, as it blew upon us, came laden with the fragrance of the wild thyme and purple heather, with which it was covered to the very top.

"Our guide always halted at one particular spot: it was where the house of Woodhouselee came in view, though still partially hidden by the fine trees which surrounded it. Further in the distance rose Carnathae, the highest of all the Pentlands. In those days it seemed to us towering in the clouds; and we had shrewd suspicions that Mont Blanc was of much inferior height.—Here, seated in the midst of us, he would begin his delightful stories, generally the productions of his fertile brain at the moment, and continued for more than one day at a time. Sometimes they were legends of the old Covenanters; for at no great distance from where we were seated had been discovered several Covenanters' graves, and a report was current in our village, that in our day a funeral procession by torch-light had been seen slowly wending their way amongst the hills towards

this ancient burial place,—no one knowing whence they came.

"To those mornings would succeed the ghost stories of the autumn evenings, when we used to entreat my father not to ring for candles after dinner; but, drawing round the clear wood fire, we listened with such excited feelings of terror and of awe, that very soon for any of us to have moved to ring a bell would have been impossible. How could we dare to doubt the truth of every word, having ourselves our own legitimate ghost to be believed in? and whom Walter Scott himself, in one of his ballads, has celebrated:—

'To Auchendenny's hazel shade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.'

"The tradition was, that the Regent Moray had thrust Lady Anne Bothwell and her child into the woods of Woodhouselee, where she went mad, and perished miserably; and that when the stones of old Woodhouselee were taken to build the new house, the poor ghost, still clinging to the domestic hearth, had accompanied these stones.

"There was one bed-room in the house, which, though of no extraordinary dimensions, was always called 'the *big* bed-room.' Two sides of the walls of this room were covered with very old tapestry, representing subjects from Scripture. Near the head of the bed there was a mysterious-looking small and very old door, which led into a turret fitted up as a dressing-room. From this small door the ghost was wont to issue. No servant would enter 'the big bed-room' after dusk, and even in daylight they went in pairs.

"To my aunt's old nurse,* who constantly resided in the

* Tytler writes (in July, 1812):—"Cecy Low hops about the walks, sews in the sun, and at night we go and sit with her, and hear about grandpapa and Aunty Bell; and she shows us the corner in the parlour where grandpapa's little wig hung, and tells us where the sideboard stood, and descants upon the braw companies she has seen dining in this room; and what you, Annie, would

family, and with her daughter Betty, the dairy-maid, (a rosy-looking damsel,) took charge of the house during the winter, Lady Anne had frequently appeared. Old Catherine was a singularly-interesting looking person in appearance: tall, pale, and thin, and herself like a gentle spirit from the unseen world. We talked to her often of Lady Anne. "'Deed,' she said, 'I have seen her times out o' number, but I am in no ways fear'd; I ken weel she canna gang beyond her commission; but there's that silly feckless thing, Betty, she met her in the lang passage ae night in the winter time, and she hadnae a drap o' bluid in her face for a fortnight after. She says Lady Anne came sae near her she could see her dress quite weel: it was a Manchester muslin with a wee flower.' Oh! how Walter Scott used to laugh at this 'wee flower,' and hope that Lady Anne would never change her dress.

"For several summers Mrs. Scott and he resided at a pretty cottage near Lasswade, within a walk of Woodhouselee. We used frequently to walk down after breakfast and spend the day. We were generally first received by Camp, his faithful dog, who, to his master's friends, never failed to show his master's hospitality.

"It was a poor dilapidated-looking cottage when he first became the tenant, with but one good sitting-room, which was always tastefully arranged by Mrs. Scott. From the garden there was a charming view, and from a mere kitchen-garden it soon became a Paradise of flowers. It was his delight to train his creepers in the most tasteful, elegant manner; all around had the appearance of taste and culti-

like best of all, refreshes our memory with the fairy tales of our infant days. The other night we made her tell us the story of *Fair Lady parler Madame*. The rhyme is as follows:—*Master above all masters, Stretch upon your struntifers, Call upon Jonas the Great, Fair Lady parler Madame: Fair Angeliste hath taken hold of old Carle Gratis, And the smoke doth ascend to the top of Montego; And unless there come timely succour from the water of Stromfountes, The Castle of Stromundi will be burnt to the ground.*"

vation, and every means was taken to convert a very ordinary thatched cottage into a most comfortable-looking and picturesque abode.

"On walking down there one morning, we found him mounted on a ladder, nailing together a Gothic sort of arch of willows over the gate at the entrance. He was very proud of this arch, and told us afterwards that Mrs. Scott and he had gone out that first night to admire it in the moonlight, and that the effect was most picturesque.* He was very proud also of a dining-table which he had constructed with his own hands, for in those days he was in very limited circumstances.

"At a later period we used, with a few other intimate friends, to assemble in his house in Castle Street once a week, to tea and supper, and to hear 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake' read aloud by him while they were in progress. He stopped one evening at that fearful scene in 'Marmion,' where Constance is built into the convent wall, and we all trembled when he came to that passage:—

'An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair
And many a stifled groan:
With speed their upward way they take,
Such speed as age and fear can make;
And crossed themselves for terrors' sake,
As hurrying tottering on.'†

All got round him, and entreated to know if poor Constance was for ever to remain in that fearful niche in the convent

* Compare Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (Lasswade, 1798), vol. i. p. 289.

† "He seems to have communicated fragments of the poem very freely during the whole of its progress," &c.—*Life of Scott*, vol. ii. p. 117, &c.

wall? if he really had doomed her to such a death? At first he tried to parry the questions, but finding that would not do, he exclaimed, 'I give you my sacred word, ladies, I am myself in the same uncertainty: I have not at this moment the slightest idea of what I am to do with Constance.'

"Only one other visit to Woodhouselee I shall mention. He was accompanied by Mrs. Scott, and his little daughter Sophia.* We had always taken much interest in the child, a lively gay little thing, and were much struck by the change in her appearance: she was pale and thin, and had at times quite a frightened look, even a silly expression. Her nursery-maid's appearance we did not like: she was a tall masculine-looking woman, with a very unpleasant expression; and we ventured to hint that the little girl might be afraid of her. 'No, it was not possible,' Mrs. Scott said; 'on the contrary, she is often crying to get back to her. Have you not observed that as soon as dessert is over, she always asks to be taken back to her dear Clemmy?' We had observed this, and also the trembling frightened look with which the request was accompanied. We watched, and soon heard enough to convince us that the poor little girl was most cruelly tyrannized over: we heard her sobs, and Clemmy's threats that she was not for her very life to enter the drawing-room, but to ask immediately to be taken back to her dear Clemmy. Clemmy was immediately discharged.

"Walter Scott was a most fond father. To watch his expression of pleasure when Sophia afterwards became his companion, and used to sing to him his favourite old ballads, you would have thought him an enthusiast in music; but he had little or no ear: it was the words and the singer that inspired him. Sophia was his favourite

* Afterwards, Mrs. J. G. Lockhart.

child, but he was fond and proud of all of them. Taking a letter one day from his pocket when on a morning visit to my mother, he said,—'Mrs. Tytler, here is a letter from my son Walter, which I am sure you will like to see.' We asked afterwards if there was anything remarkable in the letter. 'No, nothing whatever. It was only a request for more pocket money.'

"Other frequent guests at Woodhouselee were Dugald and Mrs. Stewart. He was of a graver cast, yet he was no deep philosopher to the younger branches of the family. In one of those visits, on some one going into the drawing-room after breakfast, they found him alone with my brother Peter, running round the room, each balancing a peacock's feather on his nose. Sometimes, on our return from walking, Mr. Stewart would compliment us on our blooming complexions. Peter would then never fail to say: 'Now, young ladies, don't be puffed up; remember Mr. Stewart probably sees your cheeks quite green.' This was in allusion to a natural optical defect in Mr. Stewart's sight: to him, the cherries and leaves on a tree were the same colour; and there was no distinction of hue between the red coats of the soldiers marching through a wood and the green trees themselves.

"Mr. Stewart had married an intimate friend of my mother's, a sister of Mr. Cranstoun, (afterwards Lord Corehouse,) and of the Countess Purgstall, of whom Basil Hall has given such an interesting account. Mrs. Stewart was a very accomplished person also, and with a voice in speaking peculiarly sweet, and musical. They seemed a very happy couple; but my mother would sometimes remark that this happiness was in some danger of being diminished by the very means they took to increase it. They were in constant dread of giving each other pain or anxiety, so that there were perpetual little mysteries and con-

concealments. As an instance of this, she told us that Mr. Stewart once having made an appointment with Mrs. Stewart to meet him at a bookseller's shop, she, arriving a little before the time, was asked to remain in the back shop, to which there was a glass door. Presently, Mr. Stewart entered; and giving a glance through the glass door, he seemed in a low voice to enter earnestly into conversation with the bookseller, till suddenly they were interrupted by a scream from the inner shop. They flew in, and found Mrs. Stewart sinking on the ground. She fancied that their little daughter Maria had fallen into the fire. It was not however of a burning little girl they had been talking, but of a new publication.

"With Henry Mackenzie's family we were also on terms of close intimacy. They lived for several years, during summer, at Auchendenny, within two miles of Woodhouselee. Drinking tea there one evening, we waited some time for Mr. Mackenzie's appearance: he came in at last, heated, and excited: 'What a glorious evening I have had!' We thought he spoke of the weather, which was beautiful; but he went on to detail the intense enjoyment he had had in a cock-fight. Mrs. Mackenzie listened some time in silence; then, looking up in his face, she exclaimed in her gentle voice,—'Oh Harry, Harry, your feeling is all on paper.'

"Yet no one knew better than Mrs. Mackenzie his kind heart, and often did we experience it. His visits to my mother, after my father's death, were unremitting. Indeed, it was then that so many of my father's friends came forward to show us kindness.

"Dr. Gregory for years, till prevented by his own declining health, made it a point to visit us daily; he said it was a rest to his mind after his professional visits to pass a short time in Prince's Street with us.

"Of Sydney Smith's visits to Woodhouselee I need not speak. His straightforward, generous, and benevolent character, and his sparkling wit, have been lately so admirably well described by his daughter, in the memoir of her father's life, as to leave me nothing to add." .... But I may be allowed to interrupt the present narrative to remind the reader of a graphic incident which Lady Holland describes in her *Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, and which she introduces by remarking that her father kept up, with hardly any exception, the friendships which he formed in Scotland: adding, "and I heard an incident the other day which, trifle as it was, showed such affection for my father's memory that it quite touched me. One evening, my father was at his old friend Lord Woodhouselee's country house, near Edinburgh, when a violent storm of wind arose, and shook the windows so as to annoy everybody present, and prevent conversation. 'Why do you not stop them?' said my father; 'give me a knife, a screw, and a bit of wood, and I will cure it in a moment.' He soon effected his purpose, fixed up his little bit of wood, and it was christened *Sydney's button*. Fifty years after, one of the family, finding Mr. Tytler papering and painting this room, exclaimed, 'Oh! James, you are surely not touching Sydney's button?' but on running to examine the old place at the window, she found Sydney's button was there, preserved and respected amidst all the changes of masters, time, and taste."* And there, Mr. James Tytler assures me that *Sydney's button* is still.

His sister's MS. proceeds as follows:—"One memorable day only I must mention: it was that day when Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, and Sydney Smith, were to dine at Woodhouselee and remain the night. We had many discussions that morning at breakfast as to which of them

* Vol. i. p. 22.

would lead the conversation. All were of different opinions. The dinner hour came, and for some time after we were seated at table, the ball flew from one to another, but was long retained by none. Before dinner was over, however, Sydney Smith had decidedly gained the day."—The foregoing occasion, Miss Tytler assures me, was quite distinct from one which I well remember hearing her brother describe, on my remarking to him that the presence of too many wits at dinner may easily prove fatal to the conversation. Besides Scott, Mackintosh, and Sydney Smith, Lord Woodhouselee had invited to his table several first-rate talkers; and the usual rivalry ensued. Scott contented himself with telling some delightful stories, and resigning when Mackintosh seemed eager to be heard. Lord Jeffery flashed in with something brilliant, but was in turn outshone by some more fortunate talker. So much impatience was felt to lead the conversation, that no one had leisure to eat. Only Sydney was silent. He was discussing the soup, the fish, and the roast. In short, he partook leisurely of everything at table; until the last act was drawing to a close, and he had completely dined. He then delivered himself of something preposterous,—laughed at it immoderately,—and infecting every one present with his mirth, at once set the table in a roar. It is needless to add that he never parted with his advantage, but triumphantly led the conversation for the remainder of the evening, keeping the other guests convulsed with the humour of the only man present who had dined.—But to resume.

Miss Tytler writes:—"Sir James Mackintosh was a cousin of my mother's, and born under his grandmother's roof in the house of Aldourie, on the banks of Loch Ness. After his return from India, he spent some days there with my eldest brother and his family, (who on the death of my mother succeeded to the estate,) and much interest he showed in con-

versing with several of the old people about, who remembered him when a boy, and in visiting all the haunts of his childhood." (I cannot edite this passage without relating that when I was in that neighbourhood in 1839, I heard from one who had been with Mackintosh in his dying moments, that the image of the same beautiful scenery,—the woods of Aldourie, and the banks of Loch Ness,—haunted him to the very last. Every object seemed imprinted indelibly on his memory. He described, and asked about one particular tree, one particular spot at the water's edge.)—"Both as an orator and an historian he is well known; added to which, he was of a most benevolent, generous, and unaffected character; and his conversational powers, though different from those either of Walter Scott or Sydney Smith, were of the highest order.

"I have been asked to give any little details I can remember of my father's friends, and fear I may have exceeded on this subject: so much easier is it to talk of them, than of those nearer home!

"Of all those many friends, he that was dearest to us all I have not yet mentioned. I have lingered on Mr. Alison's* name, from the difficulty of expressing what he was to us: his own family seemed scarcely to interest him more. In my brother Peter's success in life, he took the keenest and most affectionate interest. The superior abilities and the high public estimation in which, in their different ways, both his own sons William and Archibald were held, was always associated in his mind with the fair promise which he saw also in my brother's future career; and the young men were in the closest intimacy, even from those early days when the Scotch Dominie whom Mr. Alison had engaged to spend some hours every day with his own boys, used frequently to write in his evening's report,—'Master

* The Rev. Archibald Alison.

Alison, uncommon. Master Archie, rather deficient.' In their future attainments, they seemed also to go hand in hand with each other. While Mr. Alison lived, my brother took no step in life without his counsel and approval.

"It were tedious to mention those who were guests at our house. To pass a winter or two in Edinburgh, seemed then to be the finish to a complete education; a sort of equivalent to making the grand tour; and most of those English as well as foreign visitors brought letters of introduction to my father.

"But it was not by such only as I have described, that his society was sought after. Many was the poor and obscure genius that looked up to him for support, and encouragement. His liberality was great: and it was not money alone he gave; his praise and his encouragement cheered many a failing heart."—A singular proof of Lord Woodhouselee's discernment is supplied by the letter which he addressed to Lord Byron, on the appearance of his 'Hours of Idleness,' and which may be seen in the pages of Moore. The 'Scotch Reviewers,' as all are aware, were very severe upon the youthful poet; but Lord Woodhouselee confidently predicted that a blaze of glory was to follow, from the first faint pale streak which ushered in the dawn.

"I have mentioned Leyden, and his sonnet to the burn at Woodhouselee. It was Walter Scott who was principally the means of making his talents known in society; but to my father he was also indebted for many acts of kindness. He seems now to have passed away from memory like a falling star; and few may remember his brightness, or be aware of his obscure origin, or of the difficulties which gave way before his undaunted courage. He was the son of a shepherd in a wild valley in Roxburghshire, and almost self-educated. Being himself a Border man, and an enthusiastic lover of its legends, he was well calculated to give Walter Scott assistance in his publication of the Border Minstrelsy; and his rise in society might be dated from that

time. He was first discovered as a daily frequenter of a small bookseller's shop, kept by Archibald Constable, so well known afterwards as an eminent publisher. Here would Leyden pass hour after hour, often perched upon a ladder in mid air, with some great folio in his hand, forgetting the scanty meal of bread and water that awaited him on his return to his miserable lodging. But to all this he was indifferent, for access to books seemed the bound of his wishes; and before he had attained his nineteenth year, he had astonished all the Professors in Edinburgh by his profound knowledge of Greek and Latin, and the mass of general information he had acquired.

"Having turned his views to India, he some time after got the promise of some literary appointment in the East India Company's service: but this having failed, he was informed that the patronage for that year had been exhausted, with the exception of a surgeon's assistant's commission; and that if he accepted this, he must be ready to pass his medical trials in six months. Three years were generally necessary for those trials; but, nothing daunted, he instantly applied himself to an entirely new line of study, and at the end of the six months took his degree with honour. Having just published his beautiful poem, 'The Scenes of Infancy,' he sailed for India.* We heard of him as the most wonderful of Orientalists, and he seemed destined to run a brilliant career; but he was suddenly cut off by fever, I believe caught by exposure to the sun, and died at an early age."

Further instalments of Miss Tytler's MS. shall be offered as the progress of my story will allow.

* 'His poverty was such,' writes Lady Holland, 'that he was quite unable to accomplish his outfit. Sir Walter Scott and my father, and a few others, were chiefly instrumental in effecting it,—the latter contributing £40 out of his very small means.'—*Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, vol. i. p. 53. There is an interesting account of Leyden, in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 322, &c.

CHAPTER III.

(1800—1809.)

Lord Woodhouselee in illness—His literary undertakings—P. F. Tytler is sent to school—Chobham in 1808—The Rev. Charles Jerram—Tytler's progress at school—A debating society—King George III. in the Chapel at Windsor—Tytler returns to Woodhouselee.

SUCH was the home of my friend's happy boyhood, and such the associations amid which all the earlier years of his life were spent. Many an after-glance at the same delightful period is afforded by his subsequent correspondence, which shall not be anticipated. Certainly, if ever a father was idolized by a band of amiable and intelligent children, that man was Lord Woodhouselee. He was the sun and centre round which they moved. To his indulgent eye they looked for approbation, and they coveted no other reward than his smile, or his caress. They admired and revered him as entirely as they loved him.

On the 15th of October 1795, he made the following memorandum in the common-place book already quoted. "I have this day* completed my 48th year. The best part of my life is gone. When I look back on what is past, I am humbly grateful to Almighty GOD for the singular blessings I have enjoyed. All, indeed, that can render life of value, has been mine: health, and peace of mind, easy and even affluent circumstances, domestic happiness in the best of wives, a promising race of children, kind and affectionate relations, sincere and cordial friends, a good name, and (I trust in GOD) a good conscience. What therefore on earth have I more to desire? Nothing; but, if Almighty GOD so

* New Style. In the family Bible, his birth is recorded 'on Sunday, 4th Oct. 1747.'

please, and if it be not presumption in me to pray, a continuation of those blessings! Should it be otherwise, let me not repine. I bow to His commands who knows what is best for His creatures. His will be done."

There was something prophetic in the melancholy foreboding which this passage expresses. Three weeks after this was written, (5th of November,) on walking in from Woodhouselee to his house in Prince's Street, symptoms of fever showed themselves, and a severe illness ensued. 'Under the anxious care of his friend and physician Dr. Gregory, he recovered from the fever: but in one of the paroxysms of the disease, he had the misfortune to rupture some of the blood-vessels of the bladder,—an accident which threatened to degenerate into one of the most painful diseases to which the human frame is subject.' His activity of mind did not however forsake him. "Five months have now run since I was first taken ill," he writes. "Meantime, I beguile my bodily sufferings by the occupations of my mind. I have studied more, and with more profit and improvement, in these last five months, than I usually have done in twice that time." At the close of the year 1796, he gratefully records that his chief occupation during the most painful twelvemonth of his life had been the preparing for the press the continuation of the *Dictionary of Decisions*, from 1770 to 1794.

His biographer refers to the same period Lord Woodhouselee's edition of Derham's once celebrated treatise, entitled *Physico-Theology*, which he did not publish till 1799, but with which he began to amuse himself during the period of languor which follows severe disease; and of which he speaks in the following interesting manner in his notebook:—"Of all my literary labours, that which affords me the most pleasure on reflection, is the edition I published of Derham's *Physico-Theology*. The account of the life and

writings of Dr. Derham, with the short dissertation on final causes, the translation of the notes of the author, with the additional notes containing an account of those more modern discoveries in the sciences and arts which tend further to the illustration of the subjects of the work,—are all the original matter of that edition to which I have any claim; besides finishing the drawings for the plates which I delineated: so that the vanity of authorship has a very small share indeed in that pleasure I have mentioned. But, when engaged in that work, I had a constant sense that I was well employed, in contributing, as far as lay in my power, to those great and noble ends which this most worthy man proposed in his labours,—the enforcing on the minds of mankind the conviction of an Eternal, Almighty, All-wise, and All-beneficent Author of Nature; the demonstration, in short, of that *Truth* on which depends our greatest present happiness and our future hopes.

"Since the publication of this edition, an excellent work has appeared on the same subject, Dr. Paley's Natural Theology; of which the chief merits are a clear and methodical arrangement of his subject, a logical closeness of reasoning, and an application of his argument to every sceptical inference which has been drawn from partial irregularity, and partial evil existing in the creation. From this admirable book, many valuable additions may be made to the notes on Derham, if a new edition should be wanted in my lifetime; and I intend accordingly to make those additions, *Deo volente.*"

A political pamphlet,* which appeared at Dublin in 1799, from the same prolific pen, and of which 3000 copies were sold on the day of publication, is the only other literary performance which preceded Lord Woodhouselee's elevation

* It was entitled, 'Ireland profiting by example; or the question considered, whether Scotland has gained or lost by the Union.'

to the Bench of the Court of Session in 1802. From that period, he devoted his time exclusively to business, while the Courts were sitting; repairing to his beloved Woodhouselee as soon as vacation commenced, and there resuming his private studies in the bosom of his family, and amid those scenes of retirement which were so congenial to his soul. His academical engagement having at last come to an end, many were the literary projects which presented themselves to his imagination. Of these, a *Life of Buchanan*, was one: another, was an edition of Camden's *Annals*, translated into English, with notes. Most important of all would have been a continuation of Lord Hailes' *Annals*, down to the union of the two kingdoms. But he undertook, instead, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Henry Home, Lord Kames*,—his earliest friend and patron. "I began my Life of Lord Kames," (he writes,) "on the 13th August 1803, having been employed about three months, collecting materials, perusing his writings, taking notes, &c.; and I wrote the last sentence of the work on the 24th Sep. 1806. Almost the whole was written in the vacations at Woodhouselee." For the first edition he received from Creech, the publisher, 500*l*. His task had been executed with fidelity and affection; and the result will be more dearly prized by posterity than it was even by his contemporaries.

It was not till the autumn of 1808, that his youngest son, the subject of the present Memoir, was absent from home for any considerable period. His father had resolved that he should commence the study of the Law, after he had completed his eighteenth year. There remained a full twelvemonth until that time, and it was determined to send him to an English school, chiefly for the improvement of his scholarship. Other advantages which such an absence from home would procure to a youth of Patrick's tastes and habits, were also doubtless fully foreseen by the anxious

father, who was making no small personal sacrifice in thus depriving himself of the society of his favourite son at the very period when from a promising pupil he was beginning to ripen into a most agreeable companion. "What a delight it is to me to think that my dear father already rubs his hands, and thinks of my return!"—exclaimed the son, on receiving a letter from home dated within a fortnight (!) of the day of his departure from Woodhouselee. He even contemplated for Patrick a residence at the University of Oxford; but the scheme never seems to have been very seriously entertained; and when it is considered what was the prevailing tone of manners at the Universities fifty years ago, it can scarcely be a matter of regret that he did not proceed, as a youth, in a direction whither his maturer taste so ardently inclined him.

I suspect that, in order the better to decide where he should send his boy, Lord Woodhouselee made the journey to London which he mentions in the following passage of his common-place book:—"The Dissertation I wrote on the subject of the Abbé de Sade's hypothesis of Laura and Petrarch, gave great satisfaction to the Italian Literati, who were much pleased with this vindication of the character of their favourite poet, from the stain which that hypothesis (which makes Laura a married woman) threw upon it. When I was in London in 1808, my friend James Drummond introduced me to a Mr. Pietri, a Corsican gentleman, who, he said, was very desirous to see and converse with me; and I supped with him at Mr. Drummond's house. He was the Deputy sent by the Corsicans to make offer of the sovereignty of the Island to our King. He said that my examination of the Abbé de Sade's hypothesis was generally regarded as perfectly conclusive; and that the Italians considered themselves as greatly indebted to me on that score. He added that, to his knowledge, even the Abbé de Sade's

own family treated his hypothesis, which ranked Laura among their progenitors, as a chimæra, and that his brother the Comte de Sade made no scruple to say, that he had employed his labours to little purpose; using these words, 'Ma foi, ça valoit bien la peine d'écrire trois grandes volumes pour prouver qu'il y avoit une putain de plus dans la famille.' Mr. Matthias urged me very strongly to republish the Dissertation in a small volume, as it is buried in the mass of the Royal Society's Transactions, in which alone it has yet appeared, and I think I shall at some leisure time do this." But to proceed.

The school which Lord Woodhouselee made choice of for his son rejoiced in the appellation of 'Chobham House.' It was kept by the Rev. Charles Jerram, a man of worth and piety, who at that time held the curacy of Chobham, under the Rev. Richard Cecil,—a name which will sufficiently suggest the class of religious opinions to which Mr. Jerram was himself attached. He was indeed altogether identified with that section of the clergy which claims the epithet of 'Evangelical.' Let it however be candidly conceded that the period of which we are speaking was a very dark one; and that the zeal of such men as Simeon, Newton, Cecil, Venn, and Scott, entitles them to our deepest sympathy, however imperfectly we may be able to accept their opinions, or to approve the practices of themselves or their followers. It was on the 30th of October 1808, that young Tytler left the paternal roof, in company with a boy named Alexander Millar, who was about to be placed at the same school with himself.

In a letter to his mother, written from Doncaster, (1st November,) he says,—"I prevailed upon Millar to go by York, neither of us having seen the Cathedral. I shall always rejoice that I did so. I may really say with Falstaff, the first sight of it 'exalted me into the brain,' for it well

nigh stupified me. We arrived in London on Friday at 10 o'clock; when, according to the good General's directions, I immediately drove to [18] Upper Charlotte Street, where I was most kindly received." The events of the journey are thus passed over with becoming historical dignity; but to judge from the two specimens which, many years after, Tytler related to his brother, Mr. Thomas Hog, his adventures must have been sufficiently amusing. He had been particularly cautioned by his father against drinking too much wine on the road. (The reader will remember that the *sæculum port-winianum* had hardly yet expired.) Accordingly, when he and his companion reached the inn, after laying their heads together for some time, they desired the waiter to bring them *half a quarter of a pint of wine.*— When within their last stage of the metropolis, the intense greenness of the boys became apparent to the landlord; who, proving a wag, persuaded them that it was quite impossible for young gentlemen of *their* consideration to enter London with less than four horses. Four horses were ordered out, and Tytler and his friend entered London in grand style.

"Chobham," (writes Mr. Jerram, in what may be termed his autobiography,) "was a place peculiarly eligible for a private establishment like mine. It is within twenty-six miles of London, in a most sequestered valley, retired from the public road, and the inhabitants of which were at that time so simple in their manners, so plain in their dress, and so antiquated in their appearance, that you might have supposed yourself living with persons of a former century, and in a place three hundred miles from the metropolis. . . . . It was so little known, as to be almost universally confounded with Cobham, in the same county, and through which the great road from London to Portsmouth passes: and frequent mistakes were made by persons, meaning to come to Chobham, finding themselves at Cobham, and then having

to cross ten miles over a barren heath to reach the spot of their original destination."*

The letters which Tytler despatched periodically from this place to his home circle at Woodhouselee, have been preserved, and do him honour. A few extracts will give a better idea of the school at Chobham, and of the tastes and habits of the subject of these pages, at the age of seventeen, than could be supplied by any other expedient. "To begin with Mr. Jerram." (I quote his own words.) "He seems an excellent man, and the more I know of him, I daresay I shall like him the more. He is little, and rather corpulent; has small grey eyes, a white face, and his head almost completely bald. He is a most elegant Latin and Greek scholar, and I believe a deep mathematician; yet his erudition seems to go little farther. I have made many unsuccessful attempts to draw him into conversation upon literary subjects, but have been as often disappointed. Indeed, the other night, when I was speaking of those of our English poets whose genius had appeared at an early age, he honestly confessed that '*he was little conversant with the works of our English Poets.*' This I thought an avowal which any Englishman would be ashamed of making; nor can I yet discover what his reasons are: probably however they proceed from his strict religious principles. You may easily suppose that *my little muse, if not dead, is fast a dying;* yet she has even here made some faint attempts which Mr. Jerram flattered me by praising. In a short time, I hope she may recover. Let not this account of Mr. Jerram in any ways disturb my dear father. He is the very man I should have gone to. Indeed, I am only afraid that

* *Memoirs of the Rev. Charles Jerram, M.A., formerly Vicar of Chobham, and for some time Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, and late Rector of Witney, Oxfordshire,* edited by the Rev. James Jerram, 12mo, London, 1855:—p. 218.

I work too little; for what should I not do to please such a Father?"—These were among the earliest words he wrote home from Chobham.

His thoughts were at first wholly of home. Indeed, as his sister remarks, 'he seems during the whole period of his stay, particularly at the outset, to have had a hard battle to fight with his home feelings.' But he was really a very assiduous student. The established hour for commencing the day's proceedings was half past seven: yet had he the energy to rise two hours earlier; which gave him time for pursuits which did not come within the prescribed routine of the establishment, and which he foresaw would otherwise be neglected. His friend Millar and he had procured a tinder-box, and (in schoolboy style) subscribed for candles. At half past eight the boys breakfasted. Mr. Jerram then read a chapter aloud, offering occasional 'reflections:' the character of which may be collected from Tytler's complaint that he could find no book in the house proper for reading on Sundays, "but Doddridge's *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, and other works all of the same stamp,—into none of which," he says, "have I cast a single look since I came here. Nothing is more infectious than this way of thinking; of which I have many proofs daily before me." Who can transcribe a boy's remarks on such subjects, without a smile?

The chapter was succeeded by prayers, and at half past nine the boys returned to their tasks till half past twelve. From half past two till five was the time of afternoon school. The rest of the day the boys had to themselves; but it was fully occupied in the case of the majority, by the necessary preparation for the morrow: "Yet I can always save some time for English, and now that my books have arrived, for French reading." At nine, the boys supped.

To improve to the utmost in every branch of study, was evidently the one object which young Tytler at this time set

before himself. It was, as he himself long afterwards declared, the turning point of his life; or rather, it was his year of transition from idleness to habits of real and conscientious work. He was disappointed with the classical attainments of English scholars; (clearly making a bold induction from the specimens which Chobham House afforded:) and with Mr. Jerram's highest class in Greek he was at once able to keep pace; but this required extra study. His Father's particular wish had been that he should acquire the art of writing Latin verse; and this accomplishment became the great object of his ambition. At first, he felt his deficiency keenly; but in the course of less than three months, he had acquired sufficient confidence to submit, for the inspection of his Father and of his tutor, a translation of part of Pope's *Messiah*, and of Shenstone's tenth Elegy.* "I must confess nothing gave me more sincere pleasure than that my dear Father and good Mr. Black were pleased with the verses."† To his Father, on the 16th December, he writes:—"I have found time to finish the first, and part of the second book of the Odes of Horace, and in the way of my profession have begun Cicero's Orations. Every leisure hour I devote to English reading. I have been delighted with Lord Teignmouth's Life of Sir W. Jones, which Shore (who is an obliging clever little fellow) lent me. I have finished Pope's Odyssey, and am now engaged with Goldsmith's England, and Bacon's Essays,—both of which I shall finish in a few days; so you see, my dearest Father, that even here I have time for those pursuits in which I should probably have been engaged had I remained at Edinburgh." . . . . "I have had time to read by myself the Medea and Electra of Euripides, and am now engaged with the Orestes. I never read a more beautiful or more affecting tragedy than the former of these.

* *To his Mother*, 23rd Jan. 1809.

† *To his sister Isabella*, February 23, 1809.

Indeed, I am now half afraid that I shall get too fond of Greek."—These tastes in after life never forsook him.

Traces of the *maladie du pays* abound in all Tytler's letters written at this time: but it must not be supposed that the young absentee had parted with that buoyancy of temper which characterized him throughout life; or even that the spirit of fun and frolic, which those who knew him will never be able for an instance to disconnect from his memory, was suffering temporary eclipse. He had reached that period of life when a youth of promise begins to give clear evidence of what will be his future predilections. The tastes and pursuits which are to be the ruling passion of his manhood, already find expression in phraseology which often recalls the language of his riper years: but the softness of boyhood yet remains, although unsuspected even by companions; and the sacred sympathies of home, provided they have never been outraged or stifled, are keenly alive to the least appeal. In the first of many letters to his brother Alexander, then at Calcutta, in the Civil Service, he writes:

"Chobham, February 7, 1809.

"My dearest dearest Brother,

"What delightful accounts have you sent us! For me to attempt to describe my feelings upon this occasion, is almost impossible. I can only say that I do believe I never shall experience in the whole course of my life, an hour like that in which I read the extracts from your dear and excellent letters. Unless a plentiful flood of tears had come to my relief, I should almost have thought that my heart itself would have burst. How tantalizing is it to me that I must now be contented only with extracts from the letters you have sent us! My dear Mother will not permit one of them to be out of her sight. . . . It is indeed a proud thought for my dearest Father to think that you have solely by your own

abilities and exertions procured yourself a situation which I hope, my dearest Sandy, will enable you so much the sooner to return to all that are nearest to your heart. . . . I can scarce believe that the same with whom I used to be paddling in the burn at Woodhouselee is now discoursing in three different languages before a Court of Law." "But there is not an atom in your kind heart changed: and although riding in your splendid palanquin by the banks of the Ganges, you and I are *still* making our fishing expeditions to Glencorse, or climbing the Black hill, or building our kills at the poney's park, or in the shed at the stable, where you are correcting my clumsy attempts at mechanism! Every scene is in my mind as vivid and entire as yesterday." *

"What I feel most of all," (he writes to the same brother in India,) "is some one to practise my jokes upon. Our family wit, you know my dear Sandy, is so totally different from anything that goes in the world by this name, that the attempting any of our Woodhouselee jokes would, I have no doubt, be an immediate apprehension for lunacy. Whenever I feel any of my jokes at my tongue's end, I immediately suppress them; and am in this manner laying up a store for the dear fire-side. You, my dear Sandy, will it is true, need a much larger bag than I shall; but never fear, my dear fellow! . . . In eight or ten years I behold you returning with a moderate gentlemanly income to join our family circle round our *canty* fireside." †

Tytler, as I said just now, had grown neither unhappy nor unentertaining. In one of his letters, after enlarging on the superabundance of animal spirits with which he found himself endowed, he adds,—"I treated the school the other night, with a song, ('Last week I took a wife;') which was

* *To his brother Alexander*, 29th June, 1809.

† *To his brother Alexander*, Feb. 7th, 1809.

relished extremely by the saints, who however prefer 'Love in her eyes.'" His favourite companion was his cousin William Grant, a youth "blessed with an intolerable flow of spirits, and by no means addicted, like some around me, to be over or acrimoniously religious."

Such allusions to the religious tone of the society among which he found himself at Chobham, abound in his letters. "Who do you think dined with us the other day? Kit Idle! whom you will recollect to have been in Edinburgh about three years ago, and often at our house. It seems he has got himself ferreted in among the saints, and has brought his son, (a little chattering, idle, but good-natured ape of fourteen,) to our seminary." * "I feel most happy indeed that my dear Mr. Black has had such a liberal offer for Tasso; † he amply deserves it. All my little puffing shall, I assure you, never be wanting: and if I am introduced into the society of the saints, I will use all my little influence among them." ‡

The Easter holidays were spent in London, and Tytler repaired to the house of his kinsman full of magnanimous resolutions. The General sent word to Lord Woodhouselee that his son was 'going on very well and studying very hard.' The first clause Tytler confirmed; substituting 'delightfully' for 'very well': "but as for the latter, I think I may scrape out the *very* as well as the *hard*. Indeed I try to study some hours every day; but *London was not made for studying*." He soon after addressed his Father as follows from the house of a friend who was living in Buckingham Street, Strand. "We are not twenty yards from the river, of which we have a noble view from the balcony. The busy scenes which are going on upon the river,

* *To his Mother*, Jan. 23, 1809.

† Mr. Murray gave £500 for the copyright of the first edition.

‡ *To his Aunt*, March 7, 1809.

the innumerable boats of all dimensions which are gliding backwards and forwards on its surface, the roaring of the watermen and sailors unloading their cargoes, the noisy games of the children on the banks, with the squeaking sounds of a blind fiddler who has this instant struck up under the window, accompanied by the barking of some ladies' lap-dogs which his strains have awakened, and called to the opposite balcony,—form a scene which is to me as unusual as it is delightful. Milton has truly said,

'Towers and cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.'

There is no thoroughfare through Buckingham Street,—the end of which is blocked up by a perfect *morceau* of architecture, by Inigo Jones. It is a gateway leading to the side of the Thames, and really a *bijou* of its kind; but being built of a mouldering kind of stone, Time has and is daily making melancholy inroads upon its beauties. Two lions support the pillars of the gateway, upon whose tongues and palates he has already made a repast."

In the course of the summer, he addressed to his Father the following interesting letter from Chobham.

"Chobham, July 28, 1809.

"My dearest Father,

"No one can congratulate you more sincerely than I do upon the Vacation, which brings with it the full enjoyment of all the delights of Woodhouselee; nor could you possibly have hit upon a subject more interesting or delightful, than the account you have given me of your rural occupations.

"Your method of *repuerascerating* with your fishing-rod, drawing-book, magnets, &c., as I before said, delighted me; but it is your last occupation which I feel particularly interested in,—your improving, and methodising, and recom-

posing your lectures. I think I before mentioned that all the little time I could spare, I devoted to English reading, and particularly History. I am now reading your 'Elements' of which you gave me a copy. These have given me such a clear and perspicuous idea, and have so entertained and interested me in this most important branch of knowledge, that next to the happiness of being amongst you, I look to the leisure which I shall have at Woodhouselee in the vacations, and the opportunity I shall then have of pursuing under your eye what is already so delightful. The only thing I regretted in reading the 'Elements,' was that which the nature of the work rendered it impossible for you to attain, and which what you have given us only makes us the more desire: I mean, a more full account. What you are now about, will obviate all this.

"I do not think I have ever mentioned a little circumstance which I think will please you. About a month ago, we took it into our heads to form a society at Chobham; and being in all ten, we make a pretty respectable appearance. As disorder at first frequently prevailed, we thought it would be the best way to preserve decorum to request Mr. Jerram to be our president. This scheme he most readily assented to, and is accordingly seated in the chair every second meeting; that is, every fortnight. By this means, affairs have really assumed a methodical turn, and we all already feel the advantages of it. A subject is regularly appointed, and the member who is to open the debate; the other members then deliver their opinion, for the most part in extempore speeches. The president (Mr. Jerram) then winds up the debate by expressing his opinion upon the different speeches, and his own ideas upon the subject. Our last subject was a most interesting one, — Whether the Crusades were of more advantage or disadvantage to Europe? This I liked extremely, as you could found your

arguments upon facts, which are certain and undisputed. In speculative questions, you may show more ingenuity, but will probably gain less solid advantage. Well, Langston opened the debate, in a speech against the Crusades, which was well, but rather feeble. Next, some of the *puny* members spoke. Then Grant rose, and with a fluent and copious diction, delivered his opinion, for their advantages. Cecil then stood up, and spoke strongly and vehemently against them. And lastly, your own codrel arose, and in a harangue of half an hour, in which he had only the heads of his arguments put pretty fully down upon a sheet of paper, spoke as strongly in favour of them. The first thing considered in this last speech was the state of the different kingdoms in Europe previous to the holy wars; next, the influence of these upon the government, religion, commerce, manners, science, and literature of these kingdoms. I had a copious source for materials in your 'Elements,' and Charles Vth, and only regretted I had not more time to collect them. Mr. Jerram then, after (not to be read if there is any company) buttering me, by telling me that I had shown great historical knowledge, and acquired great credit to myself, proceeded to speak against me; and finally declared neutrality.—I shall, whenever I can, propose historical questions of this nature. It is impossible, my dearest Father, to describe the delight with which I look forward to September. You say that I cannot feel more than you feel, and I say that it is impossible for you to feel more than I do; and there the matter rests. I shall be much obliged to Boyd if he will oil the locks and clean the barrel of the General's gun.

"In London, nothing will make me happier than to transact any commissions for any, or the whole of our dear family. Now, (between you and me,) is there no book, or old, or odd manuscript which you would like? and if it can be raked

out in London, I'd get it; or anything else whatever. You may be sure, my dear Father, nothing will make me forget again to search for the etching of the 'Resurrection' of Giuseppe Maria Crespi, or for James's Handel. I congratulate you on the return of the goldfinch; and although I condole, yet I should have given my vote for the execution of poor Lion. Believe me, your most affectionate son."

One long passage, of unusual interest, addressed to his brother, completes the extracts which I shall give from his correspondence at this period.

"Chobham House, 14th August 1809.

"My dearest James,

"I rejoice that there has at last happened one fact which has varied for a little the uniform tenor of our Chobham life, and given me an opportunity of telling you a little news. . . . . ! Early on the morning of Monday, (July 31st,) at the hour of five, our conveyances drove up to the door, being two post-chaises and a gig. We set off dressed superbly; and in the highest spirits. Mr. Jerram and Cecil occupied the gig; Grant, Millar, Langston, Frank Douglass and I, one chaise; and the rest of the younkers, the other.

"The road from Chobham to Windsor, which is distant about ten miles from Mr. Jerram's house, was truly beautiful in many places:—

'Russet lawns and fallows grey
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Meadows trim and daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.'

"The time of the morning conspired to render everything still more beautiful. The sun had but just risen, and was shedding 'askance' his dewy beams on tower and tree. The

labourers were seen trudging, with their day's provisions slung over their shoulder, to their work. The smoke of the little cottages, rising in slow gyration from the trees in which they were embosomed, brought to mind Milton's beautiful description of Corydon and Thyrsis; and the whole scene was so truly delightful, that I could almost have imagined I was travelling through Scotland. We passed many very handsome gentlemen's seats, particularly one which was built by Mr. Hastings and now belongs to Lord Folkestone. After having proceeded some time through this pastoral kind of country, and having gained the top of a steep hill, a prospect of the most glorious nature at once broke upon our view. It was totally different from the former. Nature was there in her rude and romantic,—here, in her cultivated state. The situation where we were placed commanded a view of a great many of the most beautiful and improved counties. All description is here set at defiance: but as you have seen Richmond, that may give you some idea of it. It is only second to *this*. Well, so far for our journey.

"We arrived at Windsor, safe and sound, about eight; had a most jovial breakfast, and proceeded immediately after to the Chapel, to see the King. After sitting for about half an hour in a room, (a kind of an armoury,) which is fitted up instead of the private chapel, (now under repair,) a door which communicates with the private apartments of the Castle was thrown open; and his Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Mary, Generals Munster and Gath, proceeded to take their seats in the chapel. The appearance of the King was very interesting. He walked without any support, except a stick, upon which he seemed to lean a good deal. He appeared almost completely blind; yet, probably from custom, he proceeded easily to his seat in the chapel, groping his way a little by the stick. He had with him a little spaniel; and was dressed in a plain blue coat, with the regal

star upon his breast, a little slouch hat, and boots. But the most pleasing part of the scene was still to come,—I mean his devotion. This was truly kingly. He heard the service with the most solemn attention, frequently raising both his hands, and repeating the responses with a fine deep-toned voice. The Princess Mary is a fine woman, but rather fat. As she went out, she bowed very gracefully to the company; and upon the whole her conduct was *satisfactory*.*—As to Eton, my dear James, the rest of the description has taken up so much paper that I shall have left no room for what I wish to say to papa."

The period of my friend's residence at Chobham now came to a close. Among his lesser accomplishments, he reckoned a considerable advance in politeness, (which he says he used "*to practise* upon a Miss Stanger, sister to Miss Jerram,"); and he rejoiced in having cured himself of a trick of frowning, and stooping as he sat at table. Mr. Jerram, in a letter to his Father on his return to Woodhouselee, bore high testimony to the virtues of his pupil; and prophesied for him "no common eminence" in after life.

* "His whole mind seemed to be occupied, and he made the responses in a most solemn and audible manner, and in a fine deep tone of voice, lifting up his hands. The whole scene was most interesting. The devotion of the Princess Mary was also very pleasing."—*To his brother Alexander*, 8th Aug. 1809.

CHAPTER IV.

(1809—1813.)

Youthful ardour and studiousness—Self-portraiture—His piety—'The Woodhouselee Masque'—Lord Woodhouselee's account of his visit to Carlton House—His conversation with the Prince Regent—His last illness—The closing scene.

"ABOUT the middle of September," (writes his sister Ann,) "he returned to us again,—a joyful day for all; yet, soon after his arrival, we missed his youngest sister from the room, and found her weeping. 'What, in tears?' we said, 'and our Peter returned to us again! and is he not delightful?' 'Oh! yes, yes,' she answered, 'he *is* delightful, but he speaks English.' I am happy to say that he never entirely got rid of this defect.—But there were other changes. He was generally the same mirthful joyous creature as formerly, and the family jokes which had been so long repressed seemed to make his absence appear but as yesterday; yet, at times, there was a touch of seriousness about him, which we had never observed before, and which marked the change from the careless stage of boyhood, to the responsibilities of a riper age. In his acquirements, my Father was more than satisfied. Each day the bond of companionship seemed to be drawn closer between them, and the only fear now was, that he should study too hard.

"But although the mornings were spent in preparation for the various classes he attended in College during the day, the evenings resumed all their former interest, and were frequently still further enlivened by the presence of many of his young friends, who assembled around him on

his return. Three happy years passed swiftly away; then all was changed: my Father was seized with severe illness, he lingered for three months, and on the 5th of January, 1813, he was taken from us."

I would not disturb the foregoing narrative, even to disconnect the last mournful passage from its context: but the last three years of Lord Woodhouselee's life may not be dismissed so briefly. These were his son's 19th, 20th, and 21st years,—which comprehend a period during which we cannot afford to overlook the indications which his letters and journals supply of the growth of his mind, and the development of his character. Under that point of view, the following to his brother in India, which had been only begun by himself, the continuation being by the lively pen of his sister Jeanie, (now Mrs. Baillie Fraser,) deserves to be quoted.

"Prince's Street, Jan. 8th, 1810.

"This dear boy is prevented finishing his effusion of delight on his return to us all, by an inflammation in his eyes. It is but trivial however, and by a few days' temperance; both in respect of bodily and mental food, he will get rid of it. It was entirely brought on by his reading so much by candle-light. He is of a teazingly anxious temper, and grudges every moment that is not employed in study. This I fancy is a singular complaint to be made of a young man, but Peter carries things rather too far. It would have diverted you the other night, to have heard his conversation with our good John Black on his own character. He confesses that *reputation* is his perfect *idol*, to which he would sacrifice everything. Mr. Black, in laughing at Peter, confessed it was the same way with himself at his age; but that he now takes things in a more tranquil manner. Honest John is just the same old man as you left him, and is always coming in to make us laugh. . . .

"Papa is busy at present publishing an Essay on the Character and Writings of Petrarch.* It is a beautiful little volume, printed by Ballantine. Papa's translation of the best of Petrarch's sonnets is quite a treasure. By the bye, Sandy, you used to say you were determined to make a book. I assure you, your resolution is not forgotten: and whenever the literature of the family is the topic, there is always some one who reminds papa of Sandy's intention; and it never fails to bring the fondest smile on the dear man's face, as he says, 'Yes, and I hope I shall live to read his book, dear fellow! I am sure it will be an excellent one.' So you see, Sandy, you must be choosing your subject. It is quite delightful to see the activity of papa's mind. Whatever his pursuit is, he sets about it with a boyish keenness which is quite extraordinary. I'm sure the blessed effects of a spotless life is seen in him. No remorse has he 'for time misspent or talents misapplied,' to embitter his closing years; and he beholds with delight all his sons treading in his own footsteps. James keeps always talking about marrying, but as yet it is only talking. However he is certainly upon the look out; there's not a girl comes about the house, that he does not study with matrimonial circumspection; but they always want something or other. This nicety, we are selfish enough to rejoice in, for he would make a sad blank to us."

It will be perceived from what has thus come before us, that the transition period in Tytler's life had now fully arrived. It was not the sobering influence of a temporary absence from home which had made him for a short time

* "I published it in 1810," (writes Lord Woodhouselee, in the MS. Book already quoted at p. 41,) "in a handsome edition, with engravings of Petrarch, Laura, Vaucluse, &c. It has been translated into Italian by Zotti, and published with great encomiums in an elegant edition of the Poems of Petrarch in 3 volumes, printed at London in 1811."

studious; but a fixed principle had been at last developed, which continued to stimulate him even after the temporary incentive was withdrawn. And now, his application gave his family more uneasiness than his boyish repugnance to study had ever given them annoyance. This lasted on from the autumn, which had been spent at Woodhouselee, through the winter, during which he had attended Lectures on Law and the Classics at Edinburgh College. In the spring of the ensuing year, he writes:—"Archy Alison and I have started together, and we have both worked *pretty* though not *very* hard, at the Institutes of Heineccius during the winter; for, previous to our beginning the study of the Scotch Law, it is necessary that we should be well and accurately grounded in Roman jurisprudence."* His brother Alexander had evidently, in one of his letters written about this time, drawn the most accurate picture he was able of his own inward self; and invited Patrick, in return, to a similar act of brotherly confidence. There is something singularly amiable in the image thus presented of yearning on the part of the absent one to be among his own kindred again; or, since this might not be, at least to bring them as near to himself as the wit of a loving heart could devise. "My answer," (the other returned), "shall be most voluminous and sincere, and you shall be let into all the secrets of my heart, as well (to use an excellent phrase of Jackie Gordon's) as if you had 'gaen thro' every neuk o' me wi' a lighted candle.'"

"Woodhouselee, June 14th, 1810.

"My dearest Sandie,

"I promised to delineate, according to your request, as faithful a picture of myself as possible. I now sit down to fulfil my engagement; and, without imagining that I am a perfect proficient in self-knowledge, I shall at least attempt

* *To his brother Alexander, in India*, Woodhouselee, April 11th, 1810.

to conceal no single trait, favourable or unfavourable, with which I have been hitherto acquainted." After a few grateful words about the religious training both brothers had received from their parents, he proceeds:—"And now Sandie, I'm going to let you into one of my most delightful recreations at Chobham. During the week, from breakfast till supper-time, I was almost continually occupied in my studies; but every Sunday night, I used to take a little walk alone, for the purpose of thinking of our dear family. I used almost to imagine myself in the middle of our dear circle; and I thought too, that every Sunday brought me nearer to it. I was likewise very fond of imitating our little home-customs: and as our family was accustomed every Sunday evening to drink their absent boys' healths, I used at tea, (for at school we had no wine,) to do the same silently to myself. Such were the little circumstances which during the last half year of my stay in England, joined to my studies, rendered me happy and content. But O Sandie, during the first months of my residence there, in spite of all my reasoning and philosophy, I was frequently very sad and melancholy.—I'm going to tell a little fact from which you may form some judgment of my disposition. For the first two months, I scarcely believed there was a single letter which I received from home over which I did not shed tears. You see I conceal nothing, however unfavourable to myself: and yet, what will you not say against this weakness?—I shall now mention another flaw in my character, from which very disagreeable consequences have ensued, but which I hope may also, if possible, be attended with the most salutary effects. I possess a temper which I believe you will best understand by the Scotch word, *worreting;* but this expression is too low for it . . . Now, were it only upon great misdeeds that this process takes place, it might I think be attended with the happiest consequences; but the

mischief is, I possess a conscience so tender, that it takes the alarm upon occasions comparatively trifling. I have, however, now that I am at home, almost got the better of this way, in little things; but I sincerely hope that in all matters of consequence it will never leave me.

"I now come to give you some idea of my studies. When I first went to England, from having always lived in a literary family, where Mr. Black and papa were continually talking upon learned subjects, as well as having read a few books, I had picked up more general knowledge than is commonly to be found amongst the boys at an English school. This made me in some degree looked up to, and balanced my deficiency in classical knowledge. To this last, I applied tooth and nail; reading by myself, and often getting up in the winter mornings to study by candle-light. At last, I began to understand and like Greek, and to make some progress in Latin versification. My vein improved amazingly at Chobham. The study of Virgil and Horace, of Milton and Thompson, was to me truly delightful. I often gave exercises in English verse, and Mr. Jerram was sometimes pleased to express his approbation, and to ask for a copy of them. But I acquired a high relish for another noble branch of literature, and which I am at present pursuing with the greatest pleasure: I mean *History*. I there read Robertson's admirable History of Charles V., and wrote short notes upon it. Since that, I have been reading Machiavel's History of Florence, Watson's Philip II., Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Clarendon's noble work on the Rebellion, Sully's Memoirs, Clarendon's Life, Voltaire's Charles XII., Papa's Elements, Chevalier Ramsay's Life of Turenne, Junius' Letters, the Life of Lord Chatham, and I am now engaged with Hume and Rapin's Acta Regia. What do you think of history, my dear Sandie? To me it seems to be the noblest of all studies. To say that it is entertaining, is its least praise. It is the school of

statesmen and warriors; and the pleasure next to living in the times, and being a witness to the actions of these, is that of reading their life and actions. All this panegyric is to prepare you for another piece of news. I myself am engaged just now in an historical essay of considerable length upon the history of the European Moors during their government in Spain. But I have dwelt long enough, my dearest Sandy, upon myself. You must not however accuse me of egotism. I have fulfilled your own request; and between brothers, there ought to be no restraint. What do you think of me? Remember, that in your next letter I expect to hear something concerning your projected book upon Indian Police. I always accustom myself to think that it rests upon us two, my dear boy, to keep up in some measure the literary character of the family."

But a more faithful record yet of the inmost self of the writer of the foregoing letter at this period, is contained in a few tattered sheets of paper on which he was in the habit of writing at one time memoranda of his progress in reading the Bible,—at another, short meditations, and prayers. In responding to his brother's challenge, he touched very slightly upon the subject of religion. How deeply he was all the time imbued with the true spirit of piety, is perhaps best shown by that very circumstance, taken in connection with the singular evidence which has survived the destruction of so many of his papers of what was the habitual complexion of his private thoughts. The prevailing notion, (so to call it,) which pervades the fragmentary memoranda thus alluded to, is the compatibility of true inward devotion to GOD'S service,—of a sincere surrender of the heart to GOD,—with external cheerfulness, and the highest excellence in any particular secular calling. It is striking to find a youth of popular manners, not yet 19 years of age, thus reasoning with himself while he stands on the threshold of life.

The world has attractions, to which he is by no means insensible: he is formed to shine in society, and he has free access to the best specimens of it. But a tender conscience takes the alarm; and he desires to ascertain *on what terms* he may avail himself of the proffered pleasure: to make up his mind, beforehand, what shall be the aim and purpose of his life.

"Thursday Night, Nov. 28th [1810.]

"I humbly desire of Thee, heavenly FATHER, that since there are many men who, although of the purest and most pious intentions, yet by their over austerity and gloominess are more likely to prevent than propagate the belief of thy Holy Gospel, to enable me, (if it be Thy blessed will,) whilst I retain my faith unshaken, to recommend it to the world by an amiable, cheerful, and engaging behaviour. And thus, whilst I keep my heart and conscience clear from every vicious pursuit, I may yet never despise or forsake that innocent enjoyment which even in this world Thou hast so abundantly provided for those that love Thee. Enable me to show to my companions, to every one with whom I am concerned, that true Religion increases, instead of taking away cheerful enjoyment, by assuring us that we are happy under the approving smile of a most benevolent Father."—This prayer of his, as every one who knew him will abundantly attest, was granted literally and to the very full.

I am not going to give the reader many more passages of the same description; but the portrait which I have undertaken to draw would be incomplete if I were to make no allusion to such memoranda as these. The following thought is of such frequent recurrence, that it must have been a favourite one with him at this time. It occurs in the midst of a long meditation:—

"May I often meditate on those great and good characters who have joined the most fervent and rational piety to

a rigorous discharge of their professional duties, and a cultivation of everything that is useful, amiable, and excellent; and may the meditation be a spur to my youthful exertions. And I trust, merciful Father, that through Thy divine assistance I shall succeed; and that my poor efforts will be accepted."

The last passage I shall adduce, expresses the fixed wishes of his heart at a period of life when it is to be thought that such desires are not paramount with most men. It occurs in a meditation bearing date 28th, October, 1810—when he was little more than 19.

"May I be enabled now, in the days of my youth, to remember always Thee, my Creator! May I begin that glorious struggle against the passions and vices of our imperfect nature, which, through the blessing of GOD, shall end, if I faint not, in perfect victory. May I resist and trample upon every idea which would for a moment diminish or relax my confidence in GOD, and shew by a cheerful, amiable, and uniform deportment that in true Religion there is perfect comfort; that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Enable me with manly and vigorous perseverance to improve by study, and an increase in useful knowledge, those glorious faculties which Thou hast given me: to discharge my duty amiably and conscientiously to my fellow creatures in that situation in life in which GOD has placed me; and, after an useful, pious life, to resign my soul with serene and joyful hope of a glorious immortality into the hands of Him who bestowed it."—No remark shall be offered upon these pious passages, the general tone, even the rhythm of which remind me more of Bishop Wilson than of any other writer. It is presumed also that no apology can be required for their insertion; inasmuch as to omit them would be to conceal, when there can be no longer any motive for concealment, a very espe-

cial trait of character. What Tytler was in public, and in domestic life, his letters and the accounts of others sufficiently declare: to know what he was in his own chamber, and in that yet more secret place, the inmost recesses of his own breast, we must be content, although with a hesitating hand, to withdraw the veil from aspirations private and sacred as these.

The extracts thus given extend over the whole of 1810, in the spring of which year he was again the life and centre of the family circle: and now it was that he wrote a very pretty poem, extending to about 680 lines, which he entitled THE WOODHOUSELEE MASQUE. It has never been printed; but so eloquent a production must not pass without a few words of comment. On the first page is the following memorandum: "This was written in the summer of 1810 at Woodhouselee, at the request of my dear Father, and intended to be acted by our own family. P. F. T." The scene is accordingly laid within the paternal demesne, and the 'Persons of the Drama' are chiefly furnished, as might be anticipated, by the inmates of

. . . . . "that Gothic tower
Well circled by the mountains,"

which the poet and his sisters called their home. "Oft," (says the Genius who pronounces the opening speech,)—

"Oft, at eve, I touch
My harp to charm the venerable Sage
Who in yon tower, remote from busy life,
Dwells happy. Yet, this night, another task
Calls me from Heaven's high threshold. Seest thou where
Yon funeral urn, in leafy arbour hid,
Scarce through the foliage shows its marble form?
This, to the memory of his Sire, that Sage
With his three daughters fair at eventide
Doth dedicate; and with libations pure,
And flowery chaplets, crowns the hallowed stone."

The allusion is to a little monument erected by Lord Woodhouselee, and dedicated to the memory of his Father, in a spot which that Father had particularly loved; and bearing a classical inscription * which, (in the words of Mr. Alison,) "well expresses the filial tenderness of the author, and happily obeys that profound and merciful propensity of sorrow, which leads us still to fill the scenes we love, with the presence of those we have lost." "I erected," (writes the author of the monument,) "in a grove, in the little copse wood behind the house, upon a rising mound which is planted with evergreen trees and shrubs, a stone urn and pedestal, beautifully cut. On the front of the pedestal is a Latin inscription which I wrote some years ago, soon after my Father's death," in 1792. The date of this memorandum, "May, 1810," taken in connection with the date subjoined to the conclusion of my friend's poem, "June 21, 1810," shows plainly enough that the Masque was intended to celebrate the solemn dedication, as it were, of this monumental urn.—Fidelia, the youngest daughter, is supposed to wander away in quest of flowers to deck the urn, and to be entrapped by a wizard who holds his fantastic court in the wood; but the 'Father,' attended by 'Second Daughter,' breaks in upon the revelry, and by the aid of the 'Genius,' succeeds in rescuing his child.—Scarcely need it be said that *Comus* supplied the poet with his model. Many a tell-tale word, (as 'vermeil,' which occurs twice,) many a witching cadence, serves to recall the exquisite verse of Milton. But if old poets are seldom, very young poets are *never* original. This only will I say further of the Woodhouselee Masque, that it is a most graceful performance,—full of delicate imagery, expressed in language at once musical and correct: such a poem as not one poetical youth in a thousand could achieve; and suggesting that

* Among the numerous English versions of it which were sent to the author, are two from the pen of the poet Hayley.

its author might have attained to acknowledged excellence among the sons of song, had he cultivated his poetical talent more assiduously.

What remains of the present chapter shall be devoted to the concluding passages of Lord Woodhouselee's life. On the 12th of January, 1812, died his cousin-german, Sir James Henry Craig, K.B.,—the last survivor of his family; his elder brother General Peter Craig, (the same who entertained my friend so kindly in London,) having died about a year before. Sir James, who was Governor of British America, had returned from Canada in June 1811, his constitution quite broken with disease: and Lord Woodhouselee, being informed that it was customary on the death of a Knight of the Bath for the nearest male relative to return the *insignia* into the hands of the Sovereign, and judging that by his presence at Doctors' Commons he might contribute to the speedier accomplishment of the objects of his cousin's will, went to London immediately on the rising of the winter session, March 1812; together with his son James, who was called to attend the Marquis of Queensberry's claim of peerage before the House of Lords. The particulars of Lord Woodhouselee's interview with the Prince Regent will be perused with interest. They are subjoined, in the words of a letter which he wrote the same day to his wife.

"*Copy of a letter to Mrs. Fraser Tytler, dated 3rd April* 1812.

"I did not so soon expect to give you an account of my interview with the Prince, but so it is, and a very pleasant one it has been. Lord Melville wrote me a note on Wednesday, late at night, telling me that in a conversation that day with the Regent, he had appointed to receive me in a private audience next day at three o'clock; that he himself could not go with me, as he was indispensably engaged at that hour at the Admiralty; but that he had spoken to the

Prince's Secretary, Colonel M'Mahon, who would introduce me; that no formality of dress was necessary, and that I would find his Royal Highness very easy and affable, as he knew all about me. Accordingly, at 3 o'clock, I repaired to Carlton House in my carriage, and was shewn into a vast and elegant apartment, where Colonel M'Mahon with great politeness, told me the Prince expected me, and would appear in a few minutes. Those minutes however were a good half hour, during which I had to amuse myself with my own thoughts, which were a little confused and fluttered, wishing it fairly over, and almost repenting that I had not declined this honourable piece of ceremony. At length, the door was thrown open, and the Prince announced; when, at the first sight of his countenance, and sound of his voice, all my fears vanished. I made my bows, and on one knee presented to him the badge and the riband, saying, I had the honour of returning into his Royal Highness's hands the insignia of the Bath conferred by his Majesty on my late relation Sir James Craig: and here ensued a conversation, which I shall detail to you, as near as I can, in the very words that passed, which I noted down whenever I came home.

"'Your lordship,' said the Prince, 'was very nearly related to my excellent friend Sir James?' 'Yes Sire, his nearest relation, his cousin german; his father and my mother were brother and sister.' 'He was an admirable officer, an honour to his country; his death was a public loss. I knew both brothers. Sir James, I think, was the younger. Both were able men and good men. My brother, the Duke of York, had the highest opinion of Sir James, and loved him as his brother. You know, my lord, he saw him within a few hours of his death. He told me he did not think poor Craig knew his own alarming situation, for he had talked to him about some new buildings he was to

make at Roehampton.' I said that perhaps he flattered himself with the hope of living a little longer; but I had reason to know, from the conversations he had held with some of his friends, that he thought himself a dying man, and looked forward to that event with great strength of mind. 'He was a noble fellow,' said the Prince: 'but pray, my lord, did not he make an odd settlement of his fortune? To leave 50,000*l.* to a servant was a strange thing: quite wrong! I am sure,' said he, with a significant smile, '*you* think so.' 'Indeed Sire,' said I, 'the public does not do my friend justice by such reports. He has distributed the bulk of his fortune, as every good man should do, among his nearest relations. I have no reason to complain of my own share. His servant was a faithful and attached domestic, who had been with him above twenty years. He has made him his residuary legatee, and he may perhaps get 7 or 8000*l.* by that bequest; but he deserved a high reward.' 'I am glad,' said the Prince, 'to hear this; for I thought the report injurious to his memory. —Your lordship has been but a short time in town, and Lord Melville tells me you return soon to Scotland to go the Circuit.' 'I must be in Scotland about the middle of this month, for the Western Circuit. I owe that appointment to your Royal Highness' favour.' 'I believe most deservedly,' said the Prince. 'Pray how do matters go on in Scotland? What do they say of me? Am I liked among you? Do they approve of my conduct?' I answered,—'Your Royal Highness is extremely popular; your conduct is approved by every man, who is a friend to his country. We have factious men among us, as you have here, but they are neither many, nor very respectable.' 'O yes,' said the Prince, 'some few among them are good men. I know I have disobliged and disappointed some whom I really value. It has given me much pain. But I had a hard task to perform. I had duties to discharge to the country,—to my

Father,—to myself. I wish they had considered this.' 'Every good man,' said I, 'and every good subject does consider this.' 'I have acted,' said he, 'from conscience. GOD knows I have felt the truth of what the poet says, "Uneasy is the brow that wears a crown!"—But you say the people with you think well of me? The Scotch are a loyal people.' I replied,—'The country at large does your Royal Highness ample justice. They are *your* friends as they were your Father's. There will always be factious men, who will sacrifice everything to self-interest and ambition: but their motives are seen, and they are estimated accordingly. The mass of the nation has right feelings.'—He then talked of the changes in our Court of Session. 'Cullen is dead, —Newton is dead. What a strange man that was! great abilities, I am told; but all I know about him is, that he had almost killed me. I believe that he could have drank out a tun of claret, and at the end of the night be as sober as I am at this moment. Cullen was a delightful man. The Duchess of Gordon had often told me of his powers as a mimic, and I got him once in the right key. I never *saw* Dr. Robertson, but I knew him as well as if I had seen him, from Cullen's picture of him.—Have you seen Henry Erskine since you came to town? What a change!' 'He has been in miserable health, poor fellow,' I said; 'but I dined with him a few days ago, and was happy to see him in very good spirits.' 'O spirits,' said the Prince, 'it is quite astonishing. Poor Erskine! he has been very unlucky. I had a long conversation with him t'other day, and I admired his equanimity. He has the temper of an angel. I like him much better than Tom. Perhaps he mayn't be such a lawyer, but I am sure he is a pleasanter man.' I said I believed his abilities were fully equal to his brother's in every respect. 'Your lordship must know him better than I,' said the Prince,

'but I have seen enough of him to admire and love him. You know William Adam, no doubt?' I said—'Yes, Sire, Adam is one of my oldest friends.' 'So is he of mine, and a better man does not exist. He is a true Scotchman: he wishes to get back among you.' 'Yes,' said I, 'the Exchequer I believe is his object.' 'It is now,' said the Prince. 'But pray, how is the Chief Baron? he has got round again I hear. Are not his complaints somewhat imaginary?' I said I had never heard so, I knew he had frequently spit blood, and was obliged to confine himself to a very strict regimen. 'But I suppose,' said the Prince, 'you know that Adam had a much higher object in view, and missed it only by a hair's breadth?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I believed Lord Grenville wanted to make him Chancellor of Scotland.' 'But your lordship and your brethren had no good opinion of that measure?' I said,—'No, we want no Court of Review in Scotland. We are very well under the present order of things, and don't like changes.' 'You are quite right,' said the Prince; 'but has not the division of your Bench been of service?' I said it certainly had, but this was no material change: our laws and our forms are still the same. It was only an internal arrangement, for the greater despatch of business. But, (I repeated,) we hated innovations, and were just as jealous of our forms, as the English were. 'You are a wise people.—Do you often come to London?' I said very seldom; and perhaps this may be the last time. 'I hope not,' said his Royal Highness; 'I shall always be glad to see you.' I understood this as a signal to take my leave; so I knelt down, and he gave me his hand which I kissed, and then made my bows and departed.—This conversation, of which I have given the contents, and as near as I can remember the very words, lasted for above half an hour. I was quite alone with him; and his manner was so easy and so ingratiating, that I felt not

the smallest embarrassment. He certainly is the finest gentleman I have ever seen. His person, though too full, is still very handsome; and his countenance manly, and expressive both of sense and sweetness."

Mr. Alison relates that "some time after the interview with the Prince Regent, it was intimated to Lord Woodhouselee, that, if agreeable to him, the dignity of Baronet would be conferred on him; which he requested permission to decline,—an instance of modesty, which surprised no one to whom Lord Woodhouselee was known; and which (I am proud to say) was to none so acceptable as to his own family, to whom no illustration could be so dear as that of their Father's name."

This visit, the last he was destined ever to make to the metropolis, (and he seems, from his language to the Prince, to have had a presentiment that such it would prove,) was spent in a whirl of society and distracting engagements, from which it must have been a delight unspeakable for one of Lord Woodhouselee's disposition to escape, and regain the seclusion of his own fire-side.

It was on his way home, that Lord Woodhouselee composed the address to his family burial-place in the Grey-Friars' Churchyard which may be seen in Mr. Alison's Memoir. He had for some time believed that the disease under which he laboured would prove fatal; and, in 1807, had caused the sacred enclosure to be arched over with stone and repaired, adding an epitaph full of filial piety to the memory of his Father and Mother. "In leaving London for the last time, and returning to his own country, it was natural for him to look forward to the event which he had long thought approaching, and to that final home where he was to rest with his Father. Under these impressions the verses alluded to were composed." Nor did the presentiment of their admirable author prove unfounded. On the

4th of the ensuing month (June, 1812,) he over-fatigued himself by superintending some work-people at his country-house; and in a few days, was obliged to repair to Edinburgh, where he was again confined to his bed with the same painful complaint from which he had recovered so slowly in 1796. "We trust soon to have him out to Woodhouselee," (writes his son;) "and in the meantime mamma, Aunt Christy, and I are constantly with him. He is busy at present preparing the Essay on Translation for a third edition, and Lord Kames for a second edition. Aunt reads aloud to him during the day, while I study; and at night, I read Gil Blas or Miss Edgeworth." * At the end of six weeks, he was conveyed back to his beloved Woodhouselee in a sedan-chair; and, cheered by the literary occupation which he found himself as capable as ever of pursuing, he cherished a humble hope that he might yet recover; in a spirit of the most healthy piety, wishing for life only that it might prolong his opportunities of serving GOD. The severity of the disease had abated; and, at the request of his physician, he wrote that manly inscription which is found at the base of the statue of Lord Melville, in the Great Hall of the Parliament House in Edinburgh. † But his life was now "a period of continued pain and increased debility,—borne, indeed, with the most calm and even cheerful resignation, and relieved by everything that filial and conjugal tenderness could apply; yet too visibly approaching to a period which neither tenderness nor magnanimity could avert."

The closing scene of this good man's life has been described with such affecting simplicity by the author of the Memoir so often already quoted, that I shall simply

* *To his sister Ann*, 27th June, 1812.

† An interesting memorandum on the subject is found in his Common-place Book, under date 4th August, 1812.

transfer it to my pages:—"In the beginning of winter, he was prevailed upon to leave his favourite Woodhouselee, and to remove into town;* and from this time his disease appeared to make a more rapid progress. On the 4th of January 1813, he felt himself more than usually unwell; and in the evening, when his family, with their usual attentions, were prepared to read to him some work of amusement, he requested that they would rather read to him the evening service of the Church, and that they might once more have the happiness of being united in domestic devotion. When this was finished, he spoke to them with firmness, of the events for which they must now prepare themselves: assured them that, to him, Death had no sorrow, but that of leaving them: he prayed that Heaven might reward them for the uninterrupted happiness which their conduct and their love had given him; and he concluded by giving to each of them his last and solemn blessing.

"After the discharge of this last paternal duty, he retired to rest, and slept with more than his usual tranquillity, and in the morning, (as the weather was fine,) he ordered his carriage, and desired that it might go out on the road towards Woodhouselee. He was able to go so far as to come within sight of his own grounds; and then, raising himself in the carriage, his eye was observed to kindle as he looked once more upon the hills, which he felt he was so soon to leave, and which he had loved so well. There was an influence in the scene which seemed to renew his strength, and he returned to town, and walked up the stairs of his house with more vigour than he had shewn for some time; but the excitement was momentary, and he had scarcely entered his study, before he sunk down upon the

* He resided at No. 108 Prince's Street,—a house which, by an earlier method of numbering the houses, was reckoned in his time as No. 65.

floor, without a sigh or a groan. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but it was soon found that all assistance was vain; and Dr. Gregory arrived in time only to close his eyes, and thus to give the final testimony of a friendship which, in the last words that he wrote for the press, Lord Woodhouselee had gratefully commemorated as having borne the test of nearly half a century.

"His remains were interred in the family burial-place in the Grey-Friars' Churchyard, beside those of his Father and Mother, to whose memory it was then found, that his filial piety had so exclusively dedicated it, that their epitaph occupied the whole of the tablet, and no room was left for any inscription to himself."

Let me conclude this chapter with an extract from the memorandum-book of the subject of the present Memoir, which will serve to connect him, as he well deserves to be especially connected, with the memory of his admirable Father. It was written on revisiting Woodhouselee in October, 1818,—almost six years after the date of his bereavement.—"To be resigned, I trust through the grace of GOD and the mercy of my SAVIOUR, I have already taught myself; but to forget, is impossible. My heart must cease to beat, my memory become a blank, my affections wither, and my whole being change, before the love and goodness of my Father, and the uninterrupted happiness of our life when he dwelt surrounded by his family in this earthly paradise, shall fade for a moment from my recollection. No—no. Woodhouselee will always be to me a word which calls up feelings that no other word can do; and in my meditations of what Heaven will be, I often feel myself mingling the recollections of earthly joys with the hopes of heavenly glories,

and so holding out to myself as my best reward that I shall again meet my beloved Father; again be pressed to his bosom; and again wander with him through the groves which my fancy (I hope not profanely) paints like those in which we once lived."

CHAPTER V.

(1813—1814.)

P. F. Tytler's grief at the death of his Father—Public events—Opening of the Continent—A visit to Paris, in 1814—The Duke of Wellington—Marshal Blucher—Louis XVIII. and the Duchesse D'Angoulême at the Theatre—A Russian dinner—Anecdotes, personal and historical—Wellington—Platoff—Review of Russian and Prussian troops—Return to Scotland.

THE eclipse which my friend's happiness sustained by the event last recorded may be easily imagined. He was now 21 years of age. He was the only remaining unmarried son; and he lived at home. He had therefore become, in a manner, the staff of the family, and on him the burthen of grief most heavily fell. "It is indeed too true," (he wrote to his old tutor, Mr. Black, at the end of three months,) "that to *me* my excellent Father's death is quite irreparable; and that it has left a blank in my heart, which nothing earthly can supply. My brothers' affections were divided: they had wives and children; and, by previous separation, had been weaned from my Father. My affections were centred in *him*. I had no higher happiness than to see him smile on my studies: in all his literary labours he had the goodness to make me a sharer: my taste was moulded, my soul was knit to his; and from my infancy, till the moment he was taken from us, I was fostered in his bosom. Can you wonder then, that there are moments now in which I feel withered, like a plant that never sees the sun? Yet I comfort myself by thinking on the perfect happiness which is now enjoyed by that pure and sainted spirit, which has gone before us to Heaven. *Animam*

ejus ad cœlum unde erat rediisse mihi persuadeo." * In truth, his legal studies at this period of his life were of so engrossing a nature as to afford him few opportunities for immoderate grief; while they effectually precluded that perpetual recurrence to the past in which the sting of bereavement chiefly lies; that incessant brooding over scenes which, in his own affecting language, "already seemed to him like a delightful dream, whose reality was hereafter to be found in Heaven."

But though he learned thus early the language of resignation, it will be seen by the extracts from his correspondence presently to be given, how very keenly he felt the loss of his Father, and how completely he was living in the past. A few days after the death of that beloved parent, he is found to have commenced a new common-place book; and on the first page of it he wrote the following memorandum, dated 14th January 1813:—"On the Sunday after my dearest Father's death, my brothers and I went to chapel. In the first lesson, which was the xlivth of Isaiah, were these beautiful and most consoling words:—'Fear not, O Jacob, My servant, for I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses.'

"How gracious was it in Almighty GOD, when our weak souls were almost sinking into despondency, to pour the balm of Hope and Consolation into our hearts by these prophetic and heavenly words!" . . . Thus piously did he turn the common events of every day into occasions of thankfulness, and helps to Religion. He comforted himself by extracting from the Prophets and the Psalms the most precious promises and sublime encouragements which he there met

* *To the Rev. John Black*, April 5th, 1813.

with, and transcribing them into the little MS. volume above alluded to; while all his memoranda at this period shew that he was daily seeking for peace of mind where alone peace of mind is to be found.

To his friend Basil Hall, in the month of March, he wrote as follows:—"As for myself, you, who knew my Father, and saw us together in our days of happiness, will judge what I must now feel. To say I have lost *a Father* is nothing. I have lost my companion, and my first and dearest friend; one for whom my love was such, that I would rather have lost my right hand, than have given him a moment's uneasiness; and who loved me so well, that if he ever reproved me, it was with an affection and gentleness which made me love his reproof far better than others' praise. He had such modesty and goodness, that although I was so young, he always made me the companion, and often even the judge of his useful and constant labours; and by this familiar confidence, and the constant and affectionate interest with which he superintended my studies, my mind became so moulded and linked to his, and my whole happiness so wrapt up in trying to please him, that now that he is gone, I feel sometimes as if my own heart was rent from me.

"How often have I thought, what exquisite delight it would give me, should I ever arrive at any excellence in my profession, to plead before *him* to whose instruction and love I owed it all; and after these labours of the winter were finished, to enjoy in our sweet paradise at Woodhouselee all the happiness of leisure and domestic retirement! But GOD, in His wisdom, has judged that it should be otherwise; and doubtless, His purpose, who is all Goodness, must finally be good."

From the conclusion of the same letter it appears that the wish to preserve a written record of Lord Woodhouselee's honourable and virtuous career was so strongly felt by his

family and friends, that the widow and children were already engaged in collecting materials for the Memoir so largely quoted, in the former chapter, and which their beloved Mr. Alison had warmly undertaken to write.

My friend's laborious legal studies had now reached the point to which they had so long been converging. He passed the public examinations with credit, and on the 3rd of July 1813, was admitted into the Faculty of Advocates.

I have abstained hitherto from making any allusion to those great public events which were at this time agitating the heart of Europe. That illustrious Captain whose days were prolonged until a few years since, had already covered the arms of England with glory in the Peninsula, and crowned his successes on the 21st June by the decisive battle of Vittoria. But the din of war, though it cannot fail to reach the lowliest hearth, does not survive in the annals of a private family, and it is a relief to find the calm current of domestic life flowing on unruffled by the storm which shakes old dynasties to their foundations, and alters the very aspect of the world. We cannot afford, however, any longer to omit calling attention briefly to the state of public affairs at the time: for though the subject of the present memoir, alike from the nature of his pursuits, and from choice, took no part, even the most subordinate, in the great drama which was now rapidly hastening to its last act, it is but right to remember the general character of the transactions which, throughout his boyhood, must have been on everybody's tongue; and the events of which, on emerging from boyhood, he proves to have been neither an inattentive nor an unconcerned spectator.

The star of Napoleon was fast hasting to its setting. In the beginning of 1814, the alliance of the four great powers of Europe,—England, Prussia, Austria and Russia,—gave an earnest to the world that the iron tyranny, under

which no country had groaned more heavily than France itself, was about to be effectually broken. On the 31st of March, the day after the battle of Paris was fought, Paris capitulated to the Allies; who entered it on the same day, headed by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, in person. Napoleon was compelled, in consequence, to renounce the Empire; and signed the Act of Abdication at Fontainbleau, on the 11th of the ensuing month. The battle of Toulouse had been fought on the day previous. By the Treaty of Paris, Elba was assigned to the late Emperor by the Allies, as a residence, and peace was restored to the world. Simultaneously with the departure of Napoleon from Fontainbleau, Louis XVIII. quitted Hartwell, the scene of his retreat, in Buckinghamshire; and after an expatriation of twenty-two years, the representative of the Bourbons was restored to the throne of his ancestors.

The moment had arrived for as many of our countrymen as were impatient to visit the Continent, to take wing; and they were not slow to obey the signal. So great was the eagerness felt, that many hastened off in the direction of Paris almost before Napoleon had quitted Fontainbleau. I have entered into all these details, not without a reason: for the subject of the present Memoir was one of the first to avail himself of the opening of the Continent to visit the French capital. "And now, my dear girl," (he wrote to his sister Ann,) "I shall, as shortly as I can, give you the reasons which have induced us to take this step. 1st. We never can have so many advantages in going to Paris at any future period, as we enjoy at the present moment. We have an opportunity of seeing collected in one spot the finest troops of the principal nations in Europe,—Russia, Prussia, Austria, and probably by this time Sweden. We have the singular advantage of seeing also that extraordinary, and heroic man the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia,

the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Swartzenberg, Marshal Blucher, the Prince of Wirtemberg, Count Barclay de Tolly, our own Lord Wellington, and all that band of illustrious men who have liberated Europe. We shall probably witness the landing of Louis XVIII., and his return to his own people; and see the conclusion of the whole, in his Coronation.—2ndly, There is not the least doubt, I should think, that many of those works of art, the noble paintings, the ancient Grecian statues, &c. which were plundered in Italy, and are now in Paris, will be soon restored; so that if we do not see them now, we shall not have an opportunity of seeing them at all, without seeking them in their original abodes,—which for me, is impossible.—3rdly, At present, my business at the bar is so small, that two weeks or three cut off a summer Session is a matter of the most trifling importance. The writers won't miss me *now*; but should business increase, (which Heaven grant it may, for at present 'tis bare enough!) every year will be of more importance, and every vacation I shall be less able to leave Scotland."*

Tytler was accompanied on this occasion by three intimate friends,—William and Archibald Alison, and Mr. David Anderson. The little party reached York, on their way south, the same day on which Napoleon embarked at Frejus, in Provence, for the Isle of Elba,—April 28th. They had all returned home again, a few days after Peace had been solemnly proclaimed in London,—June 20th.

So altered is the state of things since the year 1814, that already does the narrative of a journey from Edinburgh to Paris, performed at that time under the most favourable circumstances, sound like the tale of a bygone age. With such particulars we will not delay ourselves. Scarcely is it any longer of interest to be reminded of the fabulous

* *To his sister Ann*, from Prince's Street, April 18th, 1814.

stories which prevailed at the period when the friends set out, of the absolute impracticability of reaching Paris at all; of the frays which (in the imagination of the Courier newspaper) rendered a walk through the streets of the French capital a service of danger for civilians; and of the 'tug of war' which was supposed to ensue, the instant an Englishman set eyes on a Frenchman. We will begin with the arrival at Calais.

"I wish, my dear Mother, I could describe the scene we witnessed in our passage from Dover. There were a great number of French gentlemen who had been for a long time prisoners in England. M. le Comte del Fort Darras, a French nobleman of old family who had been twenty years an emigrant in England,—a pleasant, venerable looking old man with the order of Saint Louis suspended at his button: M. le Chevalier Montagnac, our friend: M. le Capitaine Hout Poul; and a great number of others, besides us English. There was, from the moment they embarked, a delight in their faces, an activity and joy in all they did; but when, after some hours' sail, we came in sight of the French coast, their transports were quite inexpressible. They danced, sung, laughed, and played with each other a thousand extraordinary tricks, all expressive of their exuberant joy. The venerable old Count himself begun to sing; and upon landing on the shore, M. Hout Poul sprung from the shoulders of one of the sailors who was carrying him from the boat, seized a handful of sand, and kissed it. The moon was shining bright as we approached Calais, and the fortified walls and towers round the town looked extremely fine. It was singular, a few hours after we had left England, to hear all the people speaking French, and to see the little brats of children skipping about us and crying out, '*Voilà les Anglois, les Anglois!*'

"M. de Montagnac, who was a prisoner for a long time at

Peebles, has shewn us many letters from the gentlemen of the county, Sir James Montgomery and others, which contain the most honourable testimonies to his honour and gentlemanly conduct, and his long attachment to the family of the Bourbons. He is a cousin of the Ambassador at the British Court, the Comte de Chartres, and is now travelling to Paris to join his brother and sister, the Comte de Montagnac and *Clementine*. He has already opened, like a complete Frenchman, his whole heart to us. 'I have left my heart in Scotland,' was one of his first observations." *

The manners and conversation of this Frenchman amused the young Scotchmen in a high degree. He insisted on Tytler's reading aloud to the company a letter which he had received from his *bien-aimée* at Dumfries,—breaking in with—'Ah, she is the sweet creature; such cheeks, such joli mouth! She is so sage! She is the virtuous woman.' By his particular desire, a passionate love-letter of his own, written to the beloved object from Dover, also went the round of the party. Tytler writes of him in his Diary:—"He is one of the most singular and amusing compositions—this Montagnac—that I ever met with. From being with him for an hour in the carriage, one would think him only a frivolous, lightheaded, shuttlecock of a Frenchman; but this composition has been in hard service in the army since he was 17, and has gone through 16 different campaigns. In the year 1796, he was made prisoner at Heidelberg, in the Palatinate. He escaped being massacred only by throwing himself on the ground, and feigning to be dead. On lifting his head a little, he saw a troop of cavalry coming at a gallop right over the spot where he lay. He had only time to creep under some of the dead bodies which were round him, when the troop galloped over both dead and living, but he was not hurt. 'You shall see my journal,'

* *To his Mother*, from Dover, 1st May, 1814.

(says he,) 'but it is short. We had no time to make the long remarks. We were like the birds. But I was always philosophe in my misfortunes.'—He has just told us a very beautiful anecdote which happened to him when he stormed Cordova with the French, concerning the daughter of the Marquis of Gonsalvez. He took out his watch this moment, and has shewn us under the case a little piece of her gown, which was all that the young Marchioness could then give him as a remembrance. He afterwards got a lock of her hair."

No apology can be necessary for presenting the next of my friend's letters entire. The travellers had now fairly reached Paris, and established themselves at No. 13, Rue du Hazard.

"Paris, 5th May, 1814.

"My dearest Mother.

"How shall I ever be able to describe to you all that we have seen? We have been walking all day, and gazing all night at the Opera; and it is only now, at eleven o'clock, after having had some refreshment at our hotel, that I find a moment to write to you, and *that*, when the other boys are going to bed.

"However, it would be unpardonable indeed if after having been so much delighted and astonished as I have been to-day, I did not try to give at least some feeble description of it to you to whose goodness I owe it all. Allons donc, il faut commencer. I believe it will be better to begin, like the Irish clergyman, by the end; that is, by our going to the Italian Opera.—After having dined at our hotel or lodgings to-day, we set out for the Opera, which begins at seven. We went undressed, to the pit. The house, which was nearly quite full, was crowded with Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Polish, Cossack, English, and French officers:

men of almost every different nation and complexion, Asiatics and Europeans. Was it not a striking thing to see those same officers, who had but thirty days ago fought on the heights of Montmartre and Belleville, sitting beside the Frenchmen against whom they fought, in the most perfect kindness and good humour?

"The boxes were indeed a very splendid sight; crowded with soldiers of the first rank in the different armies, in the richest, the most varied and the most picturesque dresses that you can possibly conceive. Almost every one had on his breast one or more orders, stars of diamonds, crosses, ribbands. Some, were absolutely covered with gold and jewels! and you may easily conceive that their rich uniforms, and their dark fine faces, and immense mustachios gave them a warlike and magnificent appearance. A Prussian hussar officer whom I sat beside, had been at the great battle of Leipsic, and was extremely communicative. After a short time, Prince Henry of Prussia and the Grand Duke Constantine came into the theatre." Prince Henry, brother to the King of Prussia, is a fine dark soldierly-looking man, with dark hair and mustachios. As for the Arch-Duke, we did not see his figure, which we had heard was striking. His face certainly is not so. He is extremely like the Marquis of Queenberry. In the stage-box were the two sons of the King of Prussia, Prince Henry the eldest, the future King, a boy of only 18; and his brother, much younger. We had hardly time to examine these princes, when the whole theatre in an instant began shouting and clapping with the utmost vehemence. This was occasioned by the entrance of the Duc de Berri, who came forward to the front of the royal box, which was magnificently ornamented with red velvet covered with gold fleurs-de-lis. He bowed very low and gracefully to the audience. At this, you have no conception of the enthusiastic applause which

was manifested. The Theatre re-echoed with the cries of *Vive le Roi, Vive les Bourbons;* and there was a huzzaing and clapping from which I have scarcely yet recovered. The manifestation of any great and general public feeling, of whatever kind it be, is always from the multitude of voices a sublime thing. In this instance it was not only sublime, but on account of the affection which was shewn, it became excessively affecting.

"The audience had scarcely seated themselves and begun attending to the opera, and the actors had hardly * resumed their part, when in a moment the whole theatre was on their legs again, and the huzzaing began with renewed vigour. We immediately found out that this enthusiastic sensation was occasioned by the entrance of LORD WELLINGTON, *le héros d'Angleterre*, as he is called in the French Gazette. He came forward to the front row of the box; and on the repeated cheers, and clapping, and cries of *Vive Wellington*, looked delighted indeed from his smile, but very awkward, and seemingly not knowing what use to make either of his hands or his head. At last, he leant against the box, and managed to make a bow to the audience; but it was quite the bow of an old soldier, unaccustomed to Courts, and at home only in the field. We had an excellent view of him, as we were hardly two yards from his box. His countenance is most striking indeed. Some of the prints we have in England are certainly like him, but all of them make him infinitely too young and florid looking. He has, on the contrary, a furrowed, care-worn face, and an anxious thoughtful look which I shall never forget. In the lower part of his face however, in his mouth, there is a kind of playfulness and humour which is extremely Irish. His smile is delightful; and to those round him in the box, particularly the ladies, he seemed full of affability. To be

* The rest of the letter was written on the 8th of May.

sure, there were distinguished persons round him,—Marshal Beresford, Lord Castlereagh, and Sir Charles Stewart. The lady who sat next to Lord Wellington, (or as we must now deservedly call him the *Duke* of Wellington,) was we believe Mrs. Wellesley Pole. Lady Castlereagh also must have been in the box. He seemed extremely diverted, and laughed much at the representation of Sancho, in the ballet of Don Quixote which was the piece that night.

"The acting was good, the scenery beautiful, the dancing exquisite; but the ladies in the boxes perfect frights, owing to the antiquated and unnatural costume which is now adopted at Paris, and which to those who have an opportunity of seeing the Venus de Medici and the Apollo Belvedere every day in their lives, is as disgraceful as it is ridiculous. Last night, at the Theatre Français, I took four sketches of the different head-dresses, all equally detestable, which I shall finish and bring to shew you how far superior the natural beauty of our own girls in their simple dresses is to the trashery of the French belles. You may believe however, that when so many eminent men were near us, it was hardly possible to attend either to the actors or to the ladies. It must be allowed that, in spite of this absurd dress, we have seen a great many very beautiful women at Paris; still, there is a kind of artificial look about them which I cannot get the better of. But it's all nonsense speaking of women. I have things to tell you of in my next letter of which you have not the slightest conception. W. Crichton, to whom we had letters, has been of the utmost use to us: he has introduced us to Dr. Wylie, first physician to the Emperor, a most excellent, honest, blunt, kind-hearted Scotchman. He clapped us on the back when we came into his room: 'All Scotchmen! that's good, come in!' He has been so long in the service, having been personally present at every action since the year 1805, (ex-

cept Eylau,) that he is quite familiar with all the eminent Generals. We went to his room in the Emperor of Russia's Palace, at the Elysée Bourbon; and when standing along with him and Dr. Crichton, had the singular good fortune to be introduced personally to many of the most eminent men in Europe: Miloradovich, Woronzoff, the young Count Rostopchin, eldest son of the Governor of Moscow; and this morning, at the Elysée Bourbon in Dr. Wylie's chamber, we were introduced by him to the great Platoff, of whom you have heard so much, who received us with the utmost affability and grace, and actually shook hands with every one of us individually, an honour which we shall all be proud of to the last day of our lives. The same day, we saw Nesselrode, Chernicheff, Sachen, Wassiltchikoff, Sconvaloof, the two brothers of the Emperor Alexander, and to-day at the same place, the Emperor Alexander himself; Count Waldmoden, the Prince of Oldenburg, the Prince of Wirtemberg, and the Prince of Georgia, one of the finest looking men I ever saw. You see, my dearest Mother, we are not in the background. Indeed, every hour here is full of wonder, and would be sufficient to season a whole year at Edinburgh! Only think of seeing the Apollo Belvedere one morning, and the Emperor Alexander the next! . . . This letter must serve as a part of my Journal. I shall send off another, continuing our adventures, in two days. David, Archy, and William are quite well. Love to all."

From his next letter, two extracts will suffice. The period was an interesting one; and the vivid impressions of an eye-witness, jotted down truthfully at the time, cannot fail to be interesting. He writes to his Mother, 18th May, as follows:—

"In my last letter, if I recollect right, I brought the accounts down to our having been introduced to the venerable old Platoff. I must now tell some of the most

remarkable things which have occurred since. Last night, for the first time, we were fortunate enough to see Marshal Blucher. The old soldier is, it seems, very fond of gaming. The house where he plays every night from 10 to 12, is the *Salle des Etrangers*,—a very fine hotel, magnificently furnished: kept up, as I suppose, by subscription, something like our new club. We got from the secretary or principal director, who is a most polite old man, perpetual tickets of admission; and with these we went last night, at about ½ past 9. After waiting for nearly an hour, the old veteran came in, and walked straight up to the gaming-table, where he seated himself at one corner, buttoned his coat about him, leant down with his elbows on the table, and seemed in an instant as if his whole soul was wrapt up in the game. He has, I think, altogether one of the most striking faces I ever saw. There is an expression of excessive keenness and anxiety in his features, with a great degree of sternness and determination in his eye, and forehead, which it is impossible to forget. His motions are very sudden; and when any of the lookers on came near his place, he turned round on them with a hawk-like quickness which almost made you start. His figure is about the middle size, he stoops much, and looks as old as he is reported to be. He was dressed in plain dark-coloured clothes, but his rank was marked by five different stars which were seen peeping out at every corner of him. There is not one trait of gentleness in his whole countenance, and even age will have enough to do to mellow him down.*

* This was written on the 13th May. It is interesting to observe how much clearer and sharper, in some respects, is the first draught of Blucher's portrait, written late at night, on the 12th—immediately on returning from the gaming house:—"The old General came in, *accompanied by his son*, at about 11 o'clock, and *after making a very little bow at the door*, walked straight to the gaming table." . . . . . "His whole features have *a hawk-like kind of activity about them*, and there is a mingled expression of sternness and quickness which it is impossible to forget. His motions when

"We all dined the other day at Lord Cathcart's,* to whom David had letters. The company was completely English. Lord James Murray, Lord Kinnoul, Mr. Kirkman Finlay, and other distinguished English were of the party. The house where Lord C. is at present, belonged formerly to Junot, Duc d'Abrantes. It had been magnificently furnished by him out of the plunder of Portugal. The mirrors and lustres are quite magnificent, and the dinner, which was wholly in the foreign style, was superb. Lord Cathcart was really excessively polite. He told us that he himself, or some of his sons always dined at home, and that we should always find a cover at his table; and he added, he would be happy to have it in his power to oblige us by getting us permission to see any of the different sights. Was not this uncommon, unsolicited kindness? The day after, the Alisons and I were engaged to dine with Madame la Marquise de Frondeville, a great friend of their father's and Mr. Stuart's, to whom they had letters. It was quite a family party; only one Englishman, (a Sir Thomas Wynne,) besides ourselves, and all the rest French. Madame de Frondeville is a pleasing little woman with a very sweet expression, without being directly handsome. Her husband is a polite gentlemanlike looking man, but speaks little; and that, mostly about his wines. . . . . .

"To-day, [May 14th,] we have been at one of the most solemn and striking ceremonies I ever witnessed: the funeral service for the late Kings Louis XVI. and XVII., and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. We obtained tickets of ad-

he turns his head are all quick and sudden, and there is an anxiety and unquietness in his look which shows a mind that requires to be continually excited by some engrossing object. He has grey hair and is very bald, with immense black mustachios. So intent was he on the game, that *he spoke not a single syllable*. His son, who came along with him, has something of the same features as his Father."—*MS. Journal.*

* This nobleman was at that time our Ambassador at the Russian Court.

mission by the kindness of Madame de Frondeville. I shall give you a particular account of it in my next letters. It was a most interesting spectacle. The church was completely hung with black: daylight excluded; and innumerable tapers burned along the sides. It had a most dark and funeral-like appearance; and had it not been for the noise and squabbling of the crowd, and some little fopperies, as they appeared to us, on the part of the priests, it would have been a most affecting sight. But the genius of the French people is not altogether fitted for such solemn occasions. Fêtes, not funeral services, are their forte."

The truth and warmth of his home feelings while he was a daily guest, through Dr. Wylie's influence, at the same table with Count Platoff, the Prince of Hesse-Philipstal, Count Woronzow, General Miloradovich, and other Russian names hard to write, does not surprise one. It is just what one would expect from him, that the news of his beloved Sandy's arrival in England should have fired him with a longing to quit the dazzling and curious scenes into which he found himself transported, as if by magic, and to return to Edinburgh. But this is a phase of his character which needs no illustration at this time; and in presenting a few more extracts from his correspondence, I am desirous only of giving him a further opportunity of describing what he saw and did at Paris. On the 24th of May, he writes to his sister Jeanie:—

"One of the finest sights we have yet seen, was the reception of the King of France and the rest of the Royal family, the first time they went to the Opera. The Play, or rather *Spectacle*, had been selected for the occasion, from its having a number of applications to the history and misfortunes of the King, and the affection and constancy of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. It is borrowed from a Greek tragedy, and is entitled *Œdipe à Colone*. Œdipus, a blind

old King, banished from his native Country, and led and supported by his young daughter Antigone. The moment the King entered* the house, the most loud and universal applause began, and continued without any intermission for six or eight minutes, till the people, (like the cuckoos at Penicuik,) had cried themselves hoarse, and the words *vive le Roi, vive la Duchesse, vive Monsieur, vive les Bourbons*, became quite inarticulate. Then came the applause for the different applications, and the cries of *encore* and *bis*, and the applause for the passage when it was encored, and the clapping to applaud the actors and dancers, who were all of the first eminence; so that in fact you heard infinitely more of what passed in the theatre than of what was going on on the stage. The most striking circumstance was, that at one beautiful passage which had a peculiar application to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, in which Œdipus describes the constancy and affection of Antigone, the King who was quite overcome with delight and gratitude, rose himself, and after bowing affectionately to the Duchess, began the clapping himself.† All this was very affecting.—The after-piece, which had been composed for the occasion, was a representation of the different nations of Europe, —French, English, Russian, Spanish, Dutch, Swiss, &c. dancing in their several costumes round the temple of Peace, with palms in their hands. One additional circumstance which sounded indeed strange to our ears in a French theatre, was that the very first air which was played by the full orchestra between the acts was *God save the King*,

* "In the royal box was the King, the Duchesse D'Angoulême, the Duc D'Artois, and the Duc de Berri. The King of Prussia was also there incognito. I had the good fortune to see him in the passage. The rest did not." *MS. Journal.*

† "He seemed to feel the scene deeply, and to delight in the enthusiasm of his people. At the end of the play when the band struck up the favourite air *Vive Henri Quatre*, the whole house joined, and sung along with them." *MS. Journal.*

followed by *Rule Britannia.* This was a fine and generous compliment from our new friends.

"Another material event and which has given us the sincerest satisfaction, was a dinner we were at yesterday. We are now quite intimate as I have told you before with Dr. Wylie, the head of the medical department in Russia, besides the first physician to the Emperor and President of the medical academy of St. Petersburg. He is a noble and expellent man, open and warm hearted, and a true Scotchman. He is certainly also one of the ablest and most entertaining men we ever met with, and the quantity of curious information he has already given us relating to the different campaigns, and the history of Russia for the last fifteen years, is incredible. He has himself been present, since his arrival in Russia, (which was when he was not older than 17,) in twenty-five general battles. In Russia, a military surgeon is as much exposed to the enemy's fire as any of the soldiers. It was Dr. Wylie who cut off poor Moreau's legs. He had the brave general carried into a small hovel or hut which was near the spot where he was wounded, and during the operation (which he bore with inconceivable constancy) four or five balls passed through the roof of the hut. These particulars he told us himself. But I had forgot my story. Well,—we have got now quite hand and glove not only with Dr. W., but with the medical military staff of the Russian army. They invited us all to dine with them yesterday, at a dinner which one of the principal surgeons gave to their chief; and you have no conception of the kindness and hospitality with which we were treated. The dinner was quite in the Russian style. We saw the manners of the country just as well as if we had been at Petersburg. There were of the company, besides Dr. Wylie and Dr. W. Crichton, nine Russian gentlemen who have served all through the last campaign, and many of them in the former ones. To give

you some idea of their merit and distinction, I may tell you that every one of them had one order of Knighthood conferred on him for his services by the Emperor, and most of them . . . . .* The crosses of these orders, which they wear above their uniform, are many of them very . . . . .* beautiful. The dinner began, as is always the case in Russia, with a dram. Then came raw oysters, with lemon squeezed over them, and parsnips. Then, soup. Then, a course of fish. Then, a course of dressed French dishes. Then, fowls, and dishes I cannot remember; pudding, &c. Then, ices; then, dessert; then, iced punch; then, toasts drunk in champagne,—the Emperor of Russia,—the King of England,—the medical faculty of Russia, and Dr. Wylie,—Dr. Gregory, and the medical faculty of Scotland. The toasts are drunk always in bumpers, standing and joining your glasses. You have no conception what a singular and delightful scene this dinner was. There seemed to be such perfect harmony and happiness amongst the Russians, they were so pleased with our being so delighted with their customs, and everything went on so easily, seasoned with Dr. Wylie's anecdotes, that it was quite unparalleled.

"It is the custom, for the gentleman who gives the dinner, to go about with the different dishes to every guest, whom he warns to eat by a gentle clap on the back. When the master of the feast drinks to the health of any of his guests, he comes and kisses him on both cheeks. As the dinner advanced and the wine began to circulate and take effect, this kissing and embracing became more and more frequently repeated, and at last it was impossible to look round without seeing some of the Russians either standing up and folding each other in their arms, or sitting at table with their heads together and their arms round each other's necks. I saw one merry little fellow of a surgeon lifted

* Here inopportunely comes the waltz.

fairly off his feet in the joy of his friend's heart, and as I believe kissed in the air. We delighted the Russians by learning a Russian toast, and repeating it as well as we could after them. They were constantly saying the Scotch and the Russians are quite similar in their manners, they must love one another. We told them of the popularity of the Emperor Alexander in England, and the inscription to 'Alexander the greatest.' This delighted them much, for they all adore the Emperor. They were quite charmed with the beer-barrel having a white cockade on it. We entreated to have a Russian song, and one of the staff, who had a remarkably good voice, sung a beautiful air which I wish I could remember. They then insisted that I should sing a Scotch song, which I did as well as I could, "for my spirits were up and my heart in full glee." It was *Auld lang syne*, which Dr. Crichton wanted to hear again, and the Russians were evidently pleased with it. They finished the evening according to their national custom in bumpers of rum punch. At the last glass, we begged to give a toast to *the hospitality of the Russians*, with which they seemed to be really gratified. The cordiality with which we parted was inconceivable, and after having kissed and embraced the two masters of the house who gave the dinner, we walked home *quite straight* and upright, though a little merry."

After so many lengthy specimens of my friend's correspondence during the period of his visit to Paris, it will not be unacceptable that I should present the reader with some extracts from a short Journal which he kept at the time; and in which he occasionally made entries of exceeding interest. The first exhibits a picture of the misery of living under a system like that which Bonaparte established in France:—

"I dined some days ago at Mr. Boyd's. He has been a prisoner in France for nearly 12 years, and of course

suffered under the most rigorous period of Bonaparte's government. He says we can have no idea of the miserable state of society in France for these last years. The jealousy of the Emperor with regard to foreign influence had been carried to such a height, and the system of espionage arrived at such perfection, that all intercourse between friends was entirely at an end. Mr. Boyd may have found it more severe than others, and was, from his being an Englishman, more strictly watched. He tells us he did not dare to utter any opinion regarding the government,—or which could have been twisted that way, even in the most private intercourse with his own family. As to speaking before his servants, he dreaded every domestic he had. He used to watch the chinks and openings of the casements, and was forced if he ever did speak on forbidden subjects, to whisper. He sometimes remained ten months without seeing an English paper. A few, however, found their way, and were secretly conveyed from house to house among the friends of the old Government.

"When he was happy enough to get an English paper, (his eyes glistened even when he told me of this himself,) he did not dare avow it to his wife or family, for fear of any casual word escaping which might lead to discovery. He used to go to bed, and when all the family were asleep, to light his candle and read it at midnight to himself. He read over again and again all the communications of importance, till he got them by heart, and then conveyed it as secretly as he received it, to some of his friends who were forced to go through the same dreadful precautions. In talking to a French loyalist, who however was a President under Bonaparte, he remarked how delightful it was that when they two got by themselves together, they could speak out a little; *Si nous sommes deux, mais pas trois!* was the answer of the Frenchman. It was the rule in Paris,

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when three persons were in company, to look on the third man as a spy.

"A lawyer who lived in the same hotel with Mr. Boyd, and who had probably been incautious in expressing his sentiments, was whipt out of his bed at five in the morning, marched off to prison, and kept there for 6 days; his whole papers ransacked, examined, and returned in the same way; and he is yet ignorant of the cause for his being seized. To suffer all this deprivation of one of the first blessings of society, the free communication of our sentiments, and to be condemned to hear the servile adulation which was lavished on such tyranny, was indeed dreadful. It was no wonder that the old man was grateful for his deliverance. He says that when he saw the entrance of Monsieur into his ancient capital, he cried like a child. Indeed his eyes moistened when he spoke to me about it.

"It is perfectly authentic what was stated regarding Bonaparte's order to blow up the powder magazines. About a week after the 31st, the day the allies entered Paris, Mr. B. was at the Countess Champigny's, (I think this was the name,) and Colonel le Comte Lescours, to whom the execution of the order was entrusted, came in that moment from the Emperor Alexander, with the Order of St. Anne which he had just then received, round his neck. The Emperor had only heard that day the particulars, and immediately presented him with the Order. The Count told him all the particulars. Who the Marshal was, to whom the order was in the first place entrusted, is it is said well known in Paris. He came and gave the order, which was written, to the Count, who on reading it was, as may be easily imagined, much agitated. *Eh bien*, said the Marshal, *pourquoi palissez vous? Balanceriez vous?—Point du tout*, said the Count, assuming as much composure as he could; and knowing that if the order was not given to him,

it might be entrusted immediately to less scrupulous hands; *Vous serez content.* The order was then left with him, and Paris was saved. These particulars Mr. Boyd heard from the Count himself.

"The situation of anxiety in which they were, in Paris, for the last week before the Allies entered, can hardly be conceived. On the morning of the 31st, another gentleman whom I dined with at Mr. Boyd's, went early to the Italian Boulevards. It was well known that the capitulation had been signed, and that the Allied army was to enter that day.* The first thing he saw was two Prussian hussars riding slowly down the street, and near them two veterans of the old French guard crying, literally in tears. Such was the feeling of shame and wounded honour which they could not conceal!"

At the table of the Marquis de Froudeville, where he was so frequent a guest, Tytler met many interesting people. From Lord Lovaine, on one of these occasions, he seems to have heard the following stories, about the Duke of Wellington:—"Heard that on the arrival of Lord Wellington, a magnificent hotel had been fitted up for him. He left his hotel, and insisted on living with Mr. Wellesley Pole, whose house was quite full, and who could offer him nothing *but a small dark closet* which scarce held his bed. Here he lived the whole time he was in Paris, and here the King of Prussia paid him a visit.—Lord Lovaine served as a volunteer under Lord Wellington in Spain. This celebrated general's hardy and soldier-like habits are quite astonishing. He used to lie down in the corner of the room sometimes on straw, sometimes on a hard couch, always with his clothes on. He never undressed, but on the contrary dressed himself anew before going to sleep, and slept sound in a few minutes. He generally lay down in the same room where

* It was signed at 2 o'clock in the morning. The Allies entered at 12.

his aide-de-camps and other young officers were joking and romping round him. I have heard that during the retreat from Burgos, his mind was in such a dreadful state of anxiety, and his health in consequence so wretched, that the physicians declare he could not have lived unless it had been for this faculty of sleeping whenever he lay down.

"We also picked up a number of curious anecdotes from the Marquis de Frondeville himself relating to the situation of Paris previous to the entrance of the Allies; and the present state of French commerce. He tells us there was even in the heat of the attack of the Allies, a feeling of instinctive security which was wonderful. *He* ascribes this to instinctive presentiment as to what was to happen. *I* ascribe it to the indescribable light-headedness of the French, and their propensity to *la bagatelle*, in circumstances of the deepest interest. He tells us that at the very moment when the battle was going on, when in the attack of Belleville there was the most horrible carnage,* (*un acharnement horrible*,) if you walked along the Boulevards, everything was going on as lightly and happily as usual. Gentlemen and ladies, arm in arm, flirting and laughing and talking of the news; parties in coffee houses; theatres full; spectacles crowded; and this, a day only *before Paris was taken!*

"The moment, however, the heights of Belleville and Montmartre were taken, (according to Dr. Wylie, who was on the spot,) not a mortal was to be seen in the streets of Paris. Of course, they all expected to be bombarded."

Two or three days after writing this, (May 25th,) Tytler relates that he walked over the field of Belleville, where the battle was fought on the 30th March, which preceded the capitulation of Paris. "In different places of the field, and more particularly at one end of the little village of Pantin, there are marks of very hard fighting; 14 musket

* *Sic.* I have, occasionally, slightly corrected my friend's French.

balls I counted in the trunk, of one tree, not a foot in breadth; many trees on the side of the road cut through the middle by cannon-shot, one, with three cannon balls through it; houses perfectly destroyed, and walls broken down by the fire of the artillery. The ground where we saw all this was at the spot where the French attempted to prevent the corps of the Russians which came through the village, from debouching. We hear from Dr. W. Crichton, who was in the battle, that it was quite covered at this spot with dead bodies. William and I then walked to the height or *plateau* on which the capitulation of Paris was settled, and where the Emperor drew up thirty pieces of battering ordnance to be ready to bombard in case of refusal. We were satisfied that the town would have been perfectly destroyed; and we hear from Dr. Wylie, who was on the spot beside the Emperor, that the wind would have given them all the assistance they could wish. The town is undoubtedly completely commanded by this height, and was at the mercy of Alexander.

"The beauty of the little hill of Belleville and all the country round the village, is wonderful. The verdure was excessive,—lilacs, laburnums, and trees very like acacias with purple flowers in full bloom. Singular contrast, between the blooming appearance of the country and the tranquillity of the rural labours which were going on, with the marks of carnage and devastation! Country girls feeding their cattle on meadows which, a month before, were covered with dead bodies: little children playing beneath the trees which bore the marks of the Russian cannon!*

"After returning to town, we went in the evening to the Théatre de l'Odeon. The music was beautiful. There is a Mad. Sessi who sings charmingly, equal to any one I ever heard in England, excepting Catalani. But what was

* A few words have been here added from the *MS. Journal*.

better than the music, we saw the King of Prussia, whose character is as high almost as the Emperor Alexander's for the conspicuous part he has borne in the late great events. I stood quite near him, and heard his remarks on the theatre. He has a very fine face, thoughtful and almost melancholy, a tall thin figure, and rather sallow complexion. He was dressed in a plain blue coat, with no stars or orders whatever. His manner is uncommonly shy and reserved, and put me in mind of Lord Selkirk, or Harry Mackenzie's, but he has a finer figure than either. When speaking to the manager of the theatre, a pert, fat Frenchman, the manager was perfectly at his ease, whilst the King of Prussia seemed embarrassed with the crowd, and kept his eyes on the ground. His son, a boy of 16 or 17, and who has been in all the actions at the side of his Father, was in the same box along with a son of Prince Henry of Prussia."*

"It is not very easy for the Emperor Alexander to make his common soldiers and Cossacks enter into that generosity which has deservedly given him so high a reputation. We were told by Dr. C. that the common soldiers say to him, 'The French come to our country, and bring the Germans with them; they burn, they spoil, they pillage and destroy wherever they come. We follow them. We beat them. We have invaded France, and taken Paris; but we must be their best friends! As for us guards,' (it was one of the Emperor's own regiment who was conversing with Dr. Crichton,) 'we know that to spoil and pillage is unworthy of us; but the common soldiers and Cossacks don't understand it.' This discontent in his soldiers sets the Emperor's conduct in a still nobler light. Some of the allied troops had broken down the barrier, (which was a mere joke of a barrier,) and were beginning to pillage. Their own officers

* *To his Mother*, May 30th, 1814.

came up, drew their sabres, drove them out again as if they had been an enemy, and re-established the barrier."

The moment at which the above incident occurred was after the terms, dictating the capitulation of Paris, had been offered by the Emperor Alexander. This appears from a subsequent account which the Marquis de Frondeville gave him of the excellent discipline of the allied troops previous to entering the capital, as well as while they were there.

"The other evening at the Opera we met with a very intelligent French officer. Archy was sitting next him. He introduced himself to him in a frank and soldier-like manner. '*Vous êtes Anglois, Monsieur! Je connais très bien les visages des Anglois. J'ai eu l'honneur de me battre contre les Anglois pendant six années en Espagne.*' He was in all the great battles in Spain. He tells us the manner in which the English took the French cannon at Salamanca, was astonishing: that the English officers at the head of their companies rushed on, and struck the gunners with the butt end of their pistols.* '*Ils leur donnoient de grands coups de pistolets. Grand Dieu! c'etoit superbe.*' These were his own words. It was a fine compliment."

At the Hôtel des Invalides, (17th May,) a great treat awaited my friend and his companions:—"As we were walking through the Chapel, under the magnificent dome† of which are the monuments erected to several eminent generals, who should we see upon turning round, but *Blucher leaning over the monument of Turenne!*" He had entered the Chapel almost immediately after us, accom-

* See note at foot of p. 104.

† 'The roof of this fine dome was formerly adorned with 1000 stand of colours, taken from all the different powers of Europe. There they waved, till the morning of the 31st, when, (as we heard from an Irish soldier who was in the hospital,) they were all taken down at 5 in the morning, and burnt. The sword of the great Frederick, which hung in the middle, and which Blucher swore he would redeem, was broken and destroyed the same morning.'

panied by his son, and his aide-de-camp. In the same church was a chancel or little chapel, completely fitted up with black, in the middle of which, (according to the custom of Catholic countries,) was the coffin of Marshal Bessières killed at the battle of Lutzen. Two small tapers were burning at the head of the coffin, and shed a kind of dismal light over the room, from which the day-light was quite excluded. The coffin of Marshal Duroc, killed at Bautzen, was placed at one side of the chancel, and the body of General Larochauchière on the other. The ground round the coffin of Bessières was covered with flowers, which his wife had strewed there after mass. We entered this striking scene along with Blucher. He had himself been present at the battles both of Lutzen and Bautzen. Upon going up to the coffin of Bessières, he gave an audible groan. We were quite beside him, and all remarked it. He then looked at all the other coffins, but only asked the names of the generals, and went out of the Chapel humming a tune. To have seen Marshal Blucher was in itself a fortunate circumstance; but to have met with him at the tomb of Bessières was indeed a coincidence impossible to have foreseen and impossible to be forgotten."

On the 18th of May, the travellers visited St. Germains, and thence went to Malmaison,—"the retreat of Bonaparte's first Empress, Josephine, who was at that time residing there with Eugène Beauharnois, who since his return from Italy has been made by the King a Marechal of France. . . . The gardener, (a most intelligent man,) who shewed us the grounds, tells us that Josephine walks through her grounds and examines her greenhouses, twice every day. She seems to be fond of all kind of tame pets,—dogs, goats, turtle-doves, swans; all happy, and quite at home. The different gardeners all speak well of the Empress. One of them tells us that Bonaparte, since his marriage with Maria Louisa,

has been twice at Malmaison, and walked through the gardens with Josephine. Everything at Malmaison is full of beauty and comfort; and with such a retreat, Josephine need not, and I daresay does not, regret her throne."

The following anecdotes are interesting. "Lord Wellington, it would appear, had a decided opinion of the impossibility of breaking the indefatigable spirit of Soult. Colonel Dick told me he heard him say,—'That rascal, if I beat him one day, yet he'll fight me the next.'—Dr. Wylie's anecdotes of the retreat of the Russians after the battle of Austerlitz. The Emperor without his suite passed, accompanied by a few officers and his physician (Dr. Wylie), through the Carpathian mountains. In the confusion of their retreat, they had no money. Higgled with a Jew about a waistcoat. Jew asked 4 francs; Emperor beat him down to 3. Slept in a wretched hut on straw, on the night of the battle. He was dreadfully low about the defeat."

"We heard from the Marquis de Frondeville, who has on this subject, owing to his connexions, very accurate information, that the revenue of Bonaparte might be estimated to have been 80 millions: interest of national debt, 4 millions. At present, there are in the French army 60,000 officers in arrears of pay for 16 months.

"From Baron de Sasso, Colonel of the Russian dragoons of the guard, whom we met with at Roberts' Salon:—The same cavalry horses that are now in Paris retreated from the Niemen to Moscow, and advanced again from Moscow to Paris, where we saw them reviewed. They are in admirable condition."

But it was Dr. Wylie, the Emperor's physician, who evidently proved the most entertaining story-teller. "His conversation," (says Tytler,) "is most admirable, though he takes a long time to tell a story. He introduced us to the son and heir of Count Rostopschin, Governor of Moscow.

A fine anecdote told us by Dr. Wylie of the burning of the Governor's palace near Moscow. Count Rostopschin, his son, (who was standing beside us,) Platoff, Sir Robert Wilson, and Dr. Wylie, breakfasting together for the last time in the palace of Count Rostopschin, and then setting fire to it with their own hands when the advanced guard of the French were coming up: a noble instance of patriotism! The son seems to be a fine young man, completely the Tartar face, but open and good natured, and speaks a little English."—The incident alluded to occurred on the 14th September 1812.

To Dr. Wylie's kindness, Tytler owed the pleasure of a short interview with Woronzow, one of the ablest and gallantest of the Russians, who had been educated in England and spoke English perfectly. "But," (he writes, in his Journal,) "the greatest honour and pleasure we have yet had, was that of being introduced personally to the great Platoff. We had already, the day before, seen him passing in the uniform of a Cossack officer, which is excessively rich and handsome (blue and silver with a cap) to the levee of the Emperor. Next day, Wylie introduced us to this venerable and gallant old man, who was in the Dr.'s room. He likes the English extremely, and received us all at the door with a kind and gracious, but dignified manner, shaking hands with us all. He speaks a few words of English, and said when we came in, 'Good morning, gentlemen.' He began immediately, (upon our asking whether he intended going to England,) in the style of an old soldier, joking about subjects of gallantry; 'I am too old for your English girls.' A gentleman who was along with us expressed by means of Dr. Wylie the enthusiasm with which so celebrated a man would be received in England. He seemed much pleased. After having been about 5 minutes in the room we retired, as Platoff had some private business with Dr. Wylie. He afterwards came out, as we stood in the Square, and bowed

most graciously to us, putting the back of his hand to his cap, and making something like an Eastern salam. He has a very fine face, and an expression of firmness and dignity in his walk which it is impossible to forget. There is a great deal of archness in his eye, and indeed all that we heard him say was joking. There is also much benevolence in his smile."

To insert Mr. Tytler's description of a visit he paid with Mr. William Alison to the Catacombs of Paris, would be superfluous: but it seems worth repeating that an intelligent young Russian officer, who walked through the caverns with them, exclaimed in French, 'What a noble scene for Madame Radcliffe and her mysteries!' That lady's romances, as my friend afterwards discovered, had all been translated into Russian.—His account of his visit to Versailles, I also omit. The profound solitude and silence of those immense and once splendid apartments, affected his imagination deeply. He relates that the suite of rooms occupied by Louis XVI. and poor Marie Antoinette, now wholly unfurnished and dismantled, he found in other respects untouched; and affording evidence of having been more respected by the crowd in their ravages than any other part of the palace. Thence, the friends proceeded through the gardens to the beautiful little summer-palace of the Trianon. "We there saw the apartments of the second Marie, Marie Louise and Napoleon. They are sumptuously, but not gaudily furnished; and there is a wonderful combination of comfort and richness. Everything was as the Ex-Empress had left it. She appears to have been an accomplished woman,—her piano and her painting stand in the dining-room; of which, there is a little apartment fitted up as if for a study. We heard at St. Cloud, from the servant who showed us the apartments there, that she used to paint a great deal, but had taken all her work with her to Italy.

"Yesterday, Monday," (30th May) proceeds the same

writer in the letter last quoted, "to our great joy there was a magnificent parade of the Russian and Prussian troops, to the number of 25,000 men, about 18,000 infantry and 7,000 cavalry. We were all there. I rode, as I thought on account of the crowd I should be able to see the troops and the celebrated generals better on horseback. The others walked. The review commenced about 12, and was indeed splendid. There were present the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, the Grand Duke Constantine, Prince Henry of Prussia, two young grand Dukes, brothers to Alexander, the two sons of the King of Prussia, Prince Potemkin, the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, Generals Barclay de Tolly, Wrede, Miloradovich, Ney, M'Donald, Duc de Berri, Duc D'Angoulême, Duke of Orleans, and many other princes and generals whom it would be tedious to mention. These, accompanied by their respective and numerous suites of aide-de-camps, staff officers, and inferior generals, richly clad and superbly mounted, at a signal given that the line was completed and the different regiments under arms, galloped along the whole line, which was drawn up on the great chaussée leading from the Champs Elysées towards St. Germains, and extended for at least 5 miles. I had the good fortune to get pretty near the Emperor, and to keep up with his suite as he rode along the whole extent of the line of troops. It was a noble spectacle. The admirable order of the different regiments, the fine martial appearance of the men, their rich, and varied uniforms, all produced an astonishing effect. Nothing could be more picturesque than the different costumes of the different regiments. Prussian cuirassiers with brazen helmets, brazen cuirasses, and nobly mounted. The Grand Duke Constantine's own regiment of cuirassiers, with steel helmets and steel breast-plates: a wonderfully fine regiment of the Red Hussars of the Russian guard. The officers and men both wear mustachios, they

are most of them tall and strong made in their figures, and capitally mounted. They are the flower of the Russian cavalry, and without exception the finest body of men we ever saw. Amongst the regiments of cavalry were the Prussian and Russian Hulans or lancers, whose long pikes with red pennons flying at their points looked uncommonly martial. The finest regiments among the infantry were the Regiment Simanefky, the Emperor's own regiment Prio-Brezensky, and the *bonnets-d'or*. The artillery, of which however there were only seventy pieces, was in all its parts, cannons, carriages, horses, and men, admirably furnished. As the Emperor galloped along the line, every different regiment received him with loud and enthusiastic huzzas, and you may well imagine that these acclamations from a body of 45,000 men were in no common degree grand, and even sublime. There was no complete regiment of Cossacks there, a circumstance which we regretted excessively; but the ground was lined with one troop of the finest Cossacks in the service, *those of the guard,* which (not excepting even the Red hussars) was the finest body of men in the field. It would do your heart good to see one of these fellows. They are all picked men, and their dark eyes and black curled hair and mustachios in addition to their features which are always manly, often handsome, and their muscular herculean figures, give them a determined martial appearance above anything you can conceive. I have tried to sketch some of them, but it is impossible for me to do them justice. The Emperor Alexander is certainly an uncommonly handsome man, and there is a mildness and benignity in his expression which is exactly consonant to the character we had conceived of him. He is just a man to be adored by his troops. Both he and his brother Constantine, the Grand Duke, ride uncommonly gracefully; but Constantine is too fond of showing off his horsemanship, and in one of his

capering fits gave with his great charger such a broadside to my nag, that she was almost capsized. After returning again along the line, the Emperor [proceeded?] to his station with his suite on one side of the chaussée, and made all the regiments defile before him, which finished the whole."

But the time had arrived for Mr. Tytler to leave Paris,—where, notwithstanding the many objects of paramount interest which he had beheld, the Apollo Belvedere, and the Venus de Medici seem to have most captivated his taste, and laid the strongest hold on his imagination. Space can hardly be afforded for his rapturous expressions concerning those two splendid triumphs of ancient genius; but a passion for what is most beautiful in Art formed so striking an element in my friend's character, that this slight allusion to the subject is even necessary in this place. "Seriously," (such are the last words of his last letter from Paris,)—"you can have no idea of the inimitable beauty of these two statues. I cannot describe them; and as to drawing them, it would be sacrilege to attempt it."—On the 5th of June, the three friends left the French capital, travelling by way of Soissons, Laon, (the scene of Bonaparte's first great defeat in France by the army of Blucher,) St. Quentin, Cambray, Valenciennes, and Mons, to Brussels. On every side they beheld awful traces of the iron storm which had so lately swept over the country: villages in ruins,—cottages burnt or destroyed,—the straw and litter of bivouacks,—carcases of sheep and oxen which the Cossacks had pillaged. Little can they have anticipated the hurricane which, at the end of another twelvemonth, was to burst close to the capital where they now rested for four days!

Leaving Brussels on the 15th, they proceeded to Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam. They found that here, (indeed throughout Holland,) the system of police, had been "as perfect and as intolerable as in France. Every servant was a

police spy, and could not be permitted to be a servant until he had got his licence from the French police-office. Of course, all confidence in domestic matters was at an end. The first thing, the great principle of the Police, was to destroy all mutual confidence. *You were afraid even of your own relations.* Every Superintendent of Police was chosen from among the shrewdest and most unprincipled of the French; and the word of these rascals became at last almost omnipotent. Now and then, there was always some unfortunate individual disappearing.—In Amsterdam, the distress occasioned by the measures of Napoleon in putting an end to all commerce was dreadful. It was in an instant annihilating the vital principle of this city,—which is Commerce. Out of a population of 200,000 inhabitants, 100,000 were entirely supported by public charity."—From Amsterdam, by way of Haarlem, the travellers proceeded to Leyden, and the Hague: whence my friend and Mr. Anderson took ship, I believe to Leith,—and reached their respective homes, after an absence from Scotland of a little more than seven weeks.—Reviewing the events of the year, in his diary, and gratefully calling to mind, at the close of 1814, the mercies which had been lately experienced by himself and his family, he writes: —"During these last two years, but more particularly towards their conclusion, I have certainly been mingling in scenes, and sometimes exposed to temptations, which were in no common degree to be dreaded. I have been living abroad for some time in one of the most profligate and vicious capitals in the world: surrounded by a set of men who deride all that is virtuous, and despise everything that is innocent. I have seen daily passing before my eyes scenes which although when analysed they were utterly profligate, yet from the gloss of refinement and voluptuousness which was thrown over them, and the false sanction which constant usage and recurrence had given them, were too likely to ap-

pear less dangerous than they actually were. If the constant sight of all this has in any degree removed or lessened that deep horror for vice, which I shall ever earnestly strive to preserve,—if this knowledge of the World, as it is called, has in any degree impaired my ardent love for what is pure and excellent in human nature,—I do most deeply entreat the pardon of that GOD who is all purity; and I trust that now, when once again under that roof in which I was born, I may recover what I have lost. But I have also to thank GOD that I have been preserved from falling into those sins, and have never been led astray by the effects of that vicious example which has been passing before me; and I ascribe it not to my own strength, but to His abundant goodness."*

* From one of my friend's Common-place books.

CHAPTER VI.

(1815—1818.)

Reminiscences of boyhood—Tytler is appointed Junior Crown Counsel—Letter to Rev. Archibald Alison—Tytler at Mount Esk—His progress at the Bar—Private portraiture—Studies—Early literary efforts—Voyage to Norway—Bergen—Norwegian scenery, travelling, manners—Drontheim—Entry of King Bernadotte and Prince Oscar—Tytler is presented—Return to Scotland.

THE general tenor of Mr. Tytler's pursuits during the ensuing year (1815) may be divined with tolerable accuracy, though a single document relating to this period has come to my hands. I allude to a very beautiful didactic poem, (already alluded to at the foot of p. 23,) entitled THE CYPRESS WREATH; the concluding portion of which bears date 'June 1815.' It is written somewhat in the manner of Cowper's Task, and shows a great advance in poetical power since 1810, when my friend wrote 'The Woodhouselee Masque,' already noticed. The scene is laid partly at his beloved Woodhouselee,—

'where each footstep falls
Upon the grave of some departed joy;'

partly on the heights above Edinburgh. It draws a picture of his own grief, and its consolation; and contains descriptive passages of great power and beauty: but I will not detain the reader with them. I pass on to a letter which he wrote in 1816 to his old tutor, Mr. Black; and which is interesting on many accounts. It contains the record of his beloved brother Alexander's death at the early age of twenty-seven;* and conveys a most agreeable retrospect of his own boyhood.

* Alex. Fraser Tytler married Miss Colvin, niece to Alexander Colvin, Esq., of Calcutta. While yet a very young man, he was appointed assistant Judge of

"May 8th, 1816.

"Yesterday, I received accounts from India. They brought that blow for which we had all prepared our

the 24 Pergunnahs; and how assiduously he devoted himself to his profession, may be inferred even from the allusions which his brother makes to his successes. By over exertion in speaking in Court, he broke a blood-vessel; and was forced to return to England in 1814, for his health, with his wife and eldest boy,—his little girl having been already sent home and confided to the care of his sisters. He was ordered to spend the ensuing winter in Provence, where he partially recovered; but a fatiguing and harassing journey across the country at the moment Bonaparte had landed from Elba, (March 15th, 1815,) with a little boy of a month old and his wife in very delicate health, completely undid the benefit he had received. Being anxious to try the effect of a sea-voyage, he sailed again for India, soon after his return to Scotland; and died on the voyage from Madeira, on the 12th February, 1816.—"In the year 1815," writes Mill, in his History of British India, (vol. i. p. 321,) "was published a work in two volumes, entitled 'Considerations on the present political state of India, embracing observations on the characters of the natives; on the Civil and Criminal Courts, the administration of Justice, the state of Land-tenure, the condition of the peasantry, and the internal Police of our Eastern Dominions: intended chiefly as a manual of instruction in their duties, for the younger servants of the Company. By Alex. Fraser Tytler, late Assistant Judge in the 24 Pergunnahs, Bengal Establishment.' From no individual, perhaps, have the British people as yet received a mass of information respecting their interest in India equal in value to that which has been communicated to them by this young and public-spirited Judge; in whom, if an opinion may be formed from this specimen, not only his country but human kind has sustained a loss." Such is the testimony of an impartial witness. The work exhibits a striking picture of Indian morals.

A few words more complete the melancholy story. His widow, after being obliged to proceed to Calcutta, returned home; and with her three children for some years resided with the Tytlers at Edinburgh. In all her sorrows, and she has had many, for she has had the misfortune to survive all her children, Patrick was her greatest support,—her constant tender friend and comforter to the last hour of his existence: while towards her children he supplied the place of a Father, as well on their death-beds, as throughout their little lives.

* * *

It was, at one time, more than an intention with him to compile a Memoir of this beloved Brother. He had even made considerable progress with his task; but I cannot find that he ever completed it. On the 22nd July 1816, he writes,—"I have been for the last week employing myself in drawing up a memoir of the life and short public career of my dear brother Alexander: and when I consider his constant activity, his great acquirements, his inde-

minds as well as we could,—our dear Sandy's death, on the 12th of February, three weeks after his leaving Madeira. He died quite tranquilly, and without having suffered much.

"The same merciful Goodness which supported us under my revered Father's death, has not now deserted us. Our minds have not been long kept in that fearful suspense which I dreaded almost more than certainty; and since the blow was to come, it has been gently inflicted by the same Hand which so profusely scattered flowers over the morning of our life.

"It was indeed a bright morning; and every sun that rose woke us to happiness that was too perfect, and to scenes that were too beautiful, to remain long upon earth. You lived amidst all this, and felt it all,—a witness, a sharer, and an actor in our joy: and there will be none, I know, that will more deeply feel the change. And oh, with what ardour and fondness does the memory now cling to these former days; retrace all that is lost; and gazing on the faces and forms and scenes which it calls back, forget itself almost into reality. I thank GOD that, whilst they lasted, I was so young that the happiness they gave was not for a moment damped or weakened by the fear that it would not last.

"You recollect the tranquil and delightful life we led at Woodhouselee. Our family concerts in the evening: the day divided between study and recreation; our little rural expeditions,—Sandy with his fishing-rod, my Father and you talking on literature, and I, either listening, or bounding along the hill side, with all the joy of idleness: my Mother coming to meet us, and my Sisters seen at a distance through

fatigable spirit in doing good, and his unwearied perseverance in labouring with his pen when his health no longer permitted him to remain in the East, I cannot but feel deeply my own unprofitable existence. Altho' cut off at so early an age as 27, he had honourably and ably served his country in many situations of deep responsibility; so that his death is stated by the Chairman of the Company to be 'a public loss.'"—*MS. Journal.*

the boughs of the avenue. And our summer evenings, which were so mild and beautiful! when my Father used to stroll along the side of the burn reading his Epictetus, and the girls with their rakes and spades set off to dress the cottage-garden; and we, after our evening task was ended, would play with you at shinty on the green before the door. —You will smile at my particularising all this; but I cannot express to you what exquisite delight it gives me to call up to my mind all these minute pictures; and I sometimes think that if we do our duty here, our reward in Heaven will be a return, in the bosom of our Father and our family, to that perfect happiness which we enjoyed in these our younger years on earth.

"I have often, (when Mr. G., who has taken Woodhouselee, was absent,) taken a solitary ramble through the woods and walks; and although this gentleman has been exceedingly kind and attentive in preserving every thing exactly in the state we left it in, yet it seemed as if I was walking amid the ghosts of our former pleasures. There was something inexpressibly melancholy in the contrast between the beauty and the verdure of every thing around me, and the withered and forlorn state of the heart that felt no joy in them. Every well known tree was as luxuriant as I had known it in my youth; the banks as green; the little burn as clear as ever; the gardens which belonged to my Sisters were blooming with the flowers and roses they had planted when they were children; the rustic chair in the cypress grove, where my Father used to sit and read, was in the same spot, but vacant and unoccupied; poor Sandy's seat still remained below the old plane tree, and even a wreath of holly and ivy, which, on the day we left Woodhouselee for ever, one of my Sisters* had placed on the funeral Urn in the cypress-grove, was still there, though quite withered.

* It was his sister Jeanie.

"Then, every thing was so still and silent in the house: the rooms so vacant and desolate, but so full of recollections: the easy chair beside the fire, where my Father used always to sit,—the corner in the window where I used to draw,—the windows in his bedroom ornamented with his paintings on glass; and on the panes, those little quotations expressive of his happiness and his gratitude:—all those it was impossible to see without the most vivid and delightful images of infancy rushing back upon the memory; and, next moment, leaving the desolate conviction, that the sun that brightened this little world of happiness, had indeed set for ever. I have never ventured to go with my Sisters to Woodhouselee. I think it would be too severe upon them."

Through the kindness of Alexander Maconochie, Esq., Lord Meadowbank, then Lord Advocate, Mr. Tytler was appointed King's Counsel in Exchequer, in the course of the summer of the same year, when his standing at the Bar was but of three years' duration. In itself, the appointment was of a very honourable nature, and not unattended by emolument. The office of 'Junior Crown Counsel' was worth about 150*l.* per annum, and was considered as a good introduction to public business; so that this may be regarded as my friend's first step in public life. Two circumstances contributed to make the favour peculiarly acceptable to him: the one, that it was altogether unsolicited on his part, (as in truth, to all solicitation he had an invincible repugnance;) the other, that it could be ascribed only to the respect entertained for his Father's memory. "Indeed," (he writes,) "since my Father was taken from us, it is impossible for me to say how often I have felt, in the kindness of his friends, and the warm interest which many have, from their respect and admiration for him, paid afterwards to me, how much I owe to the remembrance of his virtues, and the impression left by his upright and honourable character." He felt that, in

accepting this office, he had given a pledge of future industry and professional excellence; and he warned himself against what he knew to be his chief temptations. "Let me beware of indolence and a love of pleasure. By *indolence*, so far as it is dangerous to my character, I do not mean idleness, but that exclusive devotion to literary pursuits, that desire of luxuriously indulging in painting and music, that constant perusal of poetry or belles lettres, which unfits the mind for the more dry details and severer avocations of our profession. By *pleasure*, I do not mean low or vicious indulgences; for I feel that I have strength to resist them, or perhaps rather to despise them; but a passionate love of society, a too deep admiration for beauty and grace and elegance, and all that constitutes a fascinating manner in women."*—What completed the satisfaction he felt at this appointment, was his surprise at being stopped in the street by his patron, and informed of his good fortune by Lord Meadowbank in person. He alludes pleasantly to the circumstance in the following letter to the Rev. Archibald Alison, which will be found to turn chiefly on the subject of that Memoir of Lord Woodhouselee, already so largely quoted, which Mr. Alison was, at this very time, preparing to produce in a more complete form.

"Hillhead, August 11th, 1810.

"My dear Mr. Alison.

"I have been very long wishing to congratulate you on

* *Diary*, Aug. 2nd, 1810.—Under June 19th, in the following year, I find this entry in my friend's Journal, "I attended to-day poor Lord Meadowbank's funeral. He was buried at Meadowbank in a little grove beside his favourite daughter Elizabeth. It was a beautiful June day. The woods thro' which the funeral procession moved, were luxuriant: a shower had fallen, and the sun broke out and shone upon the melancholy procession: the air was filled with the fragrance of the young birches, and the birds were in full song above our heads. The contrast between the scene itself, and the sad solemnity that was going on, was very striking. All must have felt it."

Archy's promotion, which William and I have so heartily rejoiced in. You are not to attribute this delay to any thing but an invincible dislike to letter writing; for your happiness at Rochsoles was often before my eyes, and I believe my heart leaped nearly as high as any of yours when I first heard of it. William has probably told you in his letter of the kindness of the Lord Advocate to me; so utterly unexpected and unsolicited on my part, that nothing could exceed my surprise when he himself informed me of my nomination, which he did one evening in Queen Street. I never liked your evening walks amongst the beaux and belles who go *paweing* about in their summer colours; but, somehow, since this occurrence, my mind has mollified amazingly, and I consider it as a very bearable sort of promenade. So that you see Archy and I are born to verify Falstaff's observation, and to have 'honour thrust upon us.' All that I pray for is, that it may always, as now, divide itself between us.

"And now, I must speak of more serious matter. I am anxious to begin immediately, with the assistance of my sisters, the notes which you wished us to draw up regarding the latter part of my Father's life; and I write this to entreat you will have the goodness to write down a few queries regarding the particular points you would wish us to direct our attention to, which may serve us as an index from which we may draw the character, or give the description you wish. I am not, at present, quite certain whether you require a general account of my Father's domestic character, and of his manner of spending the day with his family; or a particular description of his literary pursuits during the last four or five years of his life.

"My Mother and sisters have read over the second part, and I need hardly say with how much delight. They would not wish a single word to be altered. James also has read

it, and is quite of the same opinion. Indeed, I do think nothing can exceed the truth, the affection, and the delicacy with which the character is given. Such a character, and so written, must I think do good.

"We are all much pleased with Hillhead. The neighbourhood is delightful, and in a short space gives us a concentration of beauties which we could not have soon found elsewhere. Annie has got a garden and shrubbery, where she is constantly working. Aunt Christy has discovered a little closet, off her bedroom, which *exactly* holds her and her workbox; (a fly could not come in without crowding;) and there she sits, the very model of patient happiness. Jeanie instructs and whips the babes. Isabella makes jam and superintends the household; and Mamma, as usual, keeps trotting about, putting everything in order. In addition to this, we have got old Cecy Low out, who bred us all up from children, and who is a great addition to our society; besides which, she tells fairy tales to the children, and mends my pantaloons. Another new member of our establishment is a donkey which Isabella rides on. I wish you could see her on its back! she, whipping it on, and the ass braying as he goes forward in the most horrible manner. Her rides in this manner before breakfast, alarm the neighbourhood; and we not unfrequently hear other, and more distant asses, replying to their friend for miles round.—Ever most affectionately yours," &c.

I must now avail myself of a page of the MS. which my friend's sister has so kindly furnished. "The summer of 1817," she writes, "we spent at a beautiful little villa on the banks of the Esk, and became so fond of that part of the country, that in the following summer we purchased it. The neighbourhood was also to us particularly desirable, as being at that time the residence of so many of our intimate friends: Lady Seaforth's family, and also the Henry

Mackenzies were within a mile of us. My uncle, Colonel Tytler, resided at Roslin Castle, and above all we were only three miles from Woodhouselee.—Here, at Mount Esk, we passed several summers; my brother varying the scene by visits in the autumn to different friends. He was frequently, during the shooting season, at Moniack, with his brother-in-law James Baillie Fraser; or at Ardgowan, with his friend Sir Michael Shaw Stewart; or at Dunmore, with the Hon. Charles Murray. He was much also at Dunglass, our intimacy with Sir James Hall's family being of long standing."—At this last residence, he evidently visited with equal pleasure and profit to himself: his books and his gun dividing his attention in the fairest manner. Many are the records of the happy weeks he spent with that delightful family, where he had a singular old library to range through, a fine collection of prints at hand, and where he was surrounded by most noble natural scenery. "Since my dear Father's death," (he writes in November 1820, on returning from a visit to the Halls,) "I look back to few periods of my life of more uninterrupted enjoyment than those four weeks at Dunglass."

I find a passage in one of his memorandum-books, written on his return from one of his excursions to Ardgowan, (in August, 1816,) which lets one very much into his inner life. The loveliness of the scenery by which he had been surrounded, the charming society he had left behind, and the luxurious splendour of the establishment where he had evidently been a most welcome guest, (as indeed I believe he was a welcome guest wherever he went,) had so gratified his taste and dazzled his imagination, that on his return, he felt himself compelled to review the fortnight he had been passing away from home with severe self-scrutiny. It was his great dread lest the tone of his mind should become enervated by frequent exposure to such external influences; and he was

curiously on the watch to discover whether he came back to the drudgery of daily life with impaired vigour or diminished cheerfulness. He had long since made up his mind that there is scarcely any part of self-government on which a man has need to exercise more constant care than the due regulation of his pleasures. A very little watchfulness had convinced him that a continued course of amusement, even for so short a period as a week, accustoms the mind to a state of indulgence, and an eager appetite for pleasure, which causes it to return with unwillingness and dissatisfaction to a condition in which perseverance, and pain, and labour are indispensably required. How true a picture does he draw of that condition, to which an ardent and susceptible temperament, especially in early manhood, is prone; where "Indolence, (the true offspring of Pleasure,) begins to substitute morbid feelings for active duties; teaches a man to be contented with the bare approval, instead of the ardent practice of Virtue; and persuades him to dream away his hours in a world of his own creation, and peopled by the airy shadows of a sickly fancy, rather than to struggle with the *actual* vices and to cultivate the *real* duties, to which his situation in this world most truly exposes him; and which his character, as a Christian, most imperiously demands!"—A practice from which he had himself derived the greatest benefit, and which he recommends to others similarly constituted, when thrown into any situation where a course of enjoyment, pleasure, or amusement fills up their time, was,—"Every day to steal from the busy circle some one hour of serious and solitary reflection, in which they may refresh their minds with the recollection of their higher duties; may remind themselves that pleasure is not the business of life; and that from the moment when it infringes upon the due execution of those duties, or diminishes our love to God, and our usefulness to Man, so far from being pursued as in-

nocent, it is to be avoided as sinful. One hour, or even one half hour of such reflection, will prevent any serious injury from the continuance of pleasure."

It is very instructive to discover how strict he was with himself in respect of those social qualities which so endeared him to his friends. "It has always been a custom with me, (and I hope it may always continue so,)" he writes in his note-book, while on a visit to the Alisons at Rochsoles, also in August 1816,—"after I have been indulging in gaiety and mirthfulness amongst my intimate friends, and giving full play, (perhaps too wide play sometimes,) to those high animal spirits, and that love of humour and hilarity which is natural to my disposition, to think seriously in private over all that has passed: and to take myself severely to task if I have for a moment in the heat of youthful gaiety, shewn a disregard for the feelings or character of others or forgot that self-respect which is due to myself. And I consider this precaution as very necessary for many reasons. The first and greatest is, that even in hours of utmost gaiety it may never be forgotten that one is in the presence of GOD. This will render one's joy innocent. The next is that one may never cease to remember that the exercise of wit, the pleasure of singing, in short all the joys arising from what we term the fine arts, or the more elegant accomplishments of life, are to be used only as a recreation after the discharge of severer duties. So long, and only so long as they are regarded in this light, are they innocent. The moment they exceed these limits, they become criminal; the taste and the capacity for them, a real misfortune, instead of a blessing. Lastly, I have to recollect that there are many talents which amuse myself and give pleasure to others, which ought only to be shown in the company of most intimate friends. Nothing is so truly contemptible as a professed wit, or established buffoon."

It must not, however, for a moment be imagined that the delights of society formed the chief object of my friend's regard at this period of his life. He had chosen the Law for his profession, and it was his Mother's great ambition that he should distinguish himself at the Bar. He had been for two or three years practising on circuit, and had already grown into notice as a promising counsel in criminal cases. A few of his letters written on circuit, addressed chiefly to his Mother, are lying before me; but it is only for the general impression they convey of their writer in his forensic capacity, that they are alluded to now. Moreover, it happens that they all but one belong to the year 1817, and present little variety, beyond the difference of fatigue experienced respectively at Inverness and at Perth. What is certain, the writer of those letters was very much in earnest when he wrote them; and if not enamoured with his profession, at least doing his very best to like it. Nor were the encouragements of abundant occupation, and the promise of professional popularity wanting, either. In May, 1817, he relates how considerably he had been engaged on the northern circuit; having been for five days uninterruptedly employed in conducting as counsel for the pannels, a variety of criminal trials, to the number of thirteen; and in the September of the same year, he sent word home that, with the exception of three cases, he had had the whole business for the prisoners at Perth. I suppose somewhat similar details would have been supplied by his whole correspondence from 1814 to 1825, had it been preserved; and it would have been interesting to see a little more of one whom his friends knew only as the courteous, refined, and delightful companion, or the thoughtful and retiring student, in the capacity of a Scottish advocate; now cross-examining witnesses, now charging the Jury, now reckoning up how many guineas he had made by 'appeals,'—whatever that phrase may happen

to imply. It is certain however, that, like many other of his most eminent literary countrymen, in his inmost heart Mr. Tytler loved the Law only as it is a branch of Literature. In other words, I feel persuaded that he never really loved the Law, as a profession, at all. He admired its *historical* aspect, doubtless; and his humanity must have been deeply interested by the commentary which it affords on social progress,—on men and manners. But the excitement of a criminal trial cannot fail to have been uncongenial to one of his temperament; while the engrossing nature of a calling which, from its high intellectual nature, *will* have the whole of a man's attention and the mind's undivided powers, he must soon have discovered to be incompatible with those literary pursuits to which, from a boy, he had been addicted. "Though he could not be said to neglect his law studies," writes his sister, "they had few attractions for him, compared with his love of Literature and historical research:" and of this, the record which the pages of his Diary incidentally supply as to the nature and extent of his reading at this time, is an abundant confirmation. That record, as it dates from the year 1816, may be not unaptly prefaced by a memorandum made on the 11th June of the same year,—almost the *only* memorandum which his Diary supplies of his professional pursuits and avocations:—"I have to-day succeeded in a law-suit; in which, as counsel, for nearly three months I have been attempting to procure aliment for an indigent debtor from an obstinate and uncharitable man who has imprisoned him, and had the cruelty to refuse him the common support which even felons receive in jail: so that the debtor, (and this I think a very pleasing feature in the case,) has actually been for a considerable time maintained by the contributions and charity of his fellow-prisoners.—I earnestly trust that I may ever be enabled to employ my time and my faculties

to the good of my fellow-creatures, as my first object; and that wherever oppression, or cruelty, or injustice has been manifested, GOD may grant me boldness to condemn and talents to refute it."

Let me here state, after an attentive perusal of all his private memoranda from 1816 to 1818, inclusive, that his Diary, during his 25th, 26th, and 27th years, exhibits the reflexion of a mind of which Piety was the prevailing characteristic. His many devout prayers,—his many humble approaches to the LORD'S Table,—his many secret aspirations after holiness, it would be alike uncongenial, and abhorrent to good taste, to do more than allude to thus in passing; but even by the most fastidious, this passing allusion to them may be allowed. The other entries, even when not strictly of a religious kind, are all impressed with the same serious character. Indeed, it was a sense of duty, not so much to Man as to GOD, which regulated his whole life; which prescribed his occupations, and limited and controlled his pleasures. The delightful picture is therein exhibited of a soul at peace with itself, and at peace with GOD; in love with the beauties of Nature, and charmed with all that is purest and of best report among men; full of thankfulness for past mercies, and of resignation under trials; curious to discover the way to Happiness, and ever on the look out to discern the Hand of Love in the commonest incidents of daily life. —Let me in the briefest manner establish what I have been saying by a few extracts of the most miscellaneous character, and which cannot be found either tedious or uninteresting.

Full of gratitude was he to that good Providence which, he says, "hath cast my lot in such pleasant places, and given me that competence which is better than wealth; placing me in the paradise of Agur, between poverty and riches."

The following petition, (Feb. 20th, 1818,) shows how piously he cherished his Father's memory:—"O Almighty

Creator, if Thou dost ever permit the spirits of good men to revisit the scenes of their mortal life, and to watch over those who are dear to them,—grant that, though invisible to my mortal eyes, the spirit of my beloved Father may still be present to protect me with his holy influence. Grant me also the grace of Thy sanctifying Spirit, that I may ever strive by a pure and holy life not only to glorify Thee, but to add to the happiness of that adored Parent, who loved me so fondly, and whose memory is now dearer to me than the society of any other being in this perishable world."

While on circuit at Stirling, in September 1816, he was thrown, apparently for the first time in his life, into the society of what are sometimes called 'good fellows' and 'men of pleasure'; men of fashionable connexions and seductive manners, who enjoy the praise of being excellent companions, and whose profligacy not unfrequently earns for them the pitiful reputation of being 'nobody's enemy but their own.' "I had sometimes thought within myself," (he writes,) "that there surely must be something fascinating in the manners and conversation of such men which repaid them for the sacrifice they made of the pleasures of goodness, the approval of Heaven, the rewards of conscious integrity, and all the charities which sweeten our existence." But he speedily discovered his mistake; and his abhorrence of the hideous reality, he expresses with all the eloquence which indignation supplied. Their indecency and profaneness he loathed: their lewd merriment and ribald jests, ungraced by one spark of genuine wit,—their common converse, unredeemed by the smallest amount of real talent,—he most unaffectedly abhorred and despised. "It occasioned in my mind," he writes, "an intensity of disgust which I cannot find words to express; and which, in obedience to the common rules of politeness, I found it difficult to conceal." He had half dreaded the temptation to which the society of such comrades

might expose him; "but in truth there is no such temptation in their society; and to any mind which has been formed in intercourse with gentlemen, which has imbibed anything of the spirit of philosophic or literary acquirement, which has been refined by intercourse with elegant or graceful manners, there is caused by such persons an immediate repulsion which nothing can overcome; which makes their company a real misfortune, and their absence a positive pleasure."—He turned from this degrading picture to the recollections which a visit to Ardgowan, in the following October, supplied, with unmingled satisfaction; and I cannot forbear transcribing words with which I sympathize so entirely. "In recalling the many days of happiness which I have enjoyed, I am not sure but that (next to my own domestic circle) the memory rests with the greatest pleasure on the hours I have spent amongst children. Amongst men and women, we are perpetually meeting with all that overcasts the original excellence of our nature; with ambition, interest, pride, vanity; with the jarring of contending interests and opinions, the false assumption of knowledge, the doublings of affectation, the tediousness of egotism, or the repinings of disappointment. All these are perpetually elbowing us in our intercourse with men. With children, we see Nature in its real colours, and happiness unsullied as yet by an acquaintance with the world. Their little life is like the fountain which springs pure and sparkling into the light, and reflects for a while the sunshine and loveliness of Heaven on its bosom. Their absence of all affectation, their ignorance of the arts of the world, their free expression of opinion, their ingenuous confidence, their undissembled love of goodness and ignorance of vice, the beautiful aptitude with which their minds instantly embrace the doctrine of an over-ruling Providence, and the exquisite simplicity and confidence of their addresses to the Father in Heaven; that unforced

cheerfulness, that 'sunshine of the breast,' which is only clouded by 'the tear forgot as soon as shed;'—all this is to be found in the character of children, and of children only."

The practice of keeping a journal, which he had begun to adopt at the time of his Father's death, my friend adhered to till the latter part of 1818. From that time forward, his practice seems to have varied. His journal, in fact, had originally been a kind of common-place book,—a receptacle for his thoughts, and for such general memoranda as he specially desired to preserve. Like most thoughtful men, however, with a real *work* before them, he found the system grow tedious at the end of a few years, and he seems to have felt less and less disposed thus to hold parley with himself. The habit of soliloquy had in the meantime, doubtless, achieved its purpose. His character was now formed,—his opinion fixed,—his part in life deliberately taken. Henceforth, except on extraordinary occasions, the very briefest Diary is the only record he ever preserved of his pursuits and occupations. This will explain why so many passages of a private and personal nature are to be met with at the present period of his life; but which will become hereafter of most rare occurrence. It may be the chief reason moreover why he will seem to disappear from these pages, in his legal capacity, long before he had actually withdrawn from the Bar, or even ceased to regard it as the real business of his life. He continued till long after the year 1818 in the full tide of that stream on which he had embarked in the year 1813; and yet, the following record of his reading, when he had been three years a barrister, shows plainly enough which way his tastes inclined him, and what were the subjects which were really engrossing his inmost thoughts.

In March and April *1816*, he relates that he read "*Corinne*. Boileau, nearly all his works. He is in some parts of his writings quite as admirable as Pope. *De l'Allemagne*.

Currie's *Life of Burns*,—an excellent piece of biography. All Shakspeare, except five plays. Article *on the Fine Arts* in the supplement to Encyclopædia, by a Mr. Hazlitt: an article full of erroneous principles, bad taste, and obstinate prejudice; but written evidently by a man of talent, and interspersed with some fine passages."—In May and June, he read "Symmonds' *Life of Milton*. Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*. Todd's *Life of Spenser*. Wilberforce's *View of Christianity*,—an excellent work. Howe's *Meditations*, for the second time. Carter's *Epictetus*. Southey's *Kehama*, *Thalaba*, and *Madoc*. Rogers' *Columbus*, some noble passages in it; also his lesser poems." In July, "*Atala* and *René* by Chateaubriand: some very fine thoughts, and beautiful descriptions of scenery; but a monstrous proportion of verbiage. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy*."—In August, "Beattie's *Minstrel*;—an exquisite poem, every line of which is now, by frequent reading, familiar to me." Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*,—full of sagacious remark, sound judgment, and good writing. Johnson's *London*, and *Vanity of Human Wishes*,—both fine poems; but his most beautiful verses are those on Dr. Levett's death. They are perfect poetry in expression, sentiment, and simplicity. Read the two volumes of *Quarrels of Authors*: better written, I think, than his other works; entertaining and superficial."

From August to October in the same year, (1816,) he is found to have read "Sir M. Hale's *Advice to his grandchildren*. *Life of Sir T. More*. *The Counsels of a Father* by Sir M. Hale. Gibbon's *Memoirs of his own Life*. *Hints for the education of a young Princess*,—an admirable work, the best I have read of Hannah More's writings; full of much historical information, good sense, and deep and fervent piety. Bacon's *Moral and Political Essays*,—a mine of practical sense, shrewd policy, and profound

observation of human character. Read again Beattie's *Minstrel*, and his lesser poems; of these, *Retirement* is a beautiful little piece. *The Hermit*, and an *Elegy on the death of a young lady* are also very fine. He is a true poet, full of the love of Nature, and of virtue. Every line of the Minstrel breathes the spirit of benevolence, and his romantic pictures of rural scenery are quite exquisite. Beattie's prose works may crumble into oblivion, but his poetry is eternal.—Read *Specimens of the English Poets from Lord Surrey to Cowper*, 4 vols."—"Oct. 31st. Finished, for the third time this year, Howe's *Meditations*. When I finish this excellent little work, I feel as if I had lost a friend. Would to God I could always follow his precepts, and be guided by his example!"—"Nov. 6th, 1816. Finished Cowper's *Poems*, which I have read with great delight. *The Task* is, to me, a very charming poem; its morality is so noble, its feeling so truly natural, its philanthropy so universal. But perhaps what endears the Task to us more than anything, are its domestic pictures. In this light, *The Winter Evening* is one of the finest pieces of poetry in any language." In December, he read "Jeremy Taylor's *Art of Holy Living*, and Massillon's *Petit Carême*,—a noble manual for princes. Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, *Religio Laici*, *Annus Mirabilis*, and lesser poems."

In January and February 1817,—"Lord Byron's *Poetical works*, 'not less than Archangel fallen!' Denina's *Revolutions of Literature*. Chalmers' Discourses on the *Arguments taken from modern Astronomy against Christianity*,—a most extraordinary work, combining sublimity and eloquence with the utmost strength and accuracy of argument. It is not calculated for the general run of readers; but, if it does not waken the modern scientific advocates of Infidelity, they will sleep till the sound of the last trumpet. Wrote the Historical and Critical Essay on the Life of Crichton,—

my first work; March, 1817." To this same month of March belongs the record which follows:—"Reading Jeremiah. Hale's two vols. of *Contemplations*. Read *Essai sur la Littérature Espagnole*. What a wonderful fund of Spanish Literature is there, of which I had no conception! This summer, I must revive my Spanish. Read 1st and 2nd Books of Thomas à Kempis, *De Imitatione Christi*. I intend now to finish the memoir of dear Sandy's Life, and then resume my Feudal Law."—"April 13th. Read the Life of Buchanan by Irving. There is much laudable research here, yet a miserable poverty in the sentiments and composition. Buchanan was certainly one of the greatest men we have ever seen in Scotland, but there are many dark shades in his character. Et decus et dedecus patriæ.—April 20th. Read for the second time *A Father's advice to his children*, and *The account of the Good Steward*, by Sir Matthew Hale. I wish I had all this little work by heart. Read on the circuit, and at Aldourie, *The Acts of the Apostles*. Read *Memoirs of Viscount Dundee*: an *Account of the Massacre of Glencoe*, (wherein I see King William's own order, signed both at the top and bottom, for that infamous transaction,) and short memoir of Dundee's officers who went to France and served in the King's service after the battle of Killiecrankie. Read *Rokeby*: the Vth Canto is very fine poetry.—May. Read *Life of Porteus* by Hodgson, well written. St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*: read also 1st and 2nd *Epistles to the Corinthians*; also *Epistle to the Galatians*.—June 20th, 1817: finished all the Epistles of St. Paul, St. John, St. Peter, St. James and St. Jude. Began the *Gospel of St. John*. Read Hale's *Contemplations*, the second part."

"July 25th, 1817. Finished the New Testament. Read *Ecclesiastes* and *Howe*.—August. Finished the *Wisdom of Solomon*. Continued Gerard's *Meditations*. Continued

writing Craig's *Life:* revising also the Feudal Law: and writing for the Parliament House. Finished *Paradise Lost.* The Book of *Deuteronomy.*—September. I have read all Milton's poetical works with great attention, and consummate pleasure. Reading Book of *Joshua.* Read Bernard's *Comforts of Old Age.* Moore's *Lalla Rookh,* with the exception of the *Veiled Prophet.* The *Fire-worshippers* is a very noble poem. Read Jeremy Taylor's Life of our Saviour, Part I.,—a work, like the other writings of this admirable Divine, full of much matter, ardent and sincere piety, and written with a rich and glowing imagination.—October, (Aldourie.) Read Book of *Joshua.* Howe's *Meditations* for the fourth time. Reading Mason *on Self-Knowledge.* Read Logan's *Philosophy of History.* Read Racine's *Letters to his son,*—full of much piety and simplicity. They afford a fine specimen of the domestic habits and warm affections of this great man.—Wrote the Parallel between Milton and Shakspeare. Read *Thoughts on the Manners of the great* by Miss Hannah More. This must have been among the first of her works. It has too much the air of a *witty* defence of Religion; but many things in it are excellent.—Returned from Aldourie, 12th Nov. 1817. Read *Ecclesiastes* and the Book of *Proverbs.* Reading *Ezekiel.* Read the *Life of Mrs. Trimmer.*"

Such a course of reading achieved by a young barrister in active practice, within the space of one year and nine months, is extraordinary. His predilection for poetry at this time was evidently excessive. Biography and the Belles Lettres, generally, seem to have occupied the next place in his regard; while it is remarkable what a deep undercurrent of religious study was going on the whole time. Howe's *Meditations,* of which he was so fond, had been a favourite manual with his Father. Two or three pages in my friend's common-place book are devoted to an eloquent panegyric of this, now neg-

lected, little work. But what chiefly attracts attention in the foregoing catalogue of books which he had read, (next, perhaps, to one's surprise at finding that none of the books were *on Law*,) is the intimation that he had already begun to be himself an author. It will be recollected that in June 1810, he informed his brother Alexander that he was "engaged just now on an Historical Essay of considerable length upon the History of the European Moors during their government in Spain;" and his sister has acquainted us with the probable origin of that youthful endeavour, (for he was but 19,) in her Memoir of his early life.* This Essay, together with the two poetical compositions already described,† will have constituted Mr. Tytler's first serious attempts at authorship. In 1815, he made his earliest public appearance as an author; but it was only as a contributor to another man's book. I allude to certain chapters which he contributed to an anonymous work, entitled,—'Travels in France, during the years 1814-15, comprising a residence at Paris during the stay of the Allied Armies, and at Aix, at the period of the landing of Bonaparte.' The Author of these two interesting little volumes‡ was the present Sir Archibald Alison. In July 1816, Tytler speaks of having finished a Paper 'on Gratitude:' and mentions that he had been drawing up a memoir of his brother Alexander, which in March 1817, he announces his intention to finish. Neither of these pieces seem ever to have appeared. The 'parallel between Milton and Shakspeare,' which he wrote in October 1817, if it was ever printed, will probably be found lying perdu where so many interesting literary productions repose in a state of

* See above, pp. 27-8.

† 'The Woodhouselee Masque,' and 'The Cypress Wreath.' See above, pp. 69, and 117.

‡ Published at Edinburgh, in small 8vo. For a sight of them, as well as of several of Mr. Tytler's early works, I am indebted to the courtesy of his friend, David Laing, Esq., of the Signet Library.

suspended animation,—namely, in the pages of some forgotten Review or Magazine.' A similar conjecture is all I am able to offer concerning the fate of his 'Feudal Law,' which he was revising in 1817: whether an Essay or a Treatise on the subject is intended, does not appear from anything here or elsewhere stated. But the 'Historical and Critical Essay on the Life of Crichton,' which he wrote in January and February 1817, was destined to appear in a more important shape, and laid the foundation of Mr. Tytler's literary celebrity. In the month of April 1818, he relates that he was 'correcting and enlarging Crichton:' in May, he was 'preparing Crichton for publication:' but the work did not make its appearance until the following year. It bore the following title:—'Life of James Crichton of Cluny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton: with an appendix of original papers.'* A second edition, 'corrected and enlarged,' appeared in 1823. It was dedicated to the memory of Lord Woodhouselee. Both impressions were limited to 500 copies.

On completing, in 1817, the Historical and Critical Essay on the Life of Crichton which formed the basis of his Biography, Mr. Tytler took in hand a Memoir of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, the first section of which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for January 1818, where it occupies nine pages. This memoir was destined, in 1823, to enjoy an independent existence.

Slumbering unsuspected in the pages of many a Magazine, lie the early efforts of many an Author who has afterwards become famous. To Blackwood, at the time of its first appearance in April 1817, Mr. Tytler was a considerable con-

* It was published in demy or ordinary 8vo., price 12*s.* 50 copies were on larger paper. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. William Tait of Edinburgh, the very intelligent publisher of most of Mr. Tytler's works, for the information supplied respecting them in the present memoir.

tributor. But his brother-in-law is able to guide me to only two other articles by his pen: viz. "Remarks on *Lacunar Strevelinense*, a collection of heads, etched and engraved after the carved work which formerly decorated the roof of the King's room in Stirling Castle.' This appeared in November 1817, and occupies five pages. In the number of Blackwood for January 1818 appeared also an address in blank verse, 'To my Dog.' This creature deserves commemorating on account of the following trait of intelligence, 'which' (says Mr. Hog) 'I give verbatim from my diary.' 'Peter tells a delightful anecdote of Cossack, an Isle of Skye terrier, which belonged originally to his brother at Aldourie. It was amazingly fond of his children: one of which, having fallen on the gravel and hurt itself, began to cry out. Cossack tried in vain to comfort it by leaping upon it and licking its face. Finding all its efforts to pacify the child fruitless, he ran off to a mountain-ash tree, and leaping up pulled a branch of red *rowan* berries and carried it in his mouth to the child' . . . . A highly fanciful fragment, under the title of a "Literary Romance,' which appeared in three successive numbers of the same periodical, (July, August, and September 1817,) is the only other piece of his which, as far as I am aware, was published at this time.

But the contributions to Blackwood, I believe, were not continued beyond the first two or three years of the existence of that Magazine. A letter from my friend to the publisher lies before me, in which he animadverts severely on the frequent personal attacks of which it was made the vehicle,—and declines, in consequence, to be any further connected with it. The letter is undated; and I abstain from raking up a subject which is no longer of any importance whatever.

The unremitting application with which Mr. Tytler devoted himself at this period of his career to Law in public, and to Literature during his private hours, may well have

told upon his personal appearance, or at least contributed to produce that care-worn expression which his friends remarked upon at the time, and still remember, but which he was himself inclined to attribute to a different cause. In July 1816 he writes,—"My friends often tell me that my brow is already wrinkled and marked with furrows; and that for so young a man 'tis a shame this should be so. . . . The truth is, altho' I have not yet past the period of youth, I have seen such melancholy vicissitude; felt so much happiness, and experienced so much sorrow; have been nursed up in scenes of such blessed and tranquil enjoyment, and then have been torn from them for ever, by so rude a blast, that it is no wonder the marks of the storm are still seen, and that sometimes I appear careworn and thoughtful." *—Whatever it may have been which told most on his person, whether it was excessive mental exertion, or grief, a little expedition which he made in the summer of 1818 into Norway, was a well-advised measure for one of his temperament. Starting from Leith, he sailed for Orkney in July, accompanied by his friend Mr. David Anderson of Moredun; and addressed the following letter to his Mother while he was yet at sea.

"July 15th 1818. Wednesday morning.

"H.M.S. Light-House Yacht, at sea, off Montrose.

"So far, my dear Mother, we have made a luxurious and delightful voyage. The weather most favourable. Our company, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Stephenson the civil engineer, who built the Bell-rock light-house, Mr. Denholme a very worthy citizen and Baillie of Edinburgh, and David Anderson,—all pleasant men. Mr. Stephenson in particular, I find most conversible and communicative. The charming day, and the novelty of the scene, the brilliant views we en-

* MS. note-book.

joyed along the coast, and the fine sea effects of light and shade, all contributed to make me very grateful and happy. The luxuriousness of their style of living on board is wonderful. We dine off plate, and eat French dishes with silver forks. Cleopatra's voyage down the Nile to meet Mark Antony was a joke to us. David and I remained on deck till 12, to enjoy one of the finest moonlight nights I ever beheld. The reflection of the moon on the waters to the very verge of the horizon, and the dark shapes of the vessels which now and then with their sails full-set crossed the line of radiance, formed a picture which I never tired of looking upon. Then we had the deep and gradual silence of night-fall, broken only by the constant and regular flow of the world of waters, and the shrill melancholy cry of the sea-fowl. All these were striking incidents to a landsman.

"The heat of the cabin and the constant rush or rather ripple of the water at my ear prevented me from sleeping; so I rose, and was on deck before three, to see the sun rise. I never saw this at sea before, and I dare not attempt to describe it. The morning was clear and fresh and beautiful, the sea nearly calm; the different tints which for some time preceded him, and which gradually warmed the cold grey clouds that hung upon the horizon,—the little line of bright gold which told of his approaching step, and the intense and irresistible radiance with which he at last rose from the waters,—all these things must be seen and felt; for it would need an angel, writing with one of his own beams, to describe them.

"July 16th, ½ past 11 in the morning. At sea. Off Kinnaird's head.—Yesterday, we had a smart breeze in the morning which made our little ship cut her way most gallantly till one, when the heat became excessive, and it soon after fell calm. We read, shot, sketched and chatted on deck, and the whales continued to give us great amusement,

showing us their great backs above the water, and spouting the water to the height of thirty feet or more, and with their breathing making a sound like the roaring of an ox, but louder. I read the Baron von Buch's Travels in Norway, and found the narrative part very interesting.

"July 18th, ½ past 11 in the morning. Off the horse of Copinshaw, in Orkney.—All yesterday we made very good way. In the evening, we saw the dark mountains of Caithness in the horizon, and crossed the Pentland firth. David and I, after the other gentlemen had retired to bed, sat in the little boat which is hung over the stern, and enjoyed a glorious moonlight night. The dark figures of the sailors on the yards, relieved upon the clear blue sky, were very striking; and the flute heard from the captain's cabin, when the ship was quiet, and all asleep but the sailors on the watch, added wonderfully to the effect. We soon after crept into our cabins, finding ourselves when we awoke in the morning in sight of Orkney."

The friends reached Kirkwall in Orkney on the same evening, and proceeded at the end of a few days to Shetland. I think I cannot do better than simply give the rest of the letters which Tytler sent home while on this expedition; for unfortunately, the very journal which he kept in Norway has only been in part preserved.

"Bergen, August 7th, Saturday, [1818.]

"My dearest Mother.

"We arrived here the day before yesterday, after a short passage from Lerwick in Shetland. The voyage we made out in 48 hours, and we are now safe and happy in Bergen; a very beautiful and singular town, unlike anything I ever saw, and amid a most kind set of people; but, in their persons, dress, and manners, utterly dissimilar from all other nations, as far as we can yet judge. Bergen is charmingly situated, more like the pictures of the Swiss towns than those

of any other country. It is placed at the head of a beautiful bay, which is quite enclosed with mountains; and the approach to it, by sailing up what is called the Fiord, is exceedingly picturesque. Do you recollect the entrance to Loch Katrine, or the higher part of Loch Ness, near Fort Augustus? *That* is the kind of scenery which it brought to our mind; with this difference, that the Fiord is studded with innumerable little Islands which close in upon you as you advance up the Fiord, and give it the appearance of a large inland lake. We take as many sketches, both of the people and of the country, as our time permits us; and I try to keep a journal.

"The hills round Bergen are thrown into very noble forms: their heads peaked and rugged, of cold grey stone, like the hills round the Alt More, but higher. One of the mountains immediately behind Bergen is, I should think, upwards of 1000 feet high. These mountains are nearly half way up covered with green fields and rich hay meadows, which are inclosed with hedge-rows and lines of trees, chiefly birch and I think ash, in very luxuriant foliage; and in these meadows we see the neatest farm houses, and here and there fine looking chateaux, all pure white with blue and sometimes red tiles, entirely built of wood and in very fantastic and sometimes very picturesque forms, like Chinese temples and Turkish Mosques. The interior of the Town is very curious. It is entirely of wood, painted to preserve it, generally pure white; the doors nicely painted like marble or mahogany; the windows, in the old English and present French style, open in the middle; and within them, on tables, are the prettiest stone-ware flower-pots, with all sorts of myrtle, roses, and green plants in bloom. I often think how much dear Annie would be delighted with the excessive cleanliness and neatness of the town, and the passion for flowers in their windows which seems to extend from the

lowest to the highest rank. . . . . In the evenings, so sweet and warm is the weather, we sit in our green arm-chair before our door till after 10, chatting and smoking, which latter accomplishment I must learn in self-defence. David and I go on delightfully as fellow travellers. We shall proceed from this to Christiania, and thence to Drontheim, where we hope to see the Coronation of the King of Norway, Bernadotte."

In a little note to his sister Ann, he writes,—"We walk thro' the streets gazing at everything, and in our turn gazed at by every body, as if we had dropt from the clouds." The large flower-pots full of roses and myrtles, displayed at every open window, evidently captivated his fancy. "The people are seen sitting sewing or working at the window, and have an air of comfort and elegance which would please you much. They are a kind, open-hearted race, very handsome, and with an air of freedom and independence in their manner which is liker the English than any other people we have seen. They are very primitive in their hours; dine at 12, (the fashionables between one and two,) rise very early, breakfast at 7, sup at 5, smoke till 10, and to bed at 11. They seldom see English travelling for pleasure; and on this account, as well as from the natural goodness of the Norwegians, we enjoy consideration."

"Trönringhen, Sunday. August 16th, [1818.]

"My dearest Mother,

"While our coffee is getting ready, I sit down to write a few lines from this wild place, to tell you that we are in our way to Drontheim, in excellent health, acquiring every day from the heat of the sun, which is often great, a browner and more Norwegian looking tint, and enjoying our journey to the utmost. I can give you no description, and had I time could give you no idea, of the magnificent scenery we have passed through; but I try to keep a short pencil jour-

nal for your satisfaction when we come home. Last night, we travelled by moonlight thro' one of the most sublime mountain-passes you can conceive. We have every different character of country, from the bleak, and cold grey mountains, without a shrub to cover them, to the wooded hills, the most sweet and grassy meadows where the peasants are employed hay-making, and the cultivated corn-fields in which the harvest is now far advanced. We travel slowly, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in boats, along clear smooth fiords or lakes; and as the weather has been most charming, it is not easy for me to describe how much beauty, health, good spirits, and contentment we have drunk in. We are now upwards of a hundred miles from Bergen, and travel thro' a most interesting and curious country, both as to manners and scenery. The people are kind and honest, but exceeding slow in their movements, and spend more time in examining us,—our gun, fishing-rod, compass, and other travelling companions,—than in preparing for our journey. We carry our own provisions along with us, for we can depend on finding little or nothing at the Inns or farm-houses. Sometimes, we can have sweet milk and coffee, and now and then young potatoes. I fish now, as much from necessity as pleasure; and yesterday, our dinner was 9 trouts which I caught with the fly. David is a delightful travelling companion, and of course we go on most pleasantly together. On the high cliffs which we see round us, are to be found bears, wolves, and foxes, capercaleys and ptarmigan, with wild ducks in the marshes, and salmon in the rivers in great abundance; but the good people cannot shoot the one, or catch the other, so that we are little the better for them. As for the wilder animals, you need be under no apprehension, for we have not seen even a wild cat, or the print of a bear's paw. They keep a respectful distance and hold their revels on the tops of the highest and most

distant hills. When the peasants kill one, they get a premium,—as was once the case with regard to the wolves in England.

"We have already seen some very fine waterfalls. Yesterday, at a little wretched village called Staleim, we came, in descending a steep mountain, upon a scene which was very grand, looking up into a valley like Glencoe, but the mountains having a more cold and ghastly appearance; one in particular, which appeared literally like the ghost of a mountain, raising its bare white head amid the wooded hills around it, and on the summit of which the peasants told us there was a bear's den. This scene was before us. On the left hand, within 6 or 800 yards of each other, were two magnificent waterfalls,—one as high as Foyers, and the other very little less than it. We passed this in the still of the evening, about 9 o'clock; and nothing could be finer than the roar of the waters amidst the deep silence of the night."

Had Tytler's journal been preserved, a more interesting account could have been offered of the route pursued by the travellers: as it is, I content myself with the two following extracts from a memorandum-book which my friend kept on the spot. He seems to have left Bergen on the 12th August, and on the 14th, is found to have reached Drontheim; having used, in all, for the 59 stages, 52 different horses. Our party required 5, making 260 different horses in all; out of which number only 8 horses came down. Most were good; almost all sure-footed, though clumsy beasts."

"We came into Drontheim about four o'clock on the 20th August, and found the city in the midst of preparations for the King's entry and coronation. Indeed, we had felt the effects of the approach of this ceremony on the road, for we had been preceded in the route we took from Lillehammer to Drontheim by a party of 21 Swedish gentlemen,

belonging to the suite of the King, who travelled with 9 servants and sometimes rode off with all the horses. The great street which is terminated by the cathedral-church where the Coronation is to take place, we found laid with boards, which are probably to be carpeted for kingly soles. A triumphal Arch has been raised in another of the principal streets, thro' which he is to make his entry. It is very handsome, built of wooden boards which are entirely covered with short branches of green spruce-fir, woven or sewed into each other. On one side, at the top, is an oval block of white stone or painted wood, with the device,—*Priscum restituit Nidarosiæ decus.* Nidarosia is, we hear, the old name for Drontheim. On the other,—*Regis et Populi Deliciæ.*—The town when we entered looked to us, who are accustomed to the crowds and bustle of the towns in our own country, very silent and deserted. We went to the best tavern or lodging-house. There is no great hotel, and we found it exceedingly difficult to procure beds, owing to the crowds of Swedes and Norwegians who are expected to be here during the Coronation. We have at last got two little rooms, in the largest of which we dine and breakfast. The excessive stillness of the town is wonderful. Bergen seemed dull; but it was a bee-hive to what we have here. Externally, the cathedral is a very extensive and somewhat irregular building,—a mixture of the Saxon and Gothic, with domes and pinnacles which seemed to us oriental rather than Gothic. A great part has been burnt down, and only part of the walls left standing. There is some very fine carving, (niches with figures as large as life in them,) at one end: but they have been sadly mutilated. They are carved in a dark grey soft stone, and exhibit much taste, and elegance, both in the figures and in the foliage round the arches and the pillars.

"In walking round the cathedral and thro' the churchyard, we were struck with that beautiful custom of planting

flowers and shrubs on the graves, which we had partially seen at Bergen, but found were quite frequent here. The graves are kept with a neat grassy turf above them, open to the sun, and the burial-place is generally enclosed with a low wooden railing. It will be best understood by describing one of them, as well as I can recollect it. The grave was that of a young man of 22. It was enclosed by a wooden railing. At the head of the raised grass-plot, which was neatly kept, and covered the grave, was a monument,—a broken pillar on which hung an oval blue board with an inscription in gilt-letters, containing the name, birth, and death of the young man. On the grave was placed a pot of daisies and sweet-william, a pot of fine flourishing roses at the top and one at the bottom, with another of geranium, and balm-of-gilead. Round the burial-place were planted willow-trees; and the green of these, with the rich colours of the flowers, and the little grass seat which was raised at the head of the grave, gave an air of smiling cheerfulness which was a wonderful contrast to the gloomy damp and 'cold obstruction' of our English burial-vaults. A wreath of twisted heather, which had probably been hung upon the pillar, lay withered on the turf at the top of the grave. The date of the young man's death was 1814; so that it seems the pious duty of the friends to renew the flowers, which were quite fresh when we saw them. I have mentioned that these flowers were in pots; but in walking thro' the rest of the churchyard, we found that it was more frequent to plant the flowers. Lilacs, roses, carnations, willows, and daisies were the most frequent. I recollect that this beautiful custom is alluded to in 'the Recluse of Norway.' As it was a fine clear day when we walked round the cathedral, it is not easy to describe the effect produced by the sun shining on the flowery graves which surrounded us. On Sunday morning,

I found a new wreath of green spruce-fir intertwined with roses had been added on the grave.

"August 28th.—We have supped at Mr. W. Finne's, (to whom we had a letter of introduction,) and dined at Mr. Knutzen's. The evening was spent by the gentlemen whom we met at Mr. F.'s, in conversation, cards, and smoking. One of the Swedish Officers played pretty well on the piano. We met also a Mr. Liddard, an Englishman. About 9 o'clock, there was brought in what we conceived to be supper,—sausages, cheese, and liqueurs. This turned out however to be only a damper, for at some little time after we were called to sit down to a regular supper, which was in all points similar to a dinner. The lady of the house filled exactly the place of servant or waiter to the company. During the first part of the entertainment she never sat down, but ran about placing the dishes, removing the plates, and attending to the arrangement of the table. This struck us as very degrading and disagreeable; but we were happy to find it not a general practice, and that there was nothing of the same female waitership at Mr. Knutzen's table. The landlord, Mr. Finne, was himself scarcely for two minutes on his chair; but kept running round the table, clapping his guests on the back, and inciting them to drink,—which was quite unnecessary, for never were men disposed to ply their bottles more regularly and potently. I sat next a kind good humoured Norwegian officer, who could not speak a word of English; but with whom, by means of that universal interpreter, the bottle, I soon got intimately acquainted. He filled my glass and poked his smiling face very near mine. I bowed till we almost touched noses, and drank it off. This simple vocabulary carried us on to the end of the evening. Many toasts were drunk, and healths given, amongst which was our welcome to Drontheim. The party

then shook hands, as is the custom in Bergen, and separated for the night.

"Next day, we went to see the Regalia in the cathedral, which I thought rather paltry. The sceptre, which is of plain gold, is of the best workmanship, and really handsome. We then, at 12 o'clock, went with young Mr. Knutzen to dine at his brother's, where we met a very pleasant and really elegant family, and spent a delightful evening, till about 3. Young Mr. Knutzen has been for two years in Scotland, chiefly in Edinburgh, and is intimately acquainted with many of our friends. He is an uncommonly pleasant, well informed, polished young man; and took us after dinner to his own house, where we found a capital library of English, French, Italian and German books. All the new publications,—Beppo, Rob Roy, with the other novels of the same family. Scott's works, and in short an excellent collection of English authors; the sight of which, with the comfort of the library, the lounging easy chairs, elegant books of prints, busts and pictures, cheered and warmed me exceedingly, and reminded me of dear home, of which every thing I see makes me fonder than ever. We dine at Mr. Knutzen's again to morrow. After dinner, David and I walked out to see the evolutions of a yeomanry corps composed of the Drontheim gentlemen,—24 in all, when all present.

"They were not however very *au fait* in their exercise, and we were much struck by the inferior workmanship of their bridles, saddles, bits, stirrup-irons, and whole apparatus. There was a bivouac of the regular cavalry, (the militia, they have no standing army,) near the ground where they exercised. This we also examined, and found the horses sorry nags; the men strong built, but unsoldierly looking fellows; the manufacture of the saddles rude in the extreme, stirrup-irons of white iron like our hobby-horses,

bridles of the same; and in short every thing centuries back, in point of invention, and execution, and comfort.

"On Tuesday, at about ½ past 6 in the evening, the King and Prince Oscar made their entry into Drontheim. On coming within a few yards of the Triumphal Arch, they got out of their barouche, which was drawn by 8 horses, (4 abreast, and 2 and 2 in front,) and walked slowly through the line of soldiers, bowing to the different authorities, Bishops, Clergy, Magistrates, Burghers, &c., who stood ready to receive them. The huzzas were very faint indeed. Most of the crowd did not join in them; many kept on their hats; all, as far as we could judge, seemed indifferent and dissatisfied. The King and Prince Oscar bowed gracefully. Bernadotte is a dark man, like Lady Hood, with manly elegant manners. Prince Oscar is an uncommonly fine-looking young man, very much the Asiatic countenance, dark hair, and mustachios, and sallow complexion, fine thoughtful expression, large black eyes, and good figure. The King wore at the levée a dark blue uniform, light blue ribbon, and three or four orders, one of them, the order of the Seraphim. On the other side of the Arch, was a rank-and-file of the young ladies of the best families in Drontheim, led and commanded by the Countess Trampe, (a large good-looking lady,) all with baskets of flowers, which they scattered before the King and Prince Oscar, singing some congratulatory stanzas, which we could not hear on account of the bustle. There was a singular variety of figures,—Clergy, Burghers, Knights, Magistrates, police masters, and gentlemen.

"In the evening, we supped as usual at kind Mr. Knutzen's, where we again met the Comte de la Gardie. After supper, young Mr. Knutzen requested him to procure us tickets for the King's Ball. This he promised to do, but said that we must first be presented at Court. Accordingly, we found

that with singular kindness young Knutzen had this morning arranged every thing, and were not a little astonished when he came to us after breakfast at 11, and told us we must dress, as we were to be presented at 12. We dressed, and went with Mr. Nicolai Knutzen, who was likewise to be presented at the palace. There was an immense crowd in the room. We were struck by the singular variety of figures and costume, and the odd appearance of the Clergy. The Comte de la Gardie introduced us to the Baron Wadel Jarlsberg, the Marshal, an uncommonly handsome young man,—son of the late Danish Ambassador at London. At about ½ past 2, we were introduced by ourselves, when the audience-room had begun to get thinner.

After making our bows, the King turned to David and said *Adieu*. This is a phrase, as we heard before, which he uses when he intends to enter into conversation. He then, turning to me, asked how long we had been in Drontheim? For three or four days. From whence had we come? From Bergen, on a tour of pleasure through Norway. Whether we had come by the Doorefiel? Yes, by the Fulfiel and the Doorefiel, which we had passed on horseback. Have you been at Christiansound? No, we propose going from this to Christiania. And to Stockholm? Yes, we shall probably be afterwards at Stockholm. Well gentlemen, we shall have pleasure in seeing you here.—Upon which we made our bows and retired. We had hardly reached the court-yard, when a Norwegian officer came after us, and told us the King expected us to dinner at 5 o'clock, at the palace.

"We went accordingly, with Governor Count Trampe. On entering the hall, the rich uniforms, the glitter of the different orders, the great variety of colours and of countenances, formed a very striking scene,—more uniformly brilliant than the audience-chamber in the morning, because

there were fewer figures of the Clergy and civil authorities; but not so droll and amusing. We sat at the Marshal's, Baron Wadel Jarlsberg's table: none but those of a certain rank and station sitting with the King. We were particularly struck with the number of handsome Swedish officers whom we saw at Court. A Count Brahé, (of the oldest noble family in Sweden, and as we were informed a very intimate friend of the King's,) is one of the finest and most distinguished looking men I ever saw,—a charming Vandyke head. The King seems to select the best looking Officers in the Court, to wait about his person. The dinner was uncommonly well served, and every thing elegant, nothing quizzable as is generally the case at all public dinners. My next neighbour spoke no French, but next him was an intelligent young man, a Swedish naval officer, (a Count Horne as I had been informed the day before, on seeing him in the procession when the King entered;) and with him, both at dinner and after it, I had a good deal of conversation. He is, I believe, a nephew of the well-known Horne. After the company rose from table, they walked about the apartment adjoining that in which they had dined; and coffee and tea was handed about,—to the King and Prince Oscar, (who remained talking to the different nobility,) by gorgeous lacqueys, clothed in blue and silver, with little caps and magnificent plumes of variegated ostrich feathers; and to the other gentlemen, by common waiters. David and I separated in the room. He took coffee, and went to one side, looking about him and amusing himself by observing the company. I went to the other side for the same purpose; and as I reached the door leading from one room into another, Prince Oscar who was walking round came past me. I bowed, expecting that he would walk on; but he stopped very graciously, and immediately entered into conversation. Of course, I felt myself not a little fluttered by

this unexpected condescension; and my face, not accustomed to find a Prince's countenance in such close quarters, flushed up exceedingly. 'Are you an Englishman?' 'No, I am from Scotland. We are both Scotchmen. Although it is the same nation, there is still a difference between the two people.' 'You travel only for your pleasure?' 'Yes, Sire, only.' 'Your name?' 'My name is Tytler.' 'And that of your friend?' 'Anderson.' 'How long do you remain? Till after the Coronation?' 'Yes, Sire, we expect great things in seeing the Coronation.' Then followed a question, Whether we had been pleased with our stay in Drontheim; for I remember I replied that we had met with great civilities there. 'Ah yes, they are a good kind of people,' was his answer; upon which he bowed and passed on to another part of the room. The King remained for a long time in conversation with the Bishop of Drontheim; after which, without entering into conversation with any of the other nobility or dignitaries, he bowed to the company and retired, Prince Oscar following him."

CHAPTER VII.

(1818—1824.)

Tytler's growing passion for letters—His lyrics—The Bannatyne Club—Yeomanry songs—'The Deserter'—Great fire in Edinburgh—Campbell—Basil Hall.

THE travellers finally took their passage to Scotland from Gottenberg. Whether because detained by contrary winds, or for whatever other reason, I suspect that Tytler did not reach Edinburgh till Saturday, 17th October. He seems to have repaired to his beloved Woodhouselee even before rejoining his family at Mount Esk. "When I return, after months of absence, to this scene of all my former happiness," (he writes in his pocket book,) "it is no wonder that my mind is full of sorrowful recollections; and although Religion has poured balm upon this sorrow, and Time has softened down the bitterness of those remembrances, still, the sight of all the well known walks and shades is apt to bring all that is now past, too freshly before the memory." A further extract from what he wrote on this occasion has been already offered at page 79.

One short month was spent at Mount Esk, during which he will have recounted his adventures, and braced up his mind for those arduous professional duties which were already becoming so distasteful to him. On the 12th of November, I find that he was—"Again returned to town: to the Parliament House, and all its business and turmoil. The stir and buzz, the crowd and heat and hum of the legal Babel felt more intolerable to me than ever. But it is idle," he adds, "to give way to this love of seclusion when I know it

is impossible for me at present to attain it." Such were his feelings concerning the Law. The fashionable gaieties of the winter season at Edinburgh, which immediately followed, though not in the same sense uncongenial to him, became also a constant source of self-reproach. In truth, when the day has been spent in labour, if the night be spent in dissipation,—every one knows what is the inevitable result; what *must* be the effect produced on the moral, the spiritual, the intellectual life. I forbear to enlarge further on the little hint supplied by a mournful entry in my friend's Diary. Could he have followed the bent of his taste consistent with the dictates of prudence and with his sense of duty, I apprehend that he would have already withdrawn from the Scotch metropolis into the retirement of the country, and devoted himself to Literature.

And yet, I shall be conveying an utterly incorrect impression of the kind of man Tytler was throughout this period of his life, (I mean from about 1815 to 1825, that is, speaking generally, from the time he was about four-and-twenty to the time he was about four-and-thirty years of age,—a period which embraces the whole of his career as a barrister, as well as the first few years of his literary celebrity,) if I leave it to be inferred from anything that has gone before that there was aught in his manner which at all savoured of methodism or strictness, much less of discontent or unsociability. We all of us lead two lives,—one outward, the other inward; and the extracts from Tytler's Diary, from his letters to his family, and from the little volumes in which he occasionally wrote down the most secret aspirations of his soul, have let the reader to a great extent into the inmost life of my friend. How blameless this was needs not to be told; nor am I about to insinuate that his manners and conversation were in the slightest

degree at variance with the convictions of his conscience. But gaiety is constitutional; and a good conscience is perhaps the very best source from which gaiety can proceed. My friend's manners were always most winning, his address most engaging. He had moreover the keenest sense of what is humorous or ridiculous; a large fund of entertaining stories; and was the pleasantest company in the world. Will it excite surprise that, as a young man especially, he should have been painfully conscious that these are perilous gifts? Hence, proceeded his severe self-scrutiny when he was alone. There was thus no real inconsistency between his inner and his outer self; and yet the one was very sober, sometimes very sad, while the other was for ever diffusing its own habitual cheerfulness on all around him. It must have been evident to others, by all that he said and did, that he was a religious man, although he was not one to bring forward the topic of religion, or even to say serious things at inopportune moments. Nay, he resigned himself willingly to the current of the society in which he found himself, and would at all periods of his life have been noticed as an uncommonly lively person, and desired as a most agreeable guest.

Many an amusing indication of the truth of what I have been saying is supplied by the memorials of his professional and social life which have fallen into my hands; some of which evidently belong to the present period. Thus, I find a manuscript song called 'The birth of the Robin,' (air, 'A frog it would a-wooing go,') which must have been written in 1815 or 1816, and which exhibits anything but the picture of a morose young barrister. Three stanzas shall suffice. It need only be explained that 'Craigie,' 'Pringle,' and he were fellow-students, and had been friends from boyhood; the former, a nephew of Lord Craigie, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, since dead: the latter, of

Yair, one of the Lords of the Treasury in Sir Robert Peel's government.*

1.

'Some legal gentry met one day,
Heigh ho, says Craigie;
It's a wearisome thing at the bar to stay,
To study by night and to starve by day,
With never a fee for your wig to pay:
This life is wondrous plaguy.

2.

As oft in my chamber I sit alone,
Heigh ho, says Pringle,
O'er Dirleton's Doubts I toil and groan
With the zeal of the ant but the speed of the drone,
Whilst many a weary wail and moan
With all my fancies mingle.

3.

'Tis the very same thing with me, says Pat,
I never a stiver win, sir.
But hark ye, I've thought of a cure for that,
Will make a man frisky tho' ever so flat,
Turn a lawyer thin to a lawyer fat
Tho' his bones had cut his skin, sir.'

The proposed cure was nothing more recondite than that the friends should form themselves into a 'Round Robin Club,' and proceed to drink punch at Oman's hotel.

I find among his papers the rough draft of another humorous song, called 'The Legal Vow,' describing an

* See the letter which concludes the present Memoir.

argument, which issued in a conflict, between Love and Reason,—

'Two friends of mine who had not met
For years; but chanced my way to roam,
And were shown up by little Bet
Although I bawled out,—"Not at home!"'

The paper on which he wrote this, evidently in some interval of active business, is half inscribed with ludicrous verse,—and half with prose of anything but a ludicrous character. Let the reader judge:

'Dear Love, said I, you plead your cause
Right well; but as you speak at random,
And *may* be wrong, I crave a pause
And take the case *ad avisandum.*'

On the opposite side of the paper is written,—'Having brought before your Lordship those various clauses in the will which either regard the destination of the sums in dispute, or which tend to throw light upon the intentions of the testator,' . . . . .

I suspect by the way that this document supplies no bad illustration and comment, as it were, on my friend's legal career. He divided his time between Law and polite literature; and was too fond of the latter seriously to adopt the former as his profession. 'This summer,' he says in the autumn of 1820, 'I have written and made collections on the Law of Entails; and I have written a Life of Michael Scott.'* Law, by far too jealous to brook the presence of a rival, ultimately forsook him; and the parting on his side,

* MS. note-book. This Life appeared in the 'Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany:' the first part of it, in June 1820. Enlarged and corrected, it forms the second of the 'Lives of Scottish Worthies,' published in 1831.

when at last it came about, was certainly without a pang. But this is to anticipate. Whether any of these *jeux d'esprit* have been ever printed, I am not able to say. Several I suspect have found their way into ephemeral publications, or may have had an independent ephemeral publicity; but no one would have deprecated their resuscitation at this time of day, more heartily than their author. Such were 'the Barrister's Garland,' and 'Defiance to Cupid,'—two of his songs which may yet linger in the memory of some of his surviving northern friends. The song which he sung at a public dinner given in honour of the birth-day of the poet Burns, (29th January, 1824,) when he was requested to propose as a toast the memory of five eminent Scottish poets,—Allan Ramsay, James Thompson, Home, Ferguson, and M'Neill,—has very probably been printed. But I must turn for a moment from my friend's lively lyrics to his graver works in prose.

Of his first serious performance, a second edition of which appeared in 1823, mention has been made already. In the summer of the same year he published, 'An account of the Life and Writings of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton: including Biographical sketches of the most eminent legal characters since the institution of the Court of Session by James V. till the period of the union of the Crowns.' Mr. Tait, who was again his publisher, informs me that the impression was again limited to 500 copies. It is superfluous to add that it was remunerative to none of the parties concerned: but the work, though from its antiquarian character it could never become popular, was interesting to members of the legal profession, and by them was favourably received.

These literary efforts, whatever reputation they may have procured for Mr. Tytler, were not conducive to his success at the bar. To have showed so decided a predilection for

literature caused him to become a marked man, and his legal career was already virtually at an end. The collateral descendant and representative of Sir Thomas Craig was Mr. James Gibson, (since, Sir James Gibson Craig,) who by failure of the direct line, succeeded to the estate of Riccarton,—a venerable country seat, about five miles from Edinburgh. This gentleman was at the head of the society of writers to the Signet; and was equally distinguished for his talents, and for his political influence. By the Whigs, he was looked upon as a leading man; while his honesty of purpose and uprightness of conduct gave him a degree of consideration which made him feared by the Government as much as he was respected by his own party. Mr. Gibson, who was on the most friendly and even intimate terms with Mr. Tytler, and had given him free access to all his family papers, might, and doubtless would, notwithstanding the difference of their political opinions, (for the Tytlers were all Tories,) have promoted his success in his profession: but it was the doctrine of the period, (says my informant,) that a good author must be a bad lawyer; and from this period, he must have clearly seen that the bar could not possibly continue to be his profession.

It ought to be mentioned that, in the meantime, (1822,) had been founded the Bannatyne Club, of which Mr. Tytler was one of the original members.* Together with its acknowledged object, which was the publication of rare works of an antiquarian class, it so far combined the convivial element, that the members of the Club annually dined together; when a ballad, luxuriously printed in black-letter for the use of the thirty-one members, was produced after dinner and sung by one of their party. The poetical and

* For the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs, in 1833, Mr. Tytler, jointly with Mr. Hog and Mr. Urquhart, edited 'Memoirs of the War carried on in Scotland and Ireland, 1689–91, by Major-General Hugh Mackay.'

convivial talents of the man who had already so highly distinguished himself by his Yeomanry songs, were forthwith put in requisition: and most of the early 'Bannatyne Garlands,' (as they were called,) are found to have been from his pen. The first, 'Quhairin the President speaketh,' was written by Sir Walter Scott, (the founder of the Club,*) and sung by James Ballantyne, at the first dinner of the Bannatynians,—March 9th, 1823. It ends,—'Finis, quoth the Knight *of Abbotsford*.' 'Number second,' 'brevit be ane learnit Councillar in the King's chekar,' was, by the same token, Mr. Tytler's; for,—'Finis quod *Maister Patrick*.' Indeed he gave it to me many years ago as his own, together with three other of his little poetical pamphlets, (which have doubtless now become very scarce,) all printed in the same style, and bearing date respectively 1824, 1826, and 1829. To criticize such performances would be preposterous. They were only meant to produce a little mirth at the convivial meetings of a society, whose works, put forth in sober sadness, were certainly sufficiently remote from what is mirthful or entertaining. It is obvious to remark concerning them, that they must have owed their chief attraction to the charm of the moment,—to the witty address and lively manner with which they were delivered, the local and personal allusions with which they abounded, and above all the recommendation of being delightfully sung, and before so agreeable a society, by the amiable and accomplished man who wrote them. And this may be as fitting a place as any for expressing the mingled feelings with which I review the large amount of poetical com-

* See Scott's *Prose Works*, vol. xxi. pp. 199 and 219.—Among my friend's papers I found the following note, dated 'Castle Street, 27 May':—"My dear Peter. Not seeing you last night, I had no opportunity to say that a meeting of the Bannatynian Committee takes place tomorrow at five o'clock for business: at ½ past five for a haggis. *Avis au lecteur.* Yours truly, W. Scott."

positions which my friend has left behind; by far the most of which, I have perused with infinite pleasure and admiration, not unmingled with many a pang of sorrowful remembrance. He wrote with sufficient facility to enable him to give frequent vent, in his younger days, to his finer and deeper feelings; but when he had unburdened his heart, and transcribed his little poem with that beauty of penmanship which was habitual to him, he was content. The purpose with which he wrote had been fully answered; for no one was ever less inclined to invite public attention to a matter with which he felt that the public had no concern. His poetical genius, however, chiefly inclined him to lyric compositions; and I fully agree with his kinsman, Mr. T. Hog, in the belief that had he cultivated this form of writing with more assiduity and care, he would have contributed to his country's treasury of song, many a specimen which the world would not willingly have let die. There is a nationality in his poems of this class, a degree of drollery and racy humour, or again a spirit and a pathos, which makes the perusal of them always interesting, and sometimes delightful. But they were written *to be sung*,—to be sung *by himself;* and indeed he sang most delightfully. Thus again, he wrote for amusement, not for fame. His songs were generally provoked by some whimsical incident, or written for some festive occasion; they allude to persons passed away and to events forgotten. And thus it happens that, as a poet, Mr. Tytler 'had his claims allowed' only by his acquaintance; and but for his contributions to Thomson's 'Select melodies of Scotland,' published in 1824, he might be said to hold his chance of being remembered in this capacity by the same precarious tenure as the orator, the vocalist, and the wit.

Mr. Hog remarks that Peter was the only one of his family who was never regularly instructed to play on some musical instrument. His skill in accompanying himself on

the guitar, he owed to a few lessons he received from his cousin Mr. Donald Gregory, or his brother. (These were twin sons of the famous Dr. Gregory; and were so much alike that nobody ever knew the one without knowing the other also.) Two pieces which he used to sing in this manner, were great favourites: one, a serenade beginning 'Wake, wake!' the other, a spirited hunting-song written about the year 1824,—'Hark, through the green-wood ringing.' 'I remember' (writes Mr. Hog,) 'being asked by the late Sir Thomas Lauder Dick, who had heard a few detached lines, to repeat this last song; which so delighted him, that he inserted it in his edition of Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*.' *

Allusion has been made to my friend's Yeomanry songs. About this period was formed the troop of the Mid-Lothian Volunteer Yeomanry Cavalry,—a corps which numbered among its members many a name as distinguished in the aristocracy of talent as of birth. Of this society, Tytler soon became the most conspicuous member. His delightful manners, his exuberant flow of spirits, his ready wit, rendered him a general favourite; while his beautiful songs made him the very soul of the mess. The presence of so many congenial spirits quickly gave the spur to his poetic talent, and provoked many a playful specimen of original composition. Incidents sufficiently diverting supplied materials for these lyrics. When incidents were wanting, (and how *could* they be wanting to such men entering on such a profession?) personal allusions supplied all the point which the poet of the troop required. Sergeant Whigham, we learn, enforces a fine of half-a-crown,

> 'If you 've that day forgot pipe-clay,
> Or put your belt ajee.'

* Edinburgh: Fraser and Co. 1834, 2 vols. post 8vo. vol. ii. p. 294.

Equally conspicuous is,

'Brave Sergeant Aitcheson with his nate breeches on
Drilling the glorious Car'bineers.

But the most amusing of his pieces, (eight of which were afterwards privately printed,*) was founded on an adventure which befell himself in the summer of 1823. He had planned a quiet afternoon under the paternal roof of Woodhouselee, with his brother; and with that view, had stolen away from his companions, and the prospect of duty on Portobello sands. But he was quickly missed at head quarters; his intended line of march anticipated; and "a corporal's troop, with a led horse, and a mock warrant for seizure, were despatched to apprehend and bring back the deserter. Tytler, the instant he espied the approach of this band, escaped by a back door, and took shelter in the glen above Woodhouselee. He remained there until he thought the danger must be over, and then ventured to return to the house; but ill had he calculated on the sharpness of the lawyer-soldiers of the Lothian Yeomanry. He was captured at the very threshold by the ambush which awaited his return, deprived of his arms, mounted on the led horse, and carried off in triumph to the military encampment at Musselburgh." The entire pantomime so tickled his fancy, that he turned the incident into a song that same evening, and sang it the next day, (to the air of 'The groves of Blarney,') at the mess-table, amid the applause and laughter of his delighted companions. He confessed how 'Private Tytler, forgetting quite, sir,' the heinousness of desertion,—and in defiance of

'That truth, the soul of discipline,—
Most undutifully, in the month of July,
Set out for Woodhouse—lee to dine.'

* *Songs of the Edinburgh Troop*, Edinburgh, Printed by James Ballantyne and Company, 1825.—12mo. pp. 25.

The enemy's approach and his own retreat to the glen, he graphically described; as well as the exceeding discomfort to which he had been subjected, as he 'shrouded sat beneath the pine.'

'The cold damp ground it wet his rear;
And Pat would have sold, sir, ere he was an hour older,
His prospects for a pot of beer.'

Then came the terrible moment, when,

'On the swift brook's margent he was seized by the Sergeant,
Who strapped the traitor to his saddle seat.—
What his final fate's to be, I can't relate to thee;
The court-martial will make that matter clear;
But I'm told by Sergeant Scott, that the villain's to be shot,
As a warning to every Carabineer.

'Now listen all ye gallant yeomen,
Unto the moral of my pen;
Ne'er leave your quarters, lest you catch such tartars
As Sergeant Whigham and his men.
But let us sing, boys, GOD save the King, boys;
And as for him whose spurs are gone,
Let us hope that, as it's bruited, his pains may be commuted
To seven years' transportation.'

It must be needless to add that 'The Deserter,' became one of the most popular of Tytler's lyrics.—But for too many pages we have been losing sight of him in his private and domestic relation. Let me mention that on the 4th September, 1823, his sister Jane was married, by the Rev. Mr. Alison, to her cousin James Baillie Fraser, Esq., the well known traveller in Persia, and author of so many esteemed works; whereupon, she left the family circle in Prince's Street for her husband's seat,—Moniack in Invernesshire. And now, I avail myself of Miss Ann Fraser

Tytler's MS.,—a large portion of which has been already presented to the reader, in a preceding chapter.

"The principal event in 1824, connected with my subject, was the great fire in Edinburgh. Extracts from an old journal may give some idea of its extent and duration:—Thursday, 16th Nov. 1824. Last night, about 10 o'clock, a most alarming fire broke out in the High Street, just below Manners and Millar's shop. We were all seated quietly working and reading in the drawing room, when Archy Alison rushed in with the intelligence. From the direction of the wind, Peter's first thought was the danger to the Advocates' Library; and in a few minutes they had left the house, and were immediately joined by Basil and James Hall, Alexander Pringle, Jack Stewart, and many others of the young Advocates.

"We ladies betook ourselves to the front windows in the upper part of the house, which commands a view of the old Town opposite. The wind was high, and the whole sky seemed illuminated; the flames darting high into the air at every fresh gust, and the tall picturesque houses at one moment but partially seen, in the next lighted up like castles of flame. Suddenly, one of the maid-servants rushed into the room where we were. 'Oh! ladies let me in,' she exclaimed, 'to watch my *cushen*;' and throwing up the sash of the window, she stretched herself out, gazing upwards, and was silent for some minutes. Suddenly there was a loud scream, and exclaiming, 'My *cushen* is up now,' she covered her eyes with her hands: then slowly raising her head again she continued looking fixedly on the lurid sky, and the fragments of burning wood thrown high into the air. Poor girl, she was probably contemplating the destruction of many an airy dream; for 'a cousin' amongst our maid-servants here, is a very suspicious relationship, and generally means a lover.

"All forenoon yesterday the alarm and excitement conti-

nued to increase; for, by the middle of the day, the ancient steeple of the Tron Church was consumed. The scene was tremendous. Suddenly, a house in the Parliament Square was discovered also to be on fire, and the greatest fears were entertained for the safety of Sir William Forbes' Bank, and the Advocates' Library. Peter remained out the whole of last night assisting in removing the books from the Library. We were unable to go to bed at all, but continued walking about the house the whole night, gazing on the increasing flames, and listening to the howling of the wind, which had risen to a tremendous height. We sent the servant repeatedly out for intelligence, and once during the night he brought us a couple of lines from Peter; and once Alexander Pringle kindly ran down to our house to assure us of his safety. We all clustered around him in our night-caps and wrappers, for we were already half undressed; but the scene, every moment becoming more alarming, banished all thoughts of sleep. Mr. Pringle told us it was in fact beyond all imagination grand.

"17th Nov.—Peter returned early in the morning; but no sooner had he got into bed, than he was ordered out with the Yeomanry, as the Military had been on duty for 36 hours. We did not see him again till he returned at 5, to dinner. He gave us such an account of the scene as made us sick with terror. Several men have been killed, by the falling in of the houses. Peter himself saw the gable of one of those high houses vibrating in the wind, as if it had been the branch of a tree, for two hours, before it fell in with a tremendous crash.*

"Thursday morning, 18th Nov.—Thank Heaven, the fire

* Hugh Miller, in a recent volume (*My Schools and Schoolmasters,*) has described this terrible conflagration, of which he was himself an eye-witness. See pp. 333–5. It is also briefly described in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Lord Montagu, published in his *Life* by Lockhart,—vol. v. p. 372.

is completely extinguished. Peter went, according to orders, to the riding school at 2 in the morning, but Colonel Cockburn ordered him to return and go immediately to bed. The rest of the Troop remained to watch over the furniture in the streets. A subscription should be set on foot immediately for the sufferers, before the impression made by such a scene has time to be weakened.

"Friday night, 19th Nov.—At 4 in the morning, Peter was sent for again by the Solicitor General. The poor people who were working the engines were so completely worn out, it was with difficulty they could be prevailed upon to continue their labours. The Solicitor sent down to Leith, and ordered up the sailors belonging to his brother's ship, and both the Solicitor himself and Peter assisted them in working the engines till 8 in the morning. He told us that at one time he found himself clasped in the arms of one of those sailors, who exclaimed, 'Well done, my hearty! your name will be in the newspapers tomorrow morning.' Colonel Cockburn said that all along he had done the work of any four of the other men. He was so cool, and his head so clear, his advice was of the greatest use. It was he who suggested that the roof of the Advocates' Library, should be covered with wet blankets. He assisted in having it done, and his efforts in saving the Library proved perfectly successful.

"24th November. Basil Hall, Jack Stewart, and Archy were with us yesterday evening. The fire was still the principal subject of discussion. Basil Hall told us, that while they were all rushing to and fro in the midst of the flames, his brother James was quietly seated taking sketches of the ruins; and that eight drawings done on the spot were to be published to day, for the benefit of the sufferers.

"This is so characteristic of James, and reminded us of a sketch he had shewn us of Spanish bandits. While travelling

in the diligence, it was stopped and plundered; and while the robbers were busy with the other unfortunate sufferers who were sprawling on the ground alongside of him, he employed himself in a hasty sketch of their picturesque appearance.

"To day, the models are to be given in for Lord Hopetoun's monument. We are all very anxious for Campbell's success. If he fails, it will be as great a disappointment to Peter as to Campbell,—he has taken so deep an interest in it. He has written all the letters for him to the different gentlemen of the committee, and has been constantly beside him while modelling, cheering him, and giving him advice. We have asked Campbell to dine with us, in hopes of drinking his health.—4 o'clock.—We have just had the following note sent us by Peter:

'Oman's Hotel.

'Dear Mother, Campbell has been victorious. All has gone right. The horse is chosen. P. F. TYTLER.'

"I was dressing when the door bell rang, but I immediately heard the shout. How delightful is the voice of joy! I am most truly glad for Campbell's sake and for Peter's, both will be so very happy. The price to be given for the statue is 6,000*l*.

"My brother's young friends were often with us in the evenings, and we saw a great deal of Basil Hall, whose lively and varied powers of conversation made those hours pass most pleasantly. If my brother had been absent on any little expedition or visit, it was Basil's delight to draw him out on the subject, as he seldom returned to us without something to tell, which in his humorous way of relating it was most amusing; but unfortunately those little anecdotes have now too much faded from memory to be repeated, while one of Basil's, which had become a sort of family joke, is still fresh in my memory.

"Travelling in an old fashioned stage-coach, he found himself opposite to a good humoured jolly Dandie Dinmont looking person, with whom he entered into conversation, and found him most intelligent. Dandie, who was a stanch loyalist as well as a stout yeoman, seemed equally pleased with his companion. 'Troth, Sir,' he said, 'I am weel content to meet wi' a discreet civil spoken gentleman wi' whom I can have a rational conversation, for I hae been sairly put out. You see, Sir, a Radical fellow came into the coach. It was the only time I ever saw a Radical: an' he began abusing everything, saying that this was na a kintra fit to live in. And first he abused the King. Sir, I stood that. And then he abused the constitution. Sir, I stood that. And then, he abused the farmers. Well, Sir, I stood it all. But then he took to abusing the yeomanry. Now, Sir, you ken I could na stand *that*, for I am a yeoman mysel; so I was under the necessity of being a wee rude like till him. So I seized him by the cuff of the neck: 'Do you see that window, Sir? Apologeeze, apologeeze this very minute, or I'll just put your head through the window.' Wi' that he *apologeezed*. 'Now, Sir,' I said, 'you 'll gang out o' the coach.' And wi' that, I opened the door, and shot him out intil the road: and that's all I ever saw o' the Radical.'

"My brother was so amused with this anecdote, that it was wonderful with what ingenuity he frequently brought round the conversation, so as to induce Basil to relate it if any fresh person was in company."

CHAPTER VIII.

(1823—1832.)

Tytler at Abbotsford—His History of Scotland undertaken—His marriage—Letters to his wife—Settles in Edinburgh—His History begins to appear—His literary pursuits, and domestic happiness—A visit to London.

THE time had arrived when Mr. Tytler was to exemplify what was with him in after years a favourite literary precept: namely, that an author, instead of frittering away his energies on a multitude of subjects of minor interest, should, as soon as practicable, take up some large inquiry, and then make it the business of his literary life to prosecute that inquiry with exclusive attention; making his other studies subsidiary to his one great master study, and reading every book with a constant reference to this one ruling object of his ambition. To periodical literature especially he had a rooted dislike. The systematic contribution to such publications he not only thought derogatory to the dignity of an author, but he regarded it as a most injurious practice. It is fatal, he would say, to the habit of sustained investigation; and diminishes the sense of responsibility. It induces carelessness of statement and a slip-shod style of writing. What is worst of all, if a man has a great pursuit before him, the task of writing on any other subject for one of our great periodicals, (he spoke from experience,) entails a degree of labour to which the proposed remuneration must be wholly disproportionate, while it carries a man

into fields of inquiry alike irrelevant and distracting. If a man is without such a great and engrossing subject, he is confirming himself in those desultory habits which my friend discouraged in others as well as avoided himself. From this time forward, he steadily resisted the many applications which were made to him to contribute papers to literary journals. I am aware of only one article in the Quarterly,—and another in the Foreign Quarterly Review,—which were from his pen. The advantage of recognizing one great object of study, to which other pursuits may be made subsidiary, I have since experienced so sensibly, that it is but right to bear testimony to the value of advice which he so often and so affectionately urged upon me. He told me that he had himself received the precept from the late Sir James Mackintosh.

Tytler's Law studies had unavoidably introduced him to the history of his country under one of its most instructive, if not one of its most attractive aspects. His biographical works had already accustomed him to patient application and research, as well as given him those habits of minute inquiry which are of paramount importance to the historian. He was ripe for some greater effort, as well as inclined by literary ambition and probably by a deepening conviction that at the Bar he could scarcely any longer hope to attain that eminence, which in *some* department of enterprize he was yet conscious that he had a right to command. An evening at Abbotsford decided what was to become the great business of his literary life. "I forget the exact year in which the occurrence took place," (writes his old friend Mr. Alexander Pringle of Whytbank, in 1854, on being requested by Mr. James Tytler to state the circumstances of that memorable visit;) "but it must have been not long before Sir Walter Scott first published his Tales of a Grandfather. It was in the month of July, soon after the rising of

the Court of Session, when my late valued friend happened to be on a visit here for some days, that we one day rode down to dine at Abbotsford. We met there a small, but very agreeable party. One circumstance which I particularly remember was that your brother then for the first time made the acquaintance of Sir Adam Ferguson, who met him very cordially, and spoke to him of happy days, which at an early period of his life he had spent at Woodhouselee, when your brother was but a child. He enjoyed much Sir Adam's songs and entertaining anecdotes, especially those of his adventures in the Spanish war; and one song I remember particularly caught his fancy. It was an old Jacobite one, 'Charlie is my darling,'—then little known, but which soon became very popular from its being a favourite at Abbotsford.

"While we were riding home at night,—(I remember well the place: it was just after we had forded the Tweed at Bordside,)—your brother told me that in the course of that evening, Sir Walter Scott had taken him aside, and suggested to him the scheme of writing a History of Scotland. Sir Walter stated that some years before, the booksellers had urged him to undertake such a work, and that he had at one time seriously contemplated it. The subject was very congenial to his tastes; and he thought that by interspersing the narrative with romantic anecdotes illustrative of the manners of his countrymen, he could render such a work popular. But he soon found, while engaged in preparing his materials, that something more was wanted than a popular romance; that a right history of Scotland was yet to be written; but that there were ample materials for it in the national records, in collections of documents, both private and public, and in Scottish authors whose works had become rare, or were seldom perused. The research, however, which would be required for bringing to light, arranging

and digesting these materials, he soon saw would be far more than he had it in his power to give to the subject; and it would be a work of tedious and patient labour, which must be pursued, not in Scotland only, but amongst the national collections of records in London, and wherever else such documents may have been preserved. But such a labour, his official duties and other avocations would not allow him to bestow upon it. He had therefore ended in a resolution to confine his undertaking to a collection of historical anecdotes, for the amusement of the rising generation; calculated to impress upon their memories the worthy deeds of Scottish heroes, and inspire them with sentiments of nationality. He also mentioned that the article on the Culloden Papers, published in the January number of the Quarterly Review for 1816, which I have always considered as one of the most attractive as well as characteristic of all his writings, had been originally conceived in the form of a portion of an introductory Essay to the contemplated historical work, which was now likely to go no further.

"He then proposed to your brother to enter on the undertaking; and remarked to him that he knew his tastes and favourite pursuits lay so strongly in the line of history, and the history of his native country must have such peculiar interest for him, that the labour could not fail to be congenial to him: that though the requisite researches would consume a great deal of time and thought, he had the advantage of youth on his side, and might live to complete the work, which, if executed under a deep sense of the importance of historical truth, would confer a lasting benefit on his country: and he ended with offering all the aid in his power for obtaining access to the repositories of information, as well as advice in pursuing the necessary investigations.

"I asked my friend if the suggestion pleased him? He replied, that the undertaking appeared very formidable; that

I knew he had always been fond of historical pursuits; and though he confessed he had frequently cherished an ambition for becoming an historical author, yet it had never entered into his mind to attempt a history of his own country, as he knew too well the difficulties which he would have to encounter, especially those of attaining accuracy, and realising his own conception of what a history of Scotland ought to be; but that the suggestion coming from such a quarter, as well as the offered assistance, was not to be disregarded. You may be sure that I encouraged him to the best of my power; for though I knew how much it was likely to withdraw his attention from his professional avocations, yet I also knew how much more congenial a pursuit it would prove, and how much more he was likely to attain to excellence, and establish his reputation in this channel. It was therefore with much satisfaction that I soon afterwards learned from him that he had entered seriously on the undertaking."*

The 'Tales of a Grandfather' were published in 1827; and certainly it was neither in the July of 1826 nor of 1825 that Mr. Tytler was a guest at Abbotsford: for Sir Walter Scott spent the summer of 1825 in Ireland. Tytler, in July of the same year, visited the English lakes, in company with Mr. James Hog and Mr. Coventry. The three friends travelled on foot, with their knapsacks on their back,—delighted with one another, and with the exquisite scenery of Westmoreland. In 1826, Tytler was very differently occupied, as will be seen by and by. So alas! was Sir Walter Scott,—for it was the year of his commercial difficulties. In short, it must have been in 1823 that the visit to which Mr. Pringle alludes, took place. Writing in that year to Lord Montagu, Sir Walter Scott made the following observations:—"We are still but very indifferently provided with

* *To James Tytler, Esq.* The letter is dated, *Yair 19th Aug.* 1854.

Scotch histories of a general description. Lord Hailes' *Annals* are the foundation-stone, and an excellent book, though drily written. Pinkerton, in two very unreadable quartos, which yet abound in information, takes up the thread where Hailes drops it. And then you have Robertson, down to the Union of the crowns. But I would beware of taskwork, which Pinkerton at least must always be, and would . . . . . every now and then look at the pages of old Pitscottie, where events are told with so much naïveté, and even humour, and such individuality as it were, that it places the actors and scenes before the reader. The whole history of James V. and Queen Mary may be read to great advantage in the elegant Latin of Lesly, Bishop of Ross, and collated with the account which his opponent, Buchanan, in language still more classical, gives of the same eventful reigns. Laing is but a bad guide through the seventeenth century: yet I hardly know where a combined account of these events is to be had, so far as Scotland is concerned."* This is enough to show that the subject of a History of Scotland was before Sir Walter's mind, in a very definite shape, in 1823: and a few pencil memoranda in a note-book of my friend prove that he was on a visit of some days to the author of Waverley, at the close of the same year. The circumstantial detail which Mr. Pringle has so graphically recalled, I have no wish to disturb; but it may be suggested that having been stimulated to enter upon the great undertaking of a History of his native country at a casual summer visit to Abbotsford, Mr. Tytler returned thither to mature his plan, and to invoke further counsel and assistance, later in the same year. A vast undertaking seldom begins to grow at the very instant of its conception. I am inclined to believe that Mr. Tytler did not begin to make collections towards his great work until some time

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. v. pp. 273-4.

after, and that the first moments he can have given to his History were some of the intervals of business which the years 1824-5 supplied; while it is pretty clear that he did not enter on his task in good earnest till the summer of 1826,—in other words, until he had completed his life of Wickliff.

The pencil memoranda above alluded to, and which evidently relate to conversations held with Sir Walter, are just of that suggestive kind which it is impossible to read without interest and a kindled fancy; while their tantalizing brevity and incompleteness renders them almost unfit for publication. And yet, because everything which relates to the author of Waverley is valuable, and because I discern, here and there, in what follows, traces of just such a conversation as I have already supposed to have passed between the veteran romance writer and the young aspirant after historical renown, I will venture to transcribe what I find, and to crave the reader's indulgence if it shall be pronounced unintelligible, after all:—

"W. S.—Monday. 1. Scotland not comparatively a poor country, till exhausted by Bruce and Balliol wars. 2. W. S. hunting on Newark hill, carrying over W. and then S. across the Strick. 3. Hunting all day for the well of the Castle. . . 5. Attend to the traits marking the intercourse of the two countries. 6. Look into the Welsh historians. 7. Tenure of the porter's house at Selkirk, wax taper. 8. Anecdote of Bruce and the spider. 9. Of Crabbe the poet, and the two Highlanders at breakfast. . . . . 12. Lady Scott and the rats at Ashiestiel. Saw Philiphaugh, Carterhaugh, Newark, the scene of Tamlane, and spot where the Regent Murray was killed. 13. Secretary Murray drinking tea. Mr. Scott breaking the cup. Sticks to learn with in the office. The hand to guard the head. 14. Mungo Park's cottage. 15. Sandy Park called Powderloupat. Anecdote of his

seizing J. Frank. Black Frank. Sir W. intending to do it himself.

"Tuesday. 1. Story of Maida's foot-marks, and the custom of the Border people tracing animals by this .... 2. Of Southey, W. S., and the visit of a gentleman to dinner. Ponies' and horses' feet behind. 3. Old woman wanting justice a wee *swee'd*.... 5. Ghost at Howard Castle. 6. Lady Scott's dog. Ugly beast. It's not a beast, Madam. 7. Praise of Macpherson's map. 8. Variorum Classics. 9. Present at Wat's execution, beheading with a loaded pistol in his pocket.

"Wednesday. 1. Anecdote of Charles Scott and the old woman at the Inn at the Falls. Pistols found unloaded. 2. Of Mrs. Siddons laughing, 'never saw so young a head upon such old shoulders.' 3. W. S. reading Shylock and Richard the IIIrd. Key found at Hermitage Castle, Lord Soulis and bugle-horn, and old horse-bridle bit. 4. Children compared W. S. to Mr. Bennet in Pride and Prejudice. Excellent novels. We'll all take some gruel. 5. Anecdotes of the gipsies at the fair, and of the murder by Kennedy a gipsey, and of Kennedy's being taken by Irving, another gipsey, whose father K. had murdered. Kennedy's father had been killed by an Irving. Similarity of the old woman (tall gaunt hag in the cottage) to Meg Merrilies reading her Bible. Found two leaves of the cartitch turned upside down. Sordidness of Shylock admirably put, in mixture of revenge with his avarice."*—How well, by the way, do these heads

* In the pocket of the same memorandum book, I find a loose memorandum which seems to relate to the same visit:—"Anecdotes. About Mungo Park's brother striking the dirk thro' the board. 2. About one of the Laidlaws, factor to a West-India Merchant, and the Macra's, firing his house. 3. About the speech of Sir W.'s Grandfather to his father, who dined with the descendant of the Pringle. Ancestors' blood under his nails. 4. Ancestors' dirk .... the armoury anecdote of the red deer in the pass. 5. Anecdote of warrior Dallas' lassaing an Indian. 6. Of the trial of an Englishman and Scotchman

of Sir Walter's conversation illustrate some remarks of Basil Hall, who spent the ensuing Christmas at Abbotsford! "Had I a hundred pens, each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one half of those which our host, to use Spencer's expression, 'welled out alway.'" . . . . "It is impossible to touch for an instant on any theme, but straightway he has an anecdote to fit it." . . . "At breakfast to-day we had, as usual, some 150 stories. He is, in the matter of anecdote, what Hudibras was in figures of speech,—'His mouth he could not ope, but out there flew a trope.'"—Basil Hall's journal of a Christmas at Abbotsford is worth the reading. It makes you feel as if you had been there.—"Yesterday being Hogmanay," he writes, (Jan. 1, 1825,) "there was a constant succession of *Guisards*—i. e. boys dressed up in fantastic caps, with their shirts over their jackets, and with wooden swords in their hands. These players acted a sort of scene before us, of which the hero was one Goloshin, who gets killed in a 'battle for love,' but is presently brought to life again by a doctor of the party. As may be imagined, the taste of our host is to keep up these old ceremonies."* I extract this passage, because I find in my friend's memorandum-book, (already quoted,) the little drama itself, as he took it down "from the recitation of four little boys at the gate of Abbotsford." The 'Champion's' boast, 'I fought at the battle of *Quebec*,' is sufficient to show that the composition has no claim to antiquity.

So much for the origin of Tytler's great work, on which he expended about eighteen of the best years of his life.

at Carlisle: two packmen. 7. Of the trial in the Caithness family for Witchcraft and poisoning. 8. Of Axlecleugh and the Druidical place of worship, and Lady S. 9. Of the tradition in the Laidlaw family, as to throwing the ashes of a calf on a running stream. 10. Of the adder stones. 11....."

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. v. p. 385, &c.

The first volume appeared in 1828, the last in 1843. At the period of which we are speaking, however, this vast undertaking was but looming in the distance. An incident of far deeper interest interposed between the conception and the first instalment of his History,—I mean his marriage with Rachel Elizabeth, second daughter of Thomas Hog, Esq., of Newliston.

The younger son of this gentleman, to whom Tytler was always exceedingly attached, recals in affectionate language the first occasion on which he was introduced to his future brother-in-law. "It was in the spring of 1825, at a small party at Sir Alex. Maitland Gibson's who at that time resided with his family in No. 129 Prince's Street. There were very few persons there. Mr. Tytler was I think the only stranger present. I was much struck by his appearance. He was singularly gay, and his gaiety was accompanied with an ease which was new to me then, and which I have never seen equalled since. He was dressed in the height of the fashion. What struck me most in his appearance was that he seemed so much older than he really was. He was singularly pale and old looking,—a circumstance which I have since attributed to his elevated forehead, which even at this time gave him the appearance of premature baldness. Twenty years after the time I now speak of, Mr. Tytler appeared more fresh and young than he did when I first met him. He lost the extreme paleness of his countenance, and became to a certain extent ruddy; at all events, he acquired a healthy complexion.

"About this time, (1824–5,) he became an occasional visitor at our house at Lauriston, and subsequently at Newliston, where we had the pleasure of his society occasionally for weeks together. Little happened; but there was affection between all parties, and a more experienced eye might have seen a mutual attachment springing up

between my second sister Rachel and himself. Our evenings were passed most delightfully, for we were old-fashioned people with old-fashioned hours. My Father, with the manners of the French Court half a century preceding the notion of Revolution, living in the country among old woods, whose masses of foliage and venerable width of trunk are, as some one has remarked, the best instructors,—my Father, I say, as a gentleman of the old, now *very* old school, lived a regular life according to the fashion of his early days. At all events, he dined at four, (as he breakfasted at ten,) and the consequence was that we had long and enjoyable evenings.

"By me, certainly, those evenings were enjoyed; and Mr. Tytler had no small share in enhancing the enjoyment; whether by reading aloud, or by suggesting passages for others to read. Right well do I remember the delight I felt in being first introduced to the exquisite music of Milton and Shakspeare, which formed our standard reading. In after years, we had an amicable controversy on this head: I, standing up for the superior music of Milton's verse; and he, undertaking to produce equally musical specimens of versification from Shakspeare."

If what follows had not been sent me by the lady's brother, I should have hesitated to go on transcribing. "January 11th, 1826, was the *dénouement* of P. F. T.'s courtship. I remember being a witness, though at a distance; and I have often laughed since at the thought that the fire of his love must have been hot indeed; for the day and place both required it. The day was bitterly cold, the coldest in the year, and the climax of a severe frost with which the year was ushered in. The place was by the side of a canal or artificial piece of water at Newliston, which had been frozen over for some time. P. F. T. had not long left the ice on which he had been skating, (by the way, he was a most graceful skater,) and no doubt he was warm enough; but it

was, I should think, an ill chosen moment for a declaration."—So far, Mr. Hog.

"For nearly two years before," (writes Miss Tytler,) "we had become aware of his attachment to this beautiful Rachel, for beautiful and accomplished she was; and her pursuits, particularly in music and painting, were most congenial to his own. She was 22 at the time of her marriage; but she had lived almost constantly in retirement, either in the country at Newliston; or during the winter months in her Father's house at Lauriston, which went by the name of *the Convent*. We heard of her constantly, but never saw her till she was engaged to my brother. He himself, after being introduced to her, found it very difficult to penetrate those convent walls; but the old gentleman, after he had recovered from the first shock of seeing a young gentleman frequently calling, on what appeared to him very frivolous pretences, became so fond of my brother, that soon no pretence whatever was necessary; his visits appearing to give equal pleasure to all parties."

At the end of a week, he wrote as follows to his sister, Mrs. Baillie Fraser, at Moniack.

"Prince's Street, Thursday, 19th [Jan.] 1826.—

"My dearest Jeanie,

"I sit down to write to you on so new a subject, that I scarcely know how to begin; but to you, my own Jeanie, I must write, because I know you and James will deeply feel anything which makes me happy.

"I am going to be married; and the object of my whole little plans and wishes, for the last two years, is under the kind providence of GOD, realized. I find myself in possession of the sweetest, kindest, and most faithful heart that ever dwelt in a human bosom; and this, united to the purest religious principles, to the most solemn feelings of the sacred

duties incumbent on a wife, and to manners which, from being formed entirely under the domestic roof, are wholly free from any mixture of worldliness, or vanity, or display. My dear little girl has never been one night away from home; and I believe altho' she is twenty-one or twenty-two, three or four balls or parties are nearly the extent of her gaiety. The effect of this is, that she is the most timid and diffident, but I think the most attractive creature I ever saw. With excellent taste and talents, and fine accomplishments, she hardly thinks she can do any thing well. I do not know if I, or any of my sisters ever mentioned to you how long and deeply I have been interested in her; how often I rode out to meet her in her rides; and the great difficulties I had to overcome, in getting into the Castle at Lauriston, which is exactly like a convent, with high walls and locked doors, and an old Father or Governor, aged 84, in command; who hates company, and keeps his daughters constantly employed in reading to him. But I must not say a syllable against him, for he has behaved nobly and generously beyond measure; welcoming me into his family with a disinterestedness which is indeed rarely met with: giving to me his daughter, the richest jewel in his domestic crown, and a portion of ——. You may believe my dear Jeanie, I thought little of money; for had Rachel not a shilling in the world, my affections were, and for ever would have remained, hers. But it is very pleasing, having allowed my heart to be in its choice wholly unoccupied, (as I always was determined it should be,) with money matters, to find that I shall be quite independent; that having chosen love, I have inadvertently put my hand upon riches too."

On the 30th March, 1826, Tytler was united to his beloved and beautiful Rachel, at Newliston, by his old friend the Rev. Dr. Alison; whence he conveyed his bride to Mount Esk,—the sweet little villa near Lasswade, some

five miles south of Edinburgh, of which we have heard already as the residence of his Mother and sisters. Returning in April to Newliston House, they passed the summer and the autumn months there: but Tytler was forced to repair frequently to Edinburgh, partly to attend to his business in the Exchequer Court, and partly to pursue his historical studies. His request to his wife (May, 1826) to send him "a printed preface to Wickliff" which he had left at Newliston, reminds me that his life of the great Reformer, published anonymously in this same year, (1826,) was his last literary effort before the appearance of the first volume of his History. It was published by Wm. Whyte and Co. of Edinburgh, and fills a small volume of 207 pages, bearing on the title page,—'The Life of John Wickliff, with an Appendix and list of his works.' A more thorough specimen of anti-Romish sentiment, it would be hard to find. The Popes are designated as "that succession of evil spirits in human shapes, who for many dark ages sat in the chair of St. Peter,—as they profanely term the Roman throne:" and the monasteries, we read, "were filled with herds of luxurious drones, devoted servants of their appetites, who frequented the cellar more than the library of the convent; and dearly loved the flesh-pots of Egypt, but cared little for the wisdom of the Egyptians." Tytler must have been engaged on this biography at the time of his marriage.

These occasional visits to the capital of course led to many a letter from Tytler to his wife at Newliston; some of which have been preserved. Were I to give way to the fastidious inclination to pass all these by in silence, how should I be drawing a true picture of my friend? Here then follows a portion of one, of the earliest date,—May 31, 1826.

"Many, many thanks, my beloved Rachel, for your dear little note. I was the more grateful, as it came to refresh

me after a long Exchequer trial, which lasted from 11 o'clock till past 5, and fatigued me a good deal; but a short ride which I have taken on Diomed has made all well again. When I pat him on the neck, and think that he is such a favourite of my dearest Rachel, all her love, and all her kindness comes into my mind; and I bound along, and think how many delightful rides you and I shall still enjoy together. Only, dearest love, get you well and stout! and we shall soon be pranking thro' our old scenes in the Pentland hills.

"I was rejoiced to hear of your being merry, and singing 'Forget-me-not!' I trust at this moment you are at the piano, playing Winter, or Hummel, or 'With plaintive suit,' —as usual, giving pleasure to all but your own fastidious self. Would that I could give you a little more of that happy disposition which prompted a certain advocate at our Bar, to inform his friend, that he had just come from making a speech of two hours, 'very much to his own satisfaction.' But I despair of this."

The next was written from his Mother's residence, in June.

"Mount Esk, Wednesday Evening, past 9.

"My dearest love,—I rode out here to-day, and write to you in a great hurry, as I have still to ride into Town, and put my note in the post. I was delighted to hear you were so well, and so obedient. Go on, my sweetest girl, taking more and more care of yourself in avoiding all fatigue; but be as much in the open air, and as happy as possible. Banish these wretched *nories*, which keep you wakeful; and sleep as sweetly and soundly as I intend to do this night, in obedience to your commands.

"I had forgotten that, for ten days, I have been engaged to the Chief Baron's to dinner, tomorrow; but I intend to have my good Diomed at his door at 9, and ride out to you

in the cool of the evening. Only think,—yesterday I went to the wild beasts, and was much gratified by going into Nero (the Lion)'s den, and sitting down upon him. He is so tame that he allowed me to clap his cheek and twist my hand into the hair of his huge mane. He is the most noble and kingly brute that I ever saw. I must take you to see him.

"I have got a beautiful little kitten as a present; which I mean, if you like it, to give to you; but it is not ready yet to leave its mother. When it grows a cat, and gets stupid, we'll give it as a present to some dear friend. . . . GOD bless you, my best and dearest love!"

I *hear* Tytler say that little bit about the cat. . . . The next was evidently written in July or August.

"Exchequer Court, Tuesday, 1 o'clock.

"My dearest love,—I am sitting here in the Exchequer-Court, with one Baron sound asleep, (the effect of the thermometer at 80;) the others almost dozing; and the Chief Baron speaking at great length about half a gallon of whiskey, with an energy that might do honour to ——— or Demosthenes. Seriously, nothing can be more trifling or uninteresting; yet, here must I sit and wait till it is concluded.

"So far had I written, when the case broke up, and allowed me to come hither (Lauriston). . . . . How I envied you to day the cool shady walks under our favourite evergreens, when my unhappy frame was sinking from the proximity to a thousand writers and writers' clerks, or broiling in Prince's Street, where the pavement absolutely bakes the soles of your feet, till they become like barley scones,—if I may be permitted the expression. But the contrast will only make Newliston more delightful to me; altho' I need little to make me entirely love the spot where your infancy, my best

beloved, was passed; to which my heart turns, as the home of the dearest of all objects; and the trees and fields of which are becoming personal friends to me.

"Write a single line to tell me that you continue well; but do not fatigue or tire yourself. Remember, my dearest of all girls, that on the care you take of yourself, my whole happiness hangs. Forgive this wretched and hurried scrawl, but true love is to be measured neither by wire-wove paper nor well turned sentences. Farewell, my dearest love!"

My friend had in the meantime purchased a house in Edinburgh, (36 Melville Street,) and he was now busy furnishing it, with the intention of establishing himself in the metropolis before the winter. He was also actively occupied with the preparation of the first volume of his great work. Writing to his Mother from Newliston in the month of August, he gives an interesting picture of his method and resources:—"I am going on finely with my Scottish History. I have got all my books round me, and a nice little room for a study. I take a shower-bath in the morning, and ride or walk every day. Yesterday, I rode with James to Linlithgow, to see an old library left to the Magistrates of that town for the use of themselves and the county, by the late historian of Britain, Dr. Henry. I found it much neglected, altho' full of many curious and valuable volumes, much in my own way. The subscription was a trifle; so Jamie and I have become subscribers, and a man (and horse) with a large basket is now on his road from Linlithgow, (he has this moment arrived,) with a load of old English historians, which have not been disturbed, I daresay, since the death of the worthy doctor himself. So you see, I am going on in my old way; and no place can be imagined more admirably fitted for study than this. The quietness and seclusion of the woods, and the complete retirement in which we live,

leave you no excuse for idleness, and I hope to do a great deal before we leave it." *

Tytler's Mother, when she received this letter, was staying at Chiefswood near Melrose,—a cottage which had been the habitual residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart; and being within a walk of Abbotsford, used to be Scott's favourite house of call. In his Diary at this very time, (August 6th, 1826,) he writes,—"Walked to Chiefswood, and saw old Mrs. Tytler, a friend when life was young. Her husband, Lord Woodhouselee, was a kind, amiable, and accomplished man; and when we lived at Lasswade Cottage, soon after my marriage, we saw a great deal of the family, who were very kind to us as newly entered on the world. How many early stories did the old lady's presence recall! She might almost be my mother; yet there we sat, like two people of another generation, talking of things and people the rest knew nothing of. When a certain period of life is over, the difference of years, even when considerable, becomes of much less consequence." †

Before the end of November 1826, my friend and his wife had established themselves in their new home, 36 Melville Street. "I have the most pleasing recollection of his study," writes his brother-in-law, "where the greatest part of his History was composed. Most of the Edinburgh houses are constructed on one plan. On the ground-floor there is commonly a dining-room in front, lobby, butler's pantry, &c. and behind, a handsome square room, reserved as occasion may serve for business, a sleeping-room, or otherwise. This room it was which P. F. T. made his study. It was fitted up with glazed book-cases, a few choice prints, a bit of sculpture, and one or two pieces of china and antiquity. His library table was always covered with choice and favourite books for daily use arranged in rows, not lying confusedly but ready

* *To his Mother*, 9th Aug. 1826. † *Life of Scott*, vol. vi. p. 335.

for consultation. The prints (which by the way were especial favourites) were 'The Satin Gown' of Wills, Hogarth's famous and rare print of the family of Sir Thomas More, the St. Agnes of Domenichino by Strange, (the *chef. d'œuvre* of that engraver,) and the Aurora of Guido. The pieces of statuary were one or two of Campbell's earlier models, some designs for the Hopetoun monument, and two little cupids, now nearly forgotten. A vase or two in imitation of china, painted by my sister Rachel, a small bronze or two, a fragment of armour,—such were the ornaments of his study in those days. I should add that there were invariably on his chimney-piece two small panels of oak, on one of which were painted the Tytler arms; on the other, a first attempt in oils of Campbell the sculptor,—a portrait I think of himself, taken when very young. While describing the furniture of his study, I must not forget the standing desk. P. F. T. almost invariably wrote standing, surrounded by his authorities, and attired in a robe de chambre. It was pleasant to be in the room with him, and to witness the enthusiasm with which he flitted from one book to another."

I venture to add a few extracts from two letters written on two successive days in the September of the following year, (1827,) to his wife who was visiting at Smeaton, the residence of Sir John Hepburn. They are both dated from Melville Street.

"My dearest love,—Another note from your solitary bird! Indeed I am very solitary, and wish very much I was once more back again; for, from some cause or other, my Uncle and William have never arrived, and I begin to fear that he or some of them are ill. . . . On going up to my dressing-room before dinner, my eyes rested on the little old brown trunk which contains your early letters, when you were a little little dear creature, running about and stuffing your small body

thro' windows in rabbit-houses. It has a strong string round it, and I have the greatest inclination to rummage thro' it, and read everything; but I do not know whether if you were beside me you would permit it, and this feeling makes me hesitate.—By the bye, who should I meet all of a sudden in the street today, but M—— with her aunt and the Graces. M—— smiling, and looking very kind and good humoured, and asking all about my dear Rachel; and the Graces modestly retiring behind the skirts of their Aunt's petticoats, so that I only saw the head of one of them. What an attractive thing modesty is, after all!—Today, Mungo Brown took me to the elder's seat, where I sat under Mr. Knott (the Precentor)'s nose, and was dreadfully annoyed by his portentous puffing and blowing out the Psalm tunes.—What more can I say to my own beloved Rachel, except the old tale with which I am ever tiring her? Care, care, care of herself. Oh, if she knew how I love her, and how the smallest threatening of illness, or suffering of pain by her, hurts me, —she would never risk anything." *

"My dearest love,—I got your sweet letter, my kind dear Rachel, full of pleasant news. Chattie's coming is delightful. What a nice party we shall make up,—you and I, and the merry little he, and Johnny,—With a row, dow, dow, &c.

"I fear that it will be impossible for me to leave town till 6 on Tuesday morning, which will bring us to Smeaton to breakfast at 10. So beg Sir John not to eat up every thing at table; and if he is in the way of doing it, then, my darling love, show me a *substantial* proof of your affection by putting a roll in your pocket! But setting nonsense aside, my beloved Rachel, I grudge every hour I am absent from you. I feel as if a part of myself was cut away. In

* *To his wife*, 23rd Sept. 1827.

short, I cannot well describe my sensations, even when I am not thinking of my beloved; and that is seldom indeed! . . .

"I did not forget your commissions; and have got some needles for you, so fine that nothing but a string of gossamer will get thro' the eyes. Adieu, my own dear, dear love! May the hours fly swiftly till we meet, and all good angels watch over you!"*

Letters in the same strain abound; but it would perhaps tire the reader, to be presented with more. A different consideration induces me to withhold the most affectionate of his letters. His correspondence was certainly more impassioned in 1828, than in the first year of his wedded life; presenting altogether a rare picture of wedded happiness and the most ardent love. A few days after the birth of his first child, he wrote as follows to his brother-in-law, who was then at Trinity College, Cambridge.

"My dear kind Tommy,—We received your affectionate letter this evening, and I hasten to tell you that all is going on well; my beloved Rachel slowly recovering, and the little darling baby smiling, and singing to itself the sweetest low little songs you ever heard. At first, I thought it very like Rachel; and now, it has changed and become like me, the nurse says; but it is fortunate that this second phase is never permanent in such very young things, and that they invariably return to their first looks. It is a most sweet-tempered mousey, and very seldom disturbs its Mamma by those inextinguishable fits of skirling in which some perverse babies indulge themselves. No, no; our baby is a pear of another tree. . . . I sit almost constantly in the room, with my books, and my History about me; but the History advances but slowly,—so much delight have I in watching over my two pets, and gazing now on the one and now on the other. I

* *To his wife*, 24th Sept. 1827.

have already told baby that you mean to bring it a coral, and it smiled as if it perfectly understood what I was saying."*

The plan of life which had been commenced in the winter of 1826, was continued throughout the three ensuing years. One short note, written early in 1828, however private its tone and domestic its details, may be here inserted, for the sake of the lively juxta-position in which it presents my friend's domestic relations and his official duties.

"Advocates' Library. ¼ past 1.

"My dearest love. It will probably be past *four* o'clock before I get home. The Trials are going on so tediously, and I have not seen my beloved Rachel to-day yet! Send for sweet Chattie, and be very kind to yourself,—as kind as if I were sitting beside my darling, and bidding her take everything she wished. Remember, take *four* glasses of Sauterne at the least, and fowl and steak in proportion; and let the dear little babe lie beside you after dinner; and send Jemima up-stairs for the best Rankeilour pears; and do not, O do not fatigue or vex yourself about anything,—but let me find my own beloved Rachel, when I come home, well and happy!

"I must run up-stairs again for fear of a scold from the Lord Advocate for deserting the Court. Adieu, my dear, dear love! Your own

PETER."

When absent in this manner for two or three days, he sought to divert his wife by relating such minute adventures as had befallen himself, or come to his knowledge, in the

* *To Thomas Hog, Esq.*, 19th Nov. 1827.—Writing to Mr. Alison to announce the birth of the same little lady, Tytler says,—"Though but a few hours' old, it sleeps charmingly, only waking now and then to smile and crack its fingers."

mean season. Sometimes, as may be supposed, he was sadly at a loss for materials.

"I have no news to tell: except that Sir John Hepburn sat next Jem lately at a company dinner, and after taking a huge gulp of water, something went into his wrong throat, and in an instant he spurted out the whole contents of his mouth in Jem's face, giving his victim no warning; and throwing out the volume of water with such force, that Jem says it took away his breath like the shock of a shower-bath. He describes the noise and the cataract, as something very like the fall of Niagara." *

At other times, he was able to get up a better chapter of news.

"36 Melville Street, 27th Feb. 1828.

"Wednesday, 2 o'clock.

"My own beloved Rachel, I sit down to give you an account of myself since my moonlight flitting on Tuesday morning. But first, let me ask you how you yourself are, my sweetest Rachel? . . . . I will not take your two last letters away from my heart, where they now are, till you send me another,—a long, long one. And now, for my adventures.

"On leaving Rankeilour, it was almost dark. Andrew had been sent on with a fresh horse, by David's kindness; and away I set, trusting to mount Harmless at New Inn: when, after 5 minutes' riding, to my *infinite* amusement, I encountered Mr. Andrew, between Ramornie wood and Cross gates, about one mile from Rankeilour! So I mounted Harmless, and away we set, serenaded all the way by the cheerful cry of the partridge coveys, on both sides of the road. They seemed to be practising their singing before breakfast, but they soon ceased; and as light broke, were

* *To his wife*, 10th March, 1828.

succeeded by the richer melody of the blackbird, who seems to me, with all due submission, to understand music better than the partridge. I had a glorious sun-rise, and saw a noble rainbow; whereupon I made the following observation, viz. that the lower the sun, the more circular is the rainbow. Certainly, I never saw so large a segment of a circle before. I have illustrated this by a diagram, and we will discuss the principle on Saturday. Well, on I rode, and reached Kirkaldy a full hour before the coach, having just escaped a complete ducking; for before I had put up the horses, down came the clouds in buckets; upon which I rejoiced, calculating that my friends the partridges would probably catch cold, and never try such difficult pieces of music, again. By and by, in came Mr. Heriot, holding a basket of greenhouse plants in one hand, and in the other a poor drookit black little gentleman whom he called Mr. Smith. So I gave him David's letter, and then entered into conversation with his sable friend. Do you know, dear Rachel, I'm getting very fond of Mr. Heriot. He said he would give you as many plants from his greenhouse as you chose, if you were fond of flowers; and that was kind. So that I am of opinion that 'Bob's a very fine boy.'

"We had a nice voyage over, and I got into conversation with a curious sort of a low character with a bundle under his arm, and a stick in his hand, with whom I conversed upon subjects of natural history and chemistry; but chiefly on wild ducks and the habits of sea-fowl. You know the long necked black cormorant, I dare say? He was very great upon them, and called them 'd——d black teugh b——s.' Strong language, thought I, as I politely bowed, and observed that I had tasted one in soup once. 'Ye'd find it bitter eneuch then,' said he; to which I assented. But I have no room for his conversation.

"Tom has given my book on Greek literature to Deighton the bookseller, and is to send me word what he will give for it in a short time."

The manuscript alluded to was an expansion of a paper which Mr. Tytler had read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, ten days previous to his marriage; entitled,—"An Historical and Critical Introduction to an inquiry into the Revival of Greek Literature in Italy, after the Dark Ages."* This short essay he subsequently enlarged considerably. Mr. Hog remembers a MS. extending to about a hundred folio pages, which was offered to Deighton, and declined. It is easy to imagine that a very little discouragement would have sufficed at this time to quench any ambition which Mr. Tytler might once have conceived to attain distinction in so difficult a department of literature. I am only surprised at his courage in ever conceiving such an undertaking at all.—To the same Mr. Hog, my friend wrote in the Autumn, as follows.

"36 Melville Street, Oct. 3rd, 1828.

"My dear Tommy,

"We came to town from Mount Esk to-day,—Rachel, little Mary, and myself; and are now once more snugly seated at the library fire-side; Rachel, reading your Blackwood's Magazine, and the light glancing cheerily on the gilding of the old folios which have been my constant companions for the last five months. There is a noise of tea-cups setting in the passage, and nursie's song has ceased in the top story, telling plainly that the wee pet is asleep. From this sketch you will understand the precise situation of our affairs. Rachel, altho' still far from strong, is a little better than when she first came from that intolerable hole, Harro-

* See Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. x. pp. 389–406.

gate. As for myself, I am well, altho' certainly a little fagged, not having had any recreation from the labour of writing, or reading for writing, during the last four or five months. I have now very nearly finished my second volume; and if I am spared, I hope to be in the printer's hands in November.

"I have not fired a shot, and often envied Jem at Taymouth, and you in the North. I often think of the pheasants, and the lamb lair, and long to be shooting with you and Johnny."*

The reader has now had sufficient insight into the domestic life of Mr. Tytler at this period. A tenderer husband, or one more entirely happy in his union with an amiable, artless, and highly accomplished woman, never lived. The successive births of three children,—Mary Stewart born in 1827, Alexander in 1831, and Thomas Patrick in 1833,—completed their wedded happiness. Their circumstances were far from affluent. From the very first I find allusions in their letters to economy and the little mysteries of housekeeping, with neither of which subjects there seems to have been much practical acquaintance on either side. But they had enough, and their tastes and desires were the reverse of extravagant. They seem in fact to have led the life almost of recluses in the midst of the gay capital during the winter months, abundantly happy in each other's society; while Rankeilour, (the residence of Mrs. Tytler's married sister Eleanor,) Newliston or Mount Esk, and occasionally a hired cottage, afforded a delightful change in the summer. This was rendered even necessary by the delicate health of Mrs. Tytler, to whom the air of Edinburgh proved unsuitable.

Never a person of robust constitution, this Lady almost from the year of her marriage, showed symptoms of decline.

* *To Thomas Hog, Esq.*, who was the guest of Sir John Hepburn.

Of this, the reader will have been made aware by the many anxious allusions in Tytler's letters, whenever he was separated from his Rachel for a few days. Those allusions to a feeble and delicate frame never cease, until that loving correspondence itself comes to a close. "Let me beseech you not to over-exert yourself in any way whatever. Do not walk much about the room: do not lift Mary, or keep her long on your knee: do not overtask your mind by reading or writing." * It was always thus! But affection ever deems its object immortal; and my friend, at first unsuspicious of danger, continually sustained himself with a strong hope that all might yet be well. The contrary anticipation crushed him. "O, dearest Rachel, I sometimes tremble when I think what desolation would fall on me, if anything befell you. If I pine under a separation of even a few days, and feel that even amid my own friends and family I feel solitary, what would become of this poor heart if you were to be torn away from it?" † His spirits rose and fell with his wife's variable health. Her cheerfulness revived him: her pains unmanned him quite. "When you smile and are happy and seem to be well, 'it is fresh morning with me,' as Shakspeare says somewhere. Every thing looks gay and gilded, and my spirits rise into joy, and move on as lightly as the little green-coloured wherry over our dear pond at Newliston. But all is instantly overcast to me when you are in pain. My spirits sink like lead. I plump down at once into despondency, and cannot be comforted." ‡

In the meantime he was working indefatigably at his History; Love now adding a stimulus where Ambition already supplied a sufficient spur. He was correcting the last proof of his first volume, in March 1828; and before September

* *To his wife*, 15th April, 1830. † 5 Feb. 1828.
‡ *To his wife*, 4th March, 1828.

in the following year, he had finished writing his third. For the publication of his work, he had already secured the good offices of Mr. Tait: his announcement of it in the newspapers, as 'preparing for the press,' in six volumes, having produced no proposals from the publishers either of Edinburgh or of London.

The first two volumes of the 'History of Scotland,' (which appeared respectively in 1828 and 1829,) were reviewed by Sir Walter Scott, in the Quarterly Review for November, 1829. He characterized the work with singular candour; noticing certain blemishes in a performance on which he nevertheless bestowed a very liberal measure of judicious commendation. It would be impossible, in fact, to withhold from this work the praise of having called attention, more perhaps than any which had preceded it, to the wondrous mine of historical information, yet unwrought, which exists in the State Paper Office. Chiefly interesting is Sir Walter's Review as supplying a novice with a general notion of the relation which Mr. Tytler's work bears to the labours of those who had preceded him in the same inquiry; as well as of the precise juncture at which he takes up the thread of his country's story. A wish is also twice expressed that "Mr. Tytler would bestow a portion of the research which he has brought to the later period, upon the dark ages preceding the accession of Alexander [III., 1249;] which might be made with advantage the subject of an introductory dissertation or volume. The facts are not, indeed, numerous; but cleared of the hypotheses which have been formed, and the spleen and virulence with which these have been defended, some account of Scotland from the earliest period, is a chapter of importance to the history of mankind." Accordingly, to produce such a volume, was long a favourite project with my friend; as I shall have occasion to show by and by. Let me, while on this subject, borrow the language of one who

has given an able and an accurate sketch of his life. It is as follows.

"He commenced with the reign of Alexander III., because it is only from this point that our national history can be properly authenticated. Edward I., who made such wild havoc with the Scottish muniments, so that no trace of Scotland as an independent kingdom should ever be found, was unable to annihilate the memory of the prosperity he had destroyed, the cruelties he had perpetrated, and the gallantry with which his usurpation had been overthrown; these were burnt in, as with a branding-iron, upon Scottish memory to the end of time; and Edward, by his work of demolition, only erected himself into a notorious pillar, to form a new starting-point for the national history to commence its glorious career. Tytler, however, knew that a stirring and eventful era had gone before, and that the early boyhood and youth of Scotland was not only full of interest, but a subject of intense curiosity; and doubly difficult though the task would have been, he had resolved, long before the History was ended, to explore this mythic period, and avail himself of such facts and probabilities as it afforded, in the form of a preliminary Dissertation.—He had also purposed to terminate his History, not at the Union of the two Crowns of England and Scotland under James I., but of the two kingdoms under Queen Anne. This, however, he subsequently found would have constituted a task equal in magnitude to all his past labours, and would have required a new life-time for its fulfilment; so that the design was abandoned."*—All this, however, is to anticipate.†

* From a memoir by the Rev. Thomas Thomson, contributed to the last edition of the *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, published by Blaikie of Glasgow.

† A few details on the subject of Tytler's History of Scotland, viewed rather on its commercial side, may not be unacceptable to some readers. Of the first volume, published in 1828, only 500 copies were at first printed. These sold

But the prosecution of his History, made it indispensable for my friend to obtain access to documents preserved in London. Accordingly, in the Spring of 1830, being desirous of consulting some of the MSS. in the State Paper Office, and the British Museum, as well as to pave the way for future works, he tore himself from the society of his beloved Rachel and his little child, and proceeded to London. He was further desirous of succeeding to the office of Historiographer of Scotland, whenever it should be vacant by the death of Dr. Gillies, who had already attained the age of 83.—Writing to his wife from Ripon, (13th March 1830,) he says, "Today, I visited Pontefract Castle, during the time that Helen rested, and saw the tower where Richard the Second is reported to have been murdered. I endeavoured to instruct an old gardener who was working amid the ruins, in *my* story as to his escape and death in Scotland; and found him not so bigoted as I expected, although he was past 70. But when once planted, these traditions stick to old Castles as tenaciously as the ivy which covers them." It is interesting to compare this passage with what Tytler says in the

rapidly, and 750 more followed. Of vols. ii. and iii., both issued in 1829, the impression was 1150: of vol. iv., (in 1831,) 1125. The remaining volumes (v. to ix.—so much had the author miscalculated the probable extent of his work, which after all he only brought down to the Union of *the Crowns*,—) appeared in 1834, 1837, 1840, 1842, and 1843.

As might have been foreseen in the case of so protracted a work, the sale of the latter volumes fell off very considerably. Yet the profit on the first edition was very considerable. A second edition, of 2000 copies, also in nine volumes, at half the price of the first, appeared between 1841 and 1843, and met with a good sale. For this, Mr. Tytler received 70*l.* per volume, as the volumes appeared. A third edition, in 7 volumes instead of 9, was published in 1845; for which Mr. Tait paid the Historian 500*l.* Of this impression, however, the sale has proved slow and unsatisfactory.

For these particulars, I am indebted to the obliging communications of the very intelligent publisher of the History. Mr. Tait reminds me that the second edition came out expressly as a *cheap* edition; the third as a handsome *library* edition.

third volume of his History of Scotland on the same subject,—p. 94.

In London, he found that Campbell had prepared a lodging for him in his house, 28 Leicester Square. Mr. James Hall (Basil Hall's brother) was with the sculptor when Tytler arrived; and at the Athenæum the two friends introduced him the same evening to Lord Melville, Davies Gilbert, and other persons of eminence to whom Tytler was already known by reputation. The President of the Royal Society used then to give a public breakfast every Thursday in the Society's apartments at Somerset House, as well as a *Conversazione* on Saturday; and here, Tytler met many of the most distinguished persons in literature and science in the metropolis. He also renewed his acquaintance with Mackintosh and Hibbert, and was welcomed by Lady Teignmouth, who had been kind to him when he was in London in 1809. But his heart was in Melville Street; and his first act on reaching London, was to send his wife a scheme for passing the day, assigning to every hour its occupation. A part of the afternoon was to be devoted to visiting the poor.

One of the most valuable of Tytler's London friends was the late J. G. Lockhart, editor of the Quarterly, who introduced him to Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street. The result of a few interviews with that enterprising publisher was that Tytler engaged to write for him the Lives of illustrious Scotchmen, to be completed in either four or six volumes. 'From the calculation I have made as to its extent,' (he writes to his wife,) 'I trust to complete it, if in four volumes, within this year, without materially impeding the progress of my History. This engagement itself is worth coming for. . . . . Besides, I have almost certainly secured the succession to the office of Historiographer for Scotland.' *

* *To his wife*, from 6 Sackville Street, (where Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fraser were lodging,) 2 April, 1830.

His letters to his wife were at first so full of *her*, that she begged him to speak a little more of himself. "I thought I knew before," (he says in reply,) "how deeply I loved you; but this last trial has discovered to me still deeper depths of love. No wonder that my letters are full of you! But since you wish me to say more about myself, I shall obey.

"You know I used to be much at Dalmahoy before our marriage; and on calling with James Hall on Lady Morton and her mother Lady Buller, at their respective mansions, I was very joyously welcomed. . . . . At Lady Morton's, one evening, I met with Washington Irving. I had heard him described as a very silent man, who was always observing others, but seldom opened his lips. Instead of which, his tongue never lay still; and he gets out more wee wordies in a minute, than any ordinary converser does in five. But I found him a very intelligent and agreeable man. I put him in mind of his travelling with our dear Tommy. He had at first no recollection; but I brought it back to his memory by the incident of the little black dog, who always went before the horses in pulling up hill, and pretended to assist them. I put him in mind of his own wit, 'that he wondered if the doggie mistook himself for a horse;' at which he laughed and added,—'Yes, and thought it very hard that he was not rubbed down at the end of the journey.'

"On Friday last, I dined at Lord Teignmouth's, where I met Lord Hill, (Sir Rowland Hill that was;) I suppose the best soldier in Europe, after the Duke of Wellington. He fought like a lion all through the Peninsular war, and had the second command after the Duke. I was much astonished when I saw him. Instead of a bold-looking soldier, there slipped into the room a short pot-bellied body, with a sweet round facie, and a remarkably mild expression, who seemed afraid of the sound of his own voice; speaking in a lisp, and creeping about the chairs and tables, as if he had a

great inclination to hide himself under them. I almost laughed outright when I was told this was the famous Lord Hill. So there is no trusting to physiognomy.

"Today, I was introduced to Lord Holland, and Lord John Russell, by Mr. Allen, a literary man of some note who lives at Holland House." *

He gives his impressions, after hearing a debate in the House of Lords, in the following letter.

"The House has nothing very imposing in it. The only striking thing is the old tapestry on the walls, which is much faded, but interesting from the having been put up by Elizabeth at the time of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and from its containing the representation of the action. The speaking disappointed me much. There was little or nothing like eloquence, or even energy, and a great deal of bombastic trash and drivelling. The speeches of the young lords in particular put me very forcibly in mind of the themes and declamations we used to compose at school. I have heard more real eloquence from Cockburn, in ten minutes, than in the orations of all the noble lords together, although they were at it from 5 o'clock till 1 in the morning. I could hardly believe my eyes when the Duke of Wellington was pointed out to me. Instead of the fine-looking fellow whom I recollect seeing in 1814 in Paris,† there rose up a wee cruppen in shrivelled body; composed, as it appeared to me, of nothing but bones, and parchment wrapt over them, with silver-white hair, and a nose which was so large as to throw all the other features into the back ground. But his voice was loud and clear, and his speaking, although it had no pretensions to oratory, pleased me better than that of most there. It was plain and much to the point, though a little abrupt and inelegant. You will laugh, I dare say, when I

* *To his wife*, dated 6 Sackville Street, 5th April, 1830.

† See above, p. 91.

tell you that in personal appearance, he is a mixture between William Tytler and Sir Robert Liston. On the whole, I think the best speakers were the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Holland,—both in opposition."*

Tytler's visit to the metropolis must have been as pleasant as it was successful. He found much to his purpose among the manuscript treasures of the British Museum; and having been introduced at the State Paper Office by Lord Melville, he there beheld the promise of yet more important discoveries awaiting him, when he should reach the reign of King James V. (1513.) But his heart was far away; and neither the delightful acquaintances he was daily making, nor the pleasure of reviving several ancient friendships, nor even his literary pursuits, could reconcile him to such protracted banishment from his adored wife. To quote his own characteristic illustration, he "soon began to feel like the old gentleman who, when he lost at cards, used to say, 'Baaby, *I'm no diverted.*'" "Now," (he adds,) "although I have not lost, but gained, in London, still, I'm no diverted; and every day brings with it more ardent longings to be with my love. I dream of her, and of Mary, and feel an irresistible desire to be once more in our quiet home, working at my books, with my sweet Rachel sitting beside me, and dear Mary playing on the floor. . . . . The greatest pleasure I have had in London, has been in hearing Dr. Jennings and his assistant preach, and in attending the Communion at their Chapel."†

His last letter from London, explains what he meant by saying that he had gained, not lost, by his visit to the metropolis. "In the event of Dr. Gillies' death," (he writes,) "I think, if I am spared, the Historiographership will be mine,—which would give us an addition of 300*l.* a year. This

* *To his wife*, 18th March, 1830. † *To his wife*, April 8th, 1830.

morning, I signed the agreement for the 'Lives of illustrious Scotchmen,' to be at my own option, either in three or four volumes; and I trust that I shall be able, without overworking myself, to complete the work within the twelve months, receiving on the publication of each volume two hundred guineas.

"I have promised, after I have completed the Scottish Lives, to write a popular history of the Reformation of Religion, which will extend at least to four volumes: and from what I see is going on in the literary world here, I feel confident that, with moderate care and industry on my part, I may turn my literary pursuits to such good account as to make a permanent addition of no inconsiderable kind to our income; six or seven hundred a-year, at the least."*—With such sanguine expectations, Tytler returned to Edinburgh a few days after the date of the foregoing letter, and rejoined his wife at Mount Esk.

The following note written to the same lady at the end of six weeks is undated; but must have been written from Melville Street at the end of June.

"My beloved Rachel.—Your commissions came on a bad day, for the shops were all shut till near 2 o'clock, in consequence of the King's Proclamation; and ribbon sellers, sago sellers, shoemakers, Justice clerks, and all that tribe of cattle were strutting about, huzzaing with weepers on,—looking grave with one half of their faces, for the late King's lamented death; and merry with the other moiety of their countenances, for the present Monarch's joyful accession. Tom, Jem and I acted our parts on the top of a shed, beside the fountain-well, with great satisfaction to ourselves and the public; and Sir Patrick Walker, with an old table-cloth round his shoulders, and a cocked hat that seemed to have been purloined from a scare-crow, led the procession, strut-

* *To his wife*, 2nd May, 1830.

ting before the Justice clerk and Lord Cringeltie,—who looked very like Noodle and Doodle in the procession in Tom Thumb.

"But I am forgetting your commissions. You will receive in a band-box all the things you mention, except the gauze black ribbon." A whimsical account of the writer's perplexity in the matter of the ribbon, follows.

"Dr. M—— is a very odd man. I met him today, and put him in mind of his promise to show me a sketch of Robert Bruce's skull. 'No time so good as the present,' said he; and hauled me away with his large paws, (which never know the luxury of gloves, and scarcely that of water,) into his house. As I was coming in, he turned sharp round and said,—'Mr. Tytler, have you any picture of your Wife? Why, Sir, she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw in the whole course of my life!' I of course bowed, and looked delighted. 'Have you any picture, Sir?' 'Yes, Doctor, one little picture by Macleay, but it does not please me very much. I don't think it does her justice.' 'Very likely, Sir,' said he; 'but I'll put you on a plan by which you will get the most perfect likeness in the world. Will you be at home to-night, and allow me to call upon you? I'll bring the drawing of Bruce along with me, and explain my plan for Mrs. Tytler's picture.' At this moment, a white-faced wretch of a doctor's apprentice put his head into the room; so I made my bow and walked away."

And now, to have recourse again to the friendly manuscript contributed by Miss A. F. Tytler.—"In December, 1830, there was a change of Ministry; Brougham being made Lord Chancellor, and Lord Grey Premier. All the Whigs came in. My Brother lost his office, and in consequence was obliged to let his house. It was fortunate he was beginning to gain by his works. He had then just completed in 10 weeks his first volume of the Scottish Worthies. He was

also going on with his History of Scotland, which was so highly thought of, that he had at that time applications from various quarters to undertake new works. But those were gloomy times; and the disorderly state of the lower ranks was becoming quite alarming. On the 4th April, 1831, shameful riots took place in Edinburgh, and my Brother was in much alarm for the safety of his wife, who had been confined only a few days before.

"The second reading of the Bill for Parliamentary Reform having been carried by a majority of only one in the House of Commons, the friends of this measure instigated the people to illuminate. The magistrates at first refused, but afterwards, weakly yielded to the solicitations of the mob; and the consequence was that the Tories had scarcely a pane of glass left in their windows. Ours were completely smashed. The yelling was tremendous, and the crashing of the windows was so great, that we thought every moment that it was the street-door they were forcing. Then, as they moved on, the shout from a thousand voices of 'Now for the other Tytlers,' carried dismay to our hearts; and the houses of both my brothers, and also of my uncle, Colonel Tytler, shared the same fate. Such a spirit of disorder was abroad that even the houses of the other party were not respected. Joseph Bell had 102 panes of glass broken. Their fury at all of the name of Dundas was unbounded. Mr. James Dundas, St. Andrew's Square, was dying at the time. His daughters had bark laid before the door, the bell tied up, and even the house illuminated; but all would not do. In vain the man stationed at the door warned the mob, that a dying person was in the house. They only shouted the louder, and battered every pane of glass in their fury, even in the sick man's chamber.—The same scene was acted in Melville Street also. Mr. William Bonar lay in the same state of danger. With both, the

agitation was so great as to produce delirium, and both died the following night. Many said we were on the brink of a revolution. Nothing was talked, read, or thought of, but those subjects.

"My Brother's golden promises were not then realized. Two volumes of the 'Scottish Worthies' were ready for Murray; but Murray being of opinion that there never was a worse time for bringing them out, delayed the publication and consequently the payment." The fourth volume of the History of Scotland however appeared in 1831.

In the Spring of 1832, Tytler conveyed his wife, still the same sad invalid as ever, to his Mother's cottage at Mount Esk. "You will see," (he says, writing to his sister Isabella, who was then, together with many other members of the family, in London;) "by this 'sweet date' that we have embraced your kind offer, and removed to Mount Esk for a few weeks. We came out on the 4th, and found everything delightful; the weather enchanting, and really as warm as June; the poplars, larches, and plane trees all out in leaf, and the borders all covered with primroses and daffodillies. I do think that dear Rachel is already the better for the delightful air. She walked to day a little on the terrace leaning on me; and sitting down on the portable chair, enjoyed the singing of the birds, the warmth of the air, and the beautiful prospect; dear Mary playing at her feet, and with a complexion which shames the rose. Her delight at coming here cannot be described, and little Alexander's eyes sparkle like drops of dew when he sees all the wonders of this brave new world opening upon him; for he has never, since he could fix his sight on any thing, seen aught before, but stone walls, and smoky chimney tops." *

"When we came out here," (he says in another letter,) "Peggy Dobie received us with open arms." I quote the

* *To his sister Isabella*, April 6th, 1832.

passage for the sake of the readers of 'Mary and Florence,' —a child's story-book, written by his sister, with matchless skill and humour. He then expatiates on the literary undertakings which were at that time engaging his attention. "We have this day been two weeks here, and it really seems but a few days, the time has glided away so happily. I rise pretty early, and having none of the interruptions of town, get through a good deal of work; so that I think I shall finish the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, by the end of April. It will make one volume of Oliver and Boyd's Library; and as the subject is full of variety and interest, will, I hope, be an amusing piece of biography. I have also, I think, succeeded in throwing some new light upon one portion of his history, which has hitherto been very confused and obscure; and have traced his ruin to its real author, more satisfactorily than has yet been done. My other volume for Oliver and Boyd, (the Historical Dissertation on the progress of Discovery in America,*) is almost all printed, and Murray is pretty well on with the second volume of the Scottish Worthies; so that in May, if I am spared, and blessed with that same uninterrupted good health which GOD has so long and so graciously given me, I shall have time to complete the 5th and 6th volumes of my History. The idea of getting to this favourite work, and having an intermission from those other labours which are necessary for the support of the family, is very delightful; and yet, I must say, the Life of Raleigh has been a very interesting employment."

Mrs. Tytler's health, which had long been a source of increasing anxiety to her husband, showed no signs of re-establishment; and when the Autumn drew on, the doctors

* 'Historical View of the progress of Discovery on the more northern coast of America from the earliest period to the present time.' This was published (like the Life of Raleigh,) in Oliver and Boyd's 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' in August, 1832. There was a second *issue* of this work, but only one *edition*. It has been reprinted in America.

were unanimous in recommending that she should make trial of a southern climate. My friend's Mother and sisters were at this time staying at Leamington, on account of the delicate health of Miss Isabella Tytler, and thither it was determined that he should convey his family in the first instance. Accordingly, he made arrangements for a prolonged absence from Edinburgh; and on the 7th August, took his departure. "I have now," (he writes on the 1st), "got very near my winding up. The printers' imps are quiet; the books packed up; our arrangements nearly completed; and I trust that, on Monday, we shall be able to set out. Rachel, dear lamb, looks forward with pleasure to the journey. Mary has orders to pack up all her little books, and playthings. I have bought a fishing-rod and tackle, for the sole purpose of fishing in old Izaak Walton's river, the Dove near Matlock. We have prepared sketch-books, pencils, &c., and in short all of us, even down to little Alexander, are determined to strain every nerve to be very happily idle.

"My plan is to leave Rachel and the bairns with you, and to proceed to London; as my last sheet of Raleigh is kept for final corrections to be made in the State Paper Office. When I return to Leamington, our plans must be regulated by what Dr. Jephson thinks best for Rachel. For this winter, it is evident the continent is entirely out of the question; and from present appearances, no one can tell how soon both France and Italy may be shut against us by a general continental war. But if all things were quiet, and I could carry my books with me so as to proceed with my works, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to pass a winter at Rome." *

* *To his sister Ann*, 1st August, 1832.

CHAPTER IX.

(1832—1835.)

Tytler removes his family to Torquay—The journey—His literary diligence—Life of Raleigh—Scottish Worthies—and History of Scotland—Prosecutes his studies—at Bute—and in London—Letters to his wife—Death of Mrs. Tytler.

TYTLER'S practice, on undertaking such a journey as this, was to furnish himself with a little memorandum-book, which served the combined purposes of journal, sketch-book, (he was not much of a draughtsman,) and account-book, throughout the expedition. Not unfrequently, extracts from rare historical volumes or MSS. are, in this way, interspersed with the most irrelevant and ephemeral notices imaginable. The beginning of his Journal to Leamington is characteristic. "We left Melville Street at 4 o'clock on a lovely day; and the drive to Fushie Bridge and by Gala water was enchanting. I rose early and cast a line in Gala water, but the trouts would not look at the fly. I caught a minnow, and had a nibble, and was very happy."

In the evening, he wrote:—"Nothing could be more delightful than our journey today. The weather was highly favourable,—a grey morning, which, as the sun got up higher, expanded into a golden harvest day. The country thro' which we travelled by Gala Water, Tweed side, Yair, Hawick, Branksome, Gilnochie, has ever been to me perhaps the most interesting part of all Scotland. It is pastoral, and patriarchal in its simplicity; full of the sweetest natural beauties; prodigally stored with historical and poetical associations. The very words, 'Yarrow braes,' 'Gala Water,'

'Branksome,' 'Tweed,' 'Philiphaugh,' 'Melrose,'—how many interesting and romantic recollections do they not call up! It is a country which, to a Scotsman, breathes the very soul of legendary poetry. The charming old ballad of 'the Flowers of the Forest,' came fresh upon me. The bloody field of Flodden, the bra' foresters that never came back to their desolate homes; the gallant bowmen of Selkirk lying stiff and stark around their king; the voice of lamentation 'in ilka green loanin,'—all rose like a magic picture, as we threaded the road round the Yair, and climbed the hill towards Selkirk. Awakening from these dreams to the romantic realities of the scenery, certainly nothing could be imagined more beautiful than the country, as it lay in its green expanse before us, with the silver Tweed winding thro' it, and glittering in the sun. It was hay-making time, and the fragrance was full of health and delight. We saw innumerable groups of lads and lasses, all busily employed, cutting or spreading the meadow hay; whilst the children were sporting amidst the hay-cocks. The fields are ripening to harvest, some cut down already; and on many of the burn sides, linens were laid out to bleach; an incident full of much beauty in Nature, tho' a painter with his hands tied up in the fetters of harmonious colouring, would shudder to attempt its introduction.

"The stage from Mosspaul to Langholm, and from Langholm to Longton, contains, as is well known, some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland. We travelled it in the evening, when the landscape was gilded by the setting sun,—a stream of hazy and glowing light on hill and river, tower and tree. The spirit of the season was breathing from everything; and we inhaled it in love and gratitude to Him who hath made all 'very good.'"—Tytler was in fact traversing that very scenery with which Sir Walter Scott has made the whole civilized world familiar; which the great novelist had

himself surveyed for the last time about a month before; and in the midst of which he lay even now a-dying.* Tytler must have been aware of the state of his friend, and felt the contrast between the living beauty of the landscape and the gloom which already hung over Abbotsford; for he has written opposite to the extract from his journal last quoted,—

> "'T was sad to think that he who sung
> The border-wars in deathless lays
> With spirit dark and harp unstrung"—

The verses, which seem to have come unwillingly, are scored through and through; but the fragment needs no interpreter, and shows of what he was thinking as he wound his way across the Scottish Border, and at last rested at Kendal. On the 16th August, the little party reached Leamington,—visiting Warwick Castle with immense satisfaction, the next day. He described to me, many years after, the delight with which he had there surveyed the portrait of Gondomar.

In pursuance of the plan announced in his letter to his sister, Tytler repaired to the metropolis early in the ensuing week; but it was some days before he effected, through Lord Melbourne's kindness, an entrance into the State Paper Office, and sat down to transcribe Sir Walter Raleigh's

* "At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala, he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently, he murmured a name or two—"Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, *turning himself* on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight."—Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vii. p. 385.

Sir Walter Scott expired on the 21st September, 1832.

Journal. "In every corner," he says, "I saw around me bales of old manuscripts; and longed to look at them; but my order embraces only one paper, and I must be content. Perhaps through the politeness of the clerk, I may obtain a glance at some other papers." It was altogether an author's visit to the metropolis. Murray, finding it necessary to bring to a close his 'Family Library,' for which Tytler had already written two volumes ('Lives of illustrious Scotchmen,') with liberty to write two more, requested that he would restrict himself to a single additional volume. The publisher was further strenuous for the appearance of that concluding volume in November. To both his requests, Tytler acceded. His second volume had left the life of King James I. incomplete; and the conclusion of that life, as well as four short additional memoirs, he was determined to achieve, if possible, in the course of the next two months. The only real difficulty in his way was the want of books of reference. Leamington could not supply them: and his Rachel was in too feeble a state of health to make her residence in London feasible. For the moment, my friend returned to Leamington, and devoted three weeks to the prosecution of this task; after which, in compliance with Dr. Jephson's advice, who recommended for Mrs. Tytler a winter's sojourn at Torquay, on a golden autumn evening, (September 26th,) he set off with his little family for Stratford on Avon. "The bust of Shakspeare," (he writes in his journal,) "is particularly worthy of notice; and I am persuaded that, rude and somewhat stiff as is the sculpture, the likeness is a more faithful one than if a far higher artist had been employed. The forehead is noble; the delicate outline of the eye-brows, the nose, and the nostril, are all striking, and indicative of genius. The upper lip is long almost to a defect; and the cheeks, mouth, and chin, are fleshy, good-humoured, and somewhat like a jolly friar. Most of the prints which

I recollect, exaggerated the forehead: making it somewhat higher than in the bust: whereas it is remarkable not so much for its height, as for its fulness and beautiful delicacy of outline. Yet it is high too; though not like a towering sugar-loaf as some prints make it." *

Tytler was obliged to make a hurried journey through Oxford. "We however staid an hour; and Rachel and I got a peep at the Bodleian Library. A noble place, certainly! It was but a passing glance; yet delight was mingled with regret; and if it pleases GOD to spare me, we shall I trust return again. The quiet, ancient, monastic look of the place,—the grey tranquillity thrown over all,—the noble stores of books and manuscripts,—and the great men looking down from the walls,—all seem to make this place the very retirement which a student might desire, or rather dream of. And yet, after all, it might rather produce indolent enjoyment of what has been done, than energy to do something oneself!" †

Leaving Oxford, the travellers made their way across the bare downs of Berkshire; inspected Chaucer's Castle, (Donnington, near Newbury,) and the palace of William of Wykeham at Bishop's Waltham, and reached Southsea on the 29th September. Mrs. Tytler's sister, Eleanor, whose health was so delicate as to render it necessary that she should immediately make trial of the climate of Madeira, (she died there on the 9th January following!) was already at Portsmouth, intending to set sail by the first opportunity. At the end of a month she took her voyage, accompanied by her husband, her sister Charlotte, and three of her children: after which, (27th Oct.) Tytler and his wife set off for Torquay, taking Salisbury in their route, not only in order to visit the cathedral, (so full of historical reminiscences!)

* From his *Journal*—27th Sept. † From the same.

but especially with a view to visiting Sherborne, the seat of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Torquay supplied to every member of the little party what they most wanted. To Mrs. Tytler's delicate constitution, a mild air: to her husband, literary leisure. Meantime, his eye, ever alive to the picturesque in nature, reposed with delight on the beauty of the scenery by which he was surrounded. Writing to his sister-in-law in Madeira, on the 3rd December, he says:—"The view of the bay and the romantic country round it, as I returned from a ride into the neighbourhood this evening, was most exquisite. The sea was one sheet of gold, the heaven full of repose and beauty; the long onyx-looking streaks of red light upon a sweet blue ground, and the evening-star glittering like a diamond upon the brow of night, all made up a picture, or rather a reality, than which nothing could be imagined more beautiful. I felt grateful to GOD for the loveliness of His Creation."*

The late Lord Northampton was at that time staying at Torquay, also on account of the health of the Marchioness, whom Tytler had known as the accomplished Miss Clephane Maclean of Torloisk. This lady's mother, to whom Tytler was extremely attached, was also at Torquay. There was therefore no lack of congenial society. The third and concluding volume of 'Lives of Scottish Worthies' had been unavoidably delayed by his recent domestic anxieties: but I find from an Almanack Journal which he kept in 1833, that he worked at it daily, until the 17th January, when it left his hands. He makes a memorandum that, on the next day, he "drew frontispiece to Sir D. Lindsay." This was the last of the twelve Worthies whose lives are contained in the work above alluded to.

It is a singular proof of his diligence and persevering

* *To Miss Charlotte Hog*, dated Torquay, 3rd Dec. 1832.

earnestness, that after devoting three days to clearing off arrears of correspondence, he should have at once resumed his History. He has made the following Memorandum against Monday 21st January,—"Commenced collecting for 5th volume of my History. Prayed earnestly." Correcting the press of the Scottish Worthies and compiling an appendix to the work, interrupted and occupied him until the 30th; but, on the very next day, he was "collecting for 5th volume of History" again. He began to write that volume on the 13th February. On the last day of the same month his 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh' was published;* (the preface is dated Torquay, 15th Dec. 1832,) and on the 27th March, the concluding volume of the Scottish Worthies appeared.

On Easter Monday, (8th April,) the Tytlers left Torquay; the season being now sufficiently advanced to render a further residence in that mild climate unnecessary. After a sojourn of about four months in London, or its immediate vicinity, during which time he was almost daily at the State Paper Office or at the British Museum, (a short visit to Castle Ashby, being the only relaxation which he allowed himself,) my friend took his family northward; reaching Edinburgh, after exactly a year's absence. His object was to deposit his wife at Rankeilour, the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. David Maitland Makgill, who had come back from Madeira about three months previous; and thence, to make a hasty journey to the metropolis alone, in order to get on with the 5th volume of his History, and return to his wife at the end of a very few weeks. Campbell, ('a

* 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, founded on authentic and original documents, some of them never before published.' Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, the publishers, inform me that separate impressions of this work, (which appeared in their 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,') were thrown off in 1840, 1844, 1846, and 1847. It has been reprinted in America.

friend,' he writes, 'who has never failed to meet me like a brother,') made him again his guest; and for a fortnight, he toiled at his work incessantly, bestowing upon it at least nine hours a day. Before breakfast, he commonly wrote for two hours: at the State Paper Office, he studied from 11 till 4: and he wrote for two hours more in the evening. Let any one try what it is so to work, under mental anxiety combined with the fatigues of travel, and he will not be surprised to hear that, as soon as the excitement was over, Tytler's health gave way. He returned however to Edinburgh. His wife presented him with a little boy, (Thomas Patrick, the third and last of his children,) on the last day of September; and he was assiduously engaged with his History both before and after that event. As might be expected, on the 7th October, he was 'not very well'; the next day 'unable to work'; the next day, 'laid up, in bed'; the next day, 'twelve leeches,' &c. &c.

He had, in fact, a sharp attack, which almost entirely disabled him for six weeks. His wife was all the while feeble,—feebler than ever; and it became apparent that for her to spend another winter in Edinburgh, was out of the question. The physicians talked of Devonshire for the next three or four years, as her probable fate. "At last," (he writes to his brother-in-law at Rankeilour,) "Drs. Abercromby and Beilby have decided that, taking all circumstances into consideration, Rothesay in Bute will be the best place of residence for this winter."* Accordingly, on the 29th November, my friend conveyed his wife and three children thither. His books accompanied him; and with restored health, came renewed application. He resumed the 5th volume of his History,—of which he had written the first words on the 13th February; worked at it every

* *To David Maitland Makgill, Esq., of Rankeilour*, dated Melville Street, 6th Nov. 1833.

day; and had the satisfaction of bringing it to a conclusion on the last day of the year,—31st Dec. 1833. It cost him more trouble, he said, than any of its predecessors.

Charming doubtless in summer, the Isle of Bute is not the kind of place one would select for a sojourn in December. His wife, writing to her brother, says,—"Peter's lament over the loss of anything like a bookseller's shop is very touching. I think it was the first question he asked Miss Gardner, who told him with great simplicity that he might get *writing-paper* in Rothesay. He has however attacked his own repository in real earnest; and forgotten all his promises to the doctors of moderation in study."—"Do not credit all that Rachel says about my having forgot my resolution about moderation," (writes Tytler, on the same sheet;) "for I assure you I have not. And indeed, with the constant watching of the weather, and whipping out and in, in the fair blinks and squalls, my time is chiefly occupied in putting off and on my hat,—a very innocent and moderate kind of life; is it not?" * But the most lively picture of a student's winter in Bute is afforded by a letter which he wrote to his sister Ann.

"General Sir John Hope and Lady Hope called upon us the other day in a storm of wind and rain, which alarmed us, but seemed to give them no annoyance. Indeed, I do not quite like to see the composure with which the people here walk about in the rain; and begin to augur that they and it are too *sib* together. It is a great blessing however to have a comfortable warm house over your head, and to look out upon the waves with their white crests, and the hills with their snowy tops, and the sea-gulls wheeling under our windows, as objects only of the picturesque.

"It would have amused you to see how much I was put about to fit up my library and stow away my large books;

* *To Thomas Hog, Esq.*, 10th Dec. 1833.

yet, considering my difficulties, I have been wonderfully successful. My best friend was an old flower-pot-stand, which, with my gilt-backed and parchment-covered little octavos arranged upon its circular shelves, has been transformed into a very elegant and original looking book-case. I have now recommenced my labour on the 5th volume of the History, which I hope will soon be ready for the press; but I mean to follow Rachel's advice, and take things moderately. As to books, I shall find no want; for, on passing thro' Glasgow, I discovered that my friend Mr. Kerr had procured for me the uncommon privilege of having books sent me here from the Library of the University."*

Speaking of his children, (after discussing Thomas Patrick's infantine casualties,) he says,—"Mary and Alexander are both well; and really, altho' it comes from me, very excellent and amusing children. Sandy is full of odd and droll tricks: warm in his affections, violent in his passions, very ready to forgive an injury, and very ready also with his hands when he thinks he has a good ground of quarrel. Mary is far gentler, less apt to give vent to her feelings, but very tractable and teachable. Indeed, she devours books, and even reads my old Chronicles. Her sense of the ludicrous is very strong, and her laugh so long and hearty, that it does you good to hear it. The two are quite companions, not only to each other but to ourselves,—altho' sometimes a little too noisy in their mirth." †

Early in February, Tytler left his wife and little ones at Rothesay, and repaired for a while to his old haunts in London,—the State Paper Office and the British Museum. He desired to superintend the printing of his fifth volume, (it appeared in 1834,) and was already in want of materials

* Rothesay, 6th Dec. 1833.

† *To his sister Ann*, dated Rothesay, 28th Jan. 1834.

for his sixth. The letters which he wrote at this time to his wife are the last which he ever sent her. Replete are they, every one, with the same exquisite tenderness as when he first won her love; as pious, as was everything he wrote when he thought that no eye but hers would see it.

"My first feeling in London has been this time the same as it always is, a sense of loneliness and desertion; the misery of bustle, with the consciousness of solitude. This, I seek to relieve in two ways; the first, (for which I bless GOD,) is to pray often, wherever I may be, and to seek a nearer communion with the source of all Love and Goodness, in His own way, thro' my Saviour. This calms me, and I am at peace. The second, is to write to my best and dearest love, who is and ever will be more perfectly dear than any mortal thing; and to whom my thoughts, in absence, constantly revert with a fondness I cannot explain or describe." *

His business was now to get on with the works he had in hand; and allusions to his literary occupations abound in every letter. With these, he ever intermingles, (as his manner was,) something playful.— "The more I see of the rich and voluminous stores of manuscript which exist in London," he writes, "the more I am compelled to wonder that so little use has been hitherto made of them. The English historians have been absolutely living in the midst of a Golconda of manuscripts, a mine full of the richest jewels, and have been contented to build their works from Birmingham pastes. It is passing strange, and tantalizing to those who cannot have constant access to such treasures; but I shall make the most of my time, and try to copy, as much as I can, not forgetting Henry VIII." †

"My printers now that they have begun, keep me exceed-

* *To his wife*, from 15 Great Marlborough Street, 11th Feb. 1834.

† *To his wife*, from 11 Taunton Place, Regent's Park, 18th Feb. 1834.

ingly busy. I have been working also on Henry VIIIth; and this, with an endeavour to collect materials for my sixth volume, and to examine the various depôts of manuscripts, holds me in constant employment. But I obey your directions, my own dear love, and walk as much as possible; and as the British Museum, the State Paper Office, the Chapter House at Westminster, and the Heralds' College, are at considerable distances, I get through a great deal of exercise as well as literary labour.

"I dined yesterday at Æneas Macintosh's. It was quite a small party; but there was a Sir James Hillyer there, an old navy captain bred by Lord Nelson, whom I took a great fancy to. Lady Hillyer and her daughter, a young unaffected girl, gave us in the evening some music in so exquisite a style, that I could not help wishing over and over again that my own Rachel had been sitting beside me. Miss Hillyer played the harp as finely as any professional performer, besides having a rich full voice, and no airs or trumpery. Her taste was admirable; but the old Admiral insisted on joining, and sung out as if he had been hailing a French man of war, till his wife stopped him, and sent him away from the piano. It was a very funny scene, but the veteran bore it with perfect good humour." *

"I must not forget to tell you about the party at the Duke of Sussex's. As far as splendid rooms, (7 or 8 in a suite,) and brilliant lighting could go, it was grand enough; but the brilliance was cast upon as odd looking a set of old codgers, as ever my eyes lighted on. Some five or six hundred philosophers and antiquarians, poets, painters, artists of all descriptions, interspersed with some Bishops, prime Ministers, Earls, Marquises, and big wigs.

"On the tables were models of machines, maps, mathematical instruments; odd looking clocks, and strange unin-

* *To his wife*, 1st March 1834.

telligible contrivances. In one corner was a little fellow, with a huge head of white hair, and a face scarcely human, lecturing upon the pyramids to a circle of literati, some of them more odd looking than himself. In another part stood the Royal Duke, surrounded by a cluster of *savans*, talking very loud about the constellations and signs of the zodiac, in a voice like a child's penny trumpet. . . . I saw Prince Talleyrand, a most inhuman looking old man, tottering under the weight of years, with long white hair flowing on his shoulders, and a face like a haggard old witch. Could I have had any one to point out to me the various eminent men who I daresay were there, it might have been much more entertaining; but although I saw some antiquaries and keepers of manuscripts whom I knew, I could not bother them by asking questions, which at all times I detest doing." *

At this time, in the prospect of an immediate vacancy in the keepership of the Records in the Chapter House, Westminster, several candidates for that office entered the field; and Tytler's claims were powerfully urged upon Lord Grey, who was then Premier, and in whose gift the appointment rested. "The salary is 400*l.* a year," he writes: "the duties, exactly such as I am entitled, from my knowledge and experience, to think I can perform." It was, in fact, exactly the office for which his devotion to history, his enlightened familiarity with ancient documents, his popular manners, and his energetic and conciliatory disposition, seemed to qualify him. His slender income and his wife's feeble health supplied an additional inducement; and he became very anxious to succeed. "Whichever way it may be decided," he says, "I have to bless GOD that there is impressed on my mind, (and it comes alone from Him!) the most sweet and certain conviction that if success is for

* *To his wife*, 6th March 1834.

my *real* good, it will most assuredly be given. If I succeed, it will be with His blessing: if I fail, still it will be with His blessing. Why then should I for a moment be anxious?" * Anxious, however, he was, as his letters show; and his unremitting exertions to complete his collections for his History, which was the business which had brought him to London, quite wore him out. "Amid my present toil," he writes to his beloved Rachel, "your letters are a most sweet consolation. They quite overcome me when I read them; and I feel that whatever disappointment may come, to return and repose on such a heart, and be the object of such fond and wakeful love, is enough to work an immediate cure." †—At the end of a few days, he learnt that the office had been bestowed upon another.

"The place has been given to Sir Francis Palgrave: and now that it is all fixed, and my mind out of suspense, I bless GOD that He enables me to feel not only not disappointed, but happy, and quite assured that He, in His infinite Wisdom, has ordained all well. Every step I took in the affair, I have since carefully thought over; and there is none that I would not repeat. I prayed constantly for guidance and direction, and have been enabled to act throughout in such a way, that all that is right, and open, and just has been on our side. . . . But it is a very long story, my beloved Rachel, and I will not attempt to give you the particulars till we meet, which please GOD will not I trust be long now. The affair, although ended as far as concerns the place being given, is not ended as to the consequences. The Record Commission, will I trust be brought before Parliament; and I think it very likely, that it will be knocked on the head. No one has been more active in this matter than both Patrick Stewart, and Hibbert. Sydney Smith too, has

* *To his wife*, from 15 Gt. Marlborough Street, 11th March, 1834.

† *To his wife*, 22nd March, 1834.

acted a very straightforward and friendly part; and as for my dear Campbell, he absolutely bearded the lion in his den. It ought however to be said, in justice to Lord Grey, that all that he has done has been perfectly honourable and consistent." * When next he wrote,—"The disappointment, (I scarcely ought to use so strong a word,) has been let fall so gently on me, that although at one time my hopes were sanguine, and I felt something of the joy of approaching independence, I can now say that my mind is perfectly peaceful and happy. I feel that all has been regulated by infinite Love, and perfect Wisdom."†

No further letters from Tytler to his wife remain to be quoted; and I cannot take leave of his correspondence without declaring that I never before met with such a picture of entire and devoted affection. Many a passage I have thought too sacred for transcription. His love surely deepened as years went by,—unchecked in its ardour even by those trials which a wife's protracted illness may be supposed to occasion. Solicitude about her health, anxiety about his little children, are the burthen of every letter; and the rest is a picture of a soul overflowing with humble piety, and a mind which was never inactive. The early morning found him at his desk, and he begrudged every hour which was given to society. Before the end of April, he found himself again at Rothesay, surrounded by all that he loved best on earth.

Early in 1835, Mr. Tytler in a letter to his brother-in-law adverted anxiously to his wife's state: but he little knew how ill she really was. "I do not think it at all probable," (he wrote at the end of a week,) "that we shall attempt to pass another winter in Scotland; and could I make it agree with my plan for finishing the History,

* *To his wife*, from 15 Gt. Marlborough Street, April 4th, 1834.

† *To his wife*, April 9th, 1834.

which is not impracticable, I think it would be very delightful if we could all settle for some years at Rome."* So unsuspectingly did he reckon on a future for his wife which was never to be realized! Her disease, affectionately as he had watched its progress, had secretly made a rapid stride; and it soon became apparent that the climate of Murieston was not nearly warm enough for so delicate a constitution as hers. The visit to London which he had meditated, was abandoned; and from being generally anxious, he became full of most distressing apprehensions. On the 25th of March, by the advice of the physicians, he conveyed his wife to Rothesay. "The weather was so calm," (he says,) "that Rachel lay all the voyage on deck, on her mattress, which we carried with us." She seemed already so much better, that her husband, with that blindness for which love is proverbial, hoped he beheld "the beginning of a perfect recovery." But every distressing symptom which had driven them from Murieston, speedily reappeared: she sunk from day to day; and on the 15th of April, full of pure and humble faith, sustained by a most blessed hope, and overflowing with sweetest charity, she breathed away her gentle spirit in her husband's arms, murmuring the name of JESUS.

* *To Thomas Hog, Esq.*, 15th Jan. 1835.

CHAPTER X.

(1835—1837.)

Tytler a widower—Repairs with his children to Hampstead—Campbell the sculptor—Removal to Wimpole Street—Disappointment—Life of Henry VIII. —The Persian princes—Record Commission—The Historical Society—Death of his Mother.

I WILL not linger over this epoch in Mr. Tytler's life. A certain document to which it would have been a melancholy pleasure to have had access, I do not find among his papers. He alludes more than once to a Diary of his wife's last illness, the perusal of which seems to have afforded him great comfort during the first few months of his desolation. All the earlier pages of his next Diary, (begun at Newliston, May 4th, 1835,) are filled with those passionate yearnings in which grief (always eloquent!) at first spends itself. But I will not transcribe any of them. Every page is a page of tears. I will but say that the perusal of what I find written about this time, conveys a very touching picture of the effect of Religion on a good heart. All his most sacred sympathies appear to have become intensely quickened by his recent familiarity with one of the severest forms of sorrow. The language of pious resignation ever swallows up the language of heart-broken grief. There had been so much of blessedness in his wife's departure, that he was never weary of expressing his gratitude. Her lofty piety was to him a constant 'song in the night.' Hence it happened, that his heart was not so much in his wife's grave, as with her in her mysterious bliss: but because it was with her, it was dead to the world. Constant prayer, large daily study

of the Bible, and the religious education of his little children became now his constant occupation, and his only joy. His wife also had left behind her, in writing, some private memorials on which he now fed incessantly. "Very edifying, altho' deeply affecting," he may well have found "the holy outpourings of that believing heart."

I shall perhaps find no better place than the present for alluding to Mr. Tytler's religious views up to this period of his life. He was, as a young man, the disciple of a severe school of devotional sentiment. The doctrines of assurance, and of conscious acceptance with GOD, combined with a very lofty kind of spiritual experience, seem to have been its characteristic features. Let me once for all state that I have withheld, as irrelevant, some score of passages in my friend's letters to that most admirable woman which reflect the views above alluded to. How entirely compatible they are with entire self-abasement, great personal humility, an awful apprehension of GOD'S purity,—these very letters would be sufficient to demonstrate. And I should be ashamed of myself were I capable of withholding the further admission that I know of no school of religious opinion, (though I do not hold it to be altogether a true or a healthy one,) which seems to be capable of producing a closer walk with GOD, a loftier apprehension of unseen things, a more unearthly experience. It ought to be sufficient to say, in a word, that it was the school of the incomparable Leighton.

My friend's children were now more than ever his companions. He delighted in their society to a far greater extent than most parents; and it was his constant endeavour to form in them those holy habits to which he owed his own purest happiness. His daughter has narrated to me many minute particulars of these early lessons. Thus, he taught them to give their last thoughts at night, their first waking thoughts in the morning, to GOD; and he used to call this

their '*little* prayer.' He seldom failed, when taking a pleasant walk with them through a beautiful country, to lead their thoughts in gratitude up to 'the first Author of Beauty,'* whom he taught them to regard as a loving parent, ever near at hand. "At your happiest moments," (so he counselled them, and his very words at the end of many years have not been forgotten,) "lift up your whole heart to GOD, and thank Him, as you would a loving Father, for all you enjoy. You can do this without attracting attention, or being seen by others. You know it is *the heart* which GOD sees!"

The earliest thing they can call to mind of their Father was his own habit of constant prayer; the bent head and closed eyes, which, when they were in the fields with him, showed them how he was secretly engaged. Their first notion of reverence for holy places was obtained from observing the intensity of his devotion in church. But there was no austerity, much less gloom in his disposition. With him, Sunday was *a festival.* "There is but one word," (writes his daughter,) "that can express the whole method and extent of his teaching; so powerful, so winning, so lovely, to us his children. That word is *Love.*"

For many years after their bereavement, at short intervals of time, it was his practice to show them their Mother's picture, (which he always kept veiled in his study,) and to discourse to them of her goodness, patience, beauty. "He would often ask us earnestly," (adds his daughter,) "if we remembered her; and, as we looked at the picture, would lead us on to make any little remarks or criticisms about it, as compared with our recollections of her, which showed that her image was clear in our minds: often recurring to little incidents or details of her last illness, repeating texts or pieces of poetry which she loved, and so connecting them

* Wisdom xiii. 3.

evermore with her,—(now, with *him* too!) It was seldom, I may say never, without tears that we listened to him. . . . From the very moment of our loss, our first experience of death, he seemed to wish every thing like gloom or dread banished from our thoughts of her. I feel this strongly when I look back upon these days of our first sorrow. Perhaps it was for this reason that we were not taken to look upon our Mother after death, that we might remember her still lovely, as we last saw her; and dwell on her smile, her blessing, and the sweet spring flowers (auriculas) she gave us on our last visit to her, rather than on the quiet gloom, which is inseparable from the chamber of Death."

That greatest sweetener of sorrow, the kindness and sympathy of near relatives, before whom the heart may pour out something of its suffocating fulness, my friend enjoyed at this season in no common degree. He passed the month of May at Newliston with his two admirable brothers-in-law, Mr. James and Mr. Thomas Hog: and though "full of thoughts and longings after his beloved Rachel, contrasting the sweetness of the season and the increasing verdure and beauty of the country with his own blighted and desolate feelings," (to quote the sorrowful language of his Diary,)—he was not insensible to the consolation which their congenial natures inspired. But many a pang is in store for those who sorrow as he sorrowed. It was necessary to make arrangements for his approaching departure: very bitter was the separation from Newliston: and the lonely visit to his tenantless house in Melville Street, in order to pack up his books for England, when he found himself surrounded by all the familiar objects which was associated with his former happiness,—opened all his wounds afresh, and made him feel, as he says, "most desolate."

"After this severe affliction," writes Miss Ann Fraser Tytler, in the MS. already quoted, "my Brother with his

three children returned to reside with us again. They arrived at Milford House, Hampstead,* which we had taken for the summer, on the 13th June, 1835. This situation was particularly well adapted to my Brother's pursuits. He walked in, every day, to the State Paper Office, returning before dinner, and frequently bringing one or more of his friends with him; and when detained in London for the night, finding a warm welcome at the house of his friend Campbell.

"The commencement of his intimacy and interest in Campbell was of long standing. He discovered him when a mere boy in a marble-cutter's shop; and was struck by some rude attempts he had made in modelling. On further acquaintance, finding he possessed both intelligence and genius, he gave him for a considerable time lessons in French and Italian, having him in his room early every morning before his Parliament House duties began; and often indeed before he was out of bed, for Campbell's ambition to acquire information quite equalled his master's willingness to instruct. My Brother, being unable to advance money himself for sending him to Rome, with the assistance of some others, induced Mr. Innes of Stow, a gentleman of very large fortune, to advance the requisite sum. This money was afterwards repaid by Campbell, with interest. His subsequent career is too well known to require notice.

"Our summer at Milford House passed pleasantly away. We had many kind friends, and we were besides a large family party. James Fraser having just returned from his Government Mission in Persia, he and my sister were constantly with us. He had innumerable amusing stories and adventures to relate; and his wonderfully varied powers of conversation, both as a means of interesting and relaxing my Brother's mind, was of infinite use."

* In that part of Hampstead called Downshire Hill.

In the course of the autumn of this year, Mr. Tytler addressed his brother-in-law, (Mr. Maitland Makgill,) as follows:—

"Milford House, Sept. 8th 1835.

"My dear David,—I am much less busy than you give me credit for, and feel little of that vigour and engrossing interest in my literary work, which I once had to (what I believe was) a sinful extent. Sometimes I trust that this is a favourable symptom of spiritual growth, and if I felt an increasing energy in the performance of my Christian duties, then I should be sure that I was really pressing forward on the narrow road,—but alas, here I have matter for much humiliation.

"I feel indeed the utter vanity of every earthly thing to give happiness, and the utter insufficiency of such dreams as honor or fame or literary distinction to satisfy the desires of an immortal spirit: but I do not feel as I ought, I do not feel intensely and joyfully, the all-sufficiency of GOD; the perfect blessedness of a union with CHRIST. My mind dwells too constantly on what I have lost, and far too little on the love and mercy and tenderness which were so signally mingled with the cup of my sorrow.

"I have often thought that there was no one feature of the Christian character more remarkable in the few last years of my beloved Rachel's life, than her deep sense of sin, her mourning and weeping over her unworthiness, attended as it was especially in these last years by a stedfast resting on her SAVIOUR; and I have often thought on my own inferior convictions, and tearless prayers, with sorrow and distrust of my own state. The same thing is very striking in the writings and reflections she has left, and which are a source of great comfort and spiritual edification to me, though I sometimes dare not read them: they shake me so much.

"I know not whether Jem or Tom told you that I was a candidate for the Deputy Keepership of the State Paper Office, but unsuccessful. My great temptation was to have a complete command of the manuscript stores, which I believe I could have made useful and available as sources of history. As far as I can understand, there was no objection to me except that I did not support the Government."

"The following winter," (says Miss Tytler,) "we took a house in Wimpole Street, large enough to contain the whole party; as, from James Fraser being employed in the Foreign Office, he and my sister were detained in London at that time for many months."—Thence, he wrote to his favourite brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Hog, as follows:—"Do you get up, as you intended, at 4? If so, I admire you more than I can easily express; for, with all my efforts, 7 or a quarter past, is the highest pitch to which my virtue has yet reached. In my solitary walks thro' London, I miss you very much, and felt melancholy the other day in passing the shops in Wardour Street, where the old carvings and pictures that had so often arrested us were looking as curious and seductive as before, but with no Tom beside me to discuss their merits, or conjecture as to the Masters. I try however to see things on the bright side, and to persuade myself that you will not be long absent.—I go on now, uninterruptedly at the State Paper Office. I am examining the murder of Rizzio, and daily find new facts. Had I obtained the place I wanted, I believe I should not have had such exclusive time to devote to my History; and could I get permission to work from 10 till 4, instead of from 11 till 3, I think I should be happier than if I were Keeper himself."

Mr. Hog relates a characteristic anecdote of his kinsman, which I presume belongs to the present occasion. About ten years before, Tytler had told him of a Highlander on a

visit to Edinburgh from a small *toun*, where every one knows every thing belonging to his neighbours,—man, beast, chair, or stool; who, accordingly, on observing a cat run across the High Street, gravely inquired of his friend,—'*Fa's cat's tat?*' (Whose cat is that?)—"Many years afterwards," says Mr. Hog, "when I first came up to London, and was walking with P. F. T. in the Strand, on seeing a handsome carriage pass, I asked him in my simplicity, (for I then knew every gentleman's equipage in Edinburgh,)—whose carriage that was? He whispered me in reply,—'*Fa's cat's tat?*'"

"It was on the 15th February of the next year, (1836,)" proceeds Miss Tytler, "that my Brother was informed of the death of Dr. Gillies, Historiographer for Scotland, [at the age of 89.] This event had been looked forward to for some time, and much interest had been made for my Brother. The Chancellor, Lord Holland, and James Abercromby, the Speaker, being in his favour; and a general opinion prevailing amongst both parties, that his Scottish researches made him more eligible than any other person for the situation, we cherished the strongest hopes. Soon after, there is the following notice in his common-place book:—'I was disappointed in my desire to be made Historiographer, to which I thought I had by my labours and writings in Scottish History, a good claim. Politics, and the Lord Advocate, carried it against me.'—Thus mildly does he mention what must have been such a disappointment to him. The emolument was nothing; it was the name that would have given him pleasure.

"In a conversation he had with Lady Holland soon after, when expressing his regret, she mentioned that his claim to that office had been so fully recognized, that it had been awarded to him, and that for 24 hours he actually *was* Historiographer; when political interest alone, even then,

turned the scale, and the post was given to one of the opposite party."—"At the very last moment, "(writes one of his friends,) "an official personage stopped it, and procured the appointment of Mr. G. Brodie, Advocate; a worthy and able man; yet with claims far inferior to those of Mr. Tytler, to whom the office had been already *given*."

His sister, Mrs. J. Baillie Fraser, in a letter written 14 years afterwards, when application had been unsuccessfully made on behalf of Tytler's eldest son for some subordinate appointment in a Government Office, thus recalls the transaction:—"It has just brought to my remembrance what passed on a similar occasion, (though *there*, the promise of the post of Historiographer for Scotland had been actually *made* to his dear Father,) when a change of Ministry, unlooked for, took place. Still, we thought it a settled thing, and were hourly expecting the confirmation. I remember well that day. On our dear one coming in from his walk, Isabella met him in the lobby, and put into his hand the letter which we believed confirmed our hope. He opened it: his face flushed, and the tears started into his eyes. He only said,—'I am not to be Historiographer,' and passed into his room. We knew it was to pray. In a short time, he came up to the drawing-room, his countenance so serene and holy. He kissed dear Isa, who looked so sad, saying 'O I was very foolish, very wrong, to desire aught of earthly distinction; but it is past. All is well. We will think no more of it.' And smiling sweetly, he turned to play with his children. Thus it ever was with our loved one!"*

To the state of the political world at this very juncture, my friend has the following allusions in a letter written just before: "You are coming up just at the best time for any one who wishes to hear the debates in Parliament, and to

* *To Mrs. P. F. Tytler*, dated Rome, 20th Feb. [1850.]

one deeply interested in the political contentions of the present day, the debates will be very attractive. I fear you will think me almost apathetic on the subject. There is so much virulence, personality, and exaggeration on both sides, that I really know not where to find truth, or what to believe. The collision of parties has produced so much rancorous feeling. Even in what we call the religious world, that love and charity and peace,—all the blessed fruits which are the evidences of the Gospel having taken possession of the heart,—which show that JESUS has been with us, and that we are in Him,—seem almost to have left the earth. I am sometimes inclined to doubt whether these great Protestant associations, with the excitement of feelings produced by public meetings, the eloquent harangues, the appeals to the passions, and speeches taken from Fox's Martyrology, are calculated to promote the end they have in view,—the establishment of the Gospel in the hearts of the people. Yet I know the deceitfulness of my own heart too well to think that this spirit of quietism which I feel so strongly, is all right. Some of it may be, and I fervently trust is, derived from that union with CHRIST, which is the most glorious privilege even of the feeblest believer; but some is from a wish to avoid a crowd, a turmoil, which is painful; the same kind of instinct that makes a bird which has been sore wounded creep under banks and sedges.

"I slip this shabby little letter into a parcel to Oliver and Boyd. It goes with the last sheet of Henry VIIIth who has been very long in making his appearance."*

The work thus alluded to had been indeed a long time in hand. In April 1834, the author hoped he should be able to finish it in three or four months. The last sheet, however, as we see, was not sent to the publisher until February 1836;

* *To David Maitland Makgill, Esq.*, dated 22 Wimpole St. Feb. 4, 1836.

and, though the preface is dated March 15th 1836, the work itself did not appear until the end of January 1837.*

Before resuming Miss Tytler's MS., I may mention that it is from this period that I date my friendship with her brother. We first met at Mr. Rogers', in St. James' Place; but did not become acquainted until I met him (19th December, 1835,) at the Chev. Bröndsted's, a learned Danish antiquary and accomplished traveller, who was lodging at Pagliano's in Leicester Square. The party at Bröndsted's being small, and my own youthful pursuits being of a kindred nature to Mr. Tytler's, I remember regarding him as a lawful prize, and making the most of the opportunity to discover from him something about the nature and extent of the MS. stores in our great national repositories. Enthusiastic he certainly found me, and observant, if not learned, in such matters. The first note I ever received from him, (February, 1836,) reminds me that I called his attention to the curious Common-place Book of Lord Burghley's among the Lansdowne MSS., which contained several entries of interest to himself. His affability, and the patience with which, though his years fully doubled mine, he surrendered himself for the whole evening to so unprofitable a conversationist, I well remember; as well as the gratification I experienced at forming the acquaintance of one whose tastes and whose manners were so entirely congenial. There was no want of vivacity in his conversation; but the air of melancholy impressed on his countenance struck me very much. Little indeed did I think, at the time, that at the end of twenty years, I should be so engaged as at this instant I am, with the story of his private life and with the

* 'Life of King Henry VIII., founded on authentic and original documents, some of them never before published.' This work also formed a volume of Messrs. Oliver and Boyd's 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library.' Separate impressions were thrown off in 1846 and 1847.

history of his sorrow! .... I now avail myself again of Miss Tytler's MS.

"It was in June of the same year, (1836,) when we had again returned to Hampstead * for our summer quarters, that the three Persian Princes took refuge in this country and arrived in London.

"They had been in rebellion against the reigning King of Persia; so could not be received at our Court. But our Government, fearful of their going over to the Russians, agreed to entertain them here for some time; and from James Fraser's knowledge of the Persian language, he was asked by Lord Palmerston to accompany them into society, their Interpreter being equally ignorant with themselves as to English customs.

"They gave an interesting account of their flight. Their Father on his death-bed having charged them to take hold of the skirt of the English, they lost no time in conferring upon us that honour. Immediately on his death, they fled to England, taking with them their old Mother, to whom the eldest Prince in particular seemed to have been much attached. They had many rapid and dangerous rivers to cross in their route, and on those occasions the old lady was strapped to the Prince's horse; but those repeated cold baths, and the rapid mode of travelling, proved too much for her enfeebled constitution, and she died before they reached England.

"The eldest of the three, Prince Reza Kuli Mirza, was a handsome man, of most gracious and polished manners. The second, the Wallie, (which is the title of the second son in Persia,) was the learned man of the party; but with a most disagreeable expression of countenance, reminding one at every moment of slit noses and cropped ears. Prince

* I find in his pocket diary, (under May 2nd-3rd,) "Removed from Wimpole Street to North End, Hampstead."

Timour, a tall handsome youth, was of most prepossessing appearance. Apartments were taken for them at Mivart's Hotel, carriages provided, and in a wonderfully short space of time they became quite the rage in London. They were at the houses of all the Nobility. Prince Timour became quite a pet amongst the ladies, both old and young; and my brother-in-law often found it was no sinecure to be obliged to translate all the pretty speeches they made to him. He told us that one evening, when standing close to the elder Prince, he saw Prince Timour leading to supper an old Dowager rouged to the eyes, and apparently with one foot in the grave. She had seized upon him: and as he passed them, he exclaimed in Persian, with a most rueful expression of countenance,—'O my brother, what dirt has fallen on my head!'

"With their private visit to Windsor they were much gratified. They found a collation prepared; the royal carriages ready to take them round the Park; and on their return, they had an interview with Queen Adelaide, who received them most graciously. They seemed much struck by many things they saw in this country, and talked of the improvements they would make on returning to their own.

"They were much astonished at a Review they were taken to; and Prince Timour, who is* about 24 and a mighty soldier in his own country, was wild with delight. The elder Prince, who was very proud of him, said he used to cleave a cow in two with one stroke of his sword: that now his arm had been weakened by an accident, he might not be able to get quite through the cow, but he could easily manage to cleave a man in the same manner. He had made a pet of a young lion; and hearing that lions could

* I leave this accomplished lady's MS. as I find it. She has evidently transcribed some memoranda made at the time.

not bear to be disturbed at their meals, he had one day seized this lion by the tail, and pulled it away from its food. The lion sprang upon him, threw him on the ground, and got upon him; but no ways daunted, he grappled with it, and clasped it so tightly round the neck, as to force it to quit its hold. How much of all this is to be believed I know not.

"The Wallie, while in London, kept a journal which was afterwards published, I believe. In it he mentions that they were taken into a hall of extraordinary dimensions at Windsor, where they saw a throne of gold for every one of the Kings who had reigned in England. Also, that the knockers and handles of the street-doors in London, are of massive gold."

Something less entertaining, however, but more important than the Persian princes was occupying Mr. Tytler's attention at this time. Of the evidence which he gave on the subject of the Record Commission before a Committee of the House of Commons, I do not speak from personal recollection: but from his private Diary I learn that this subject occupied much of his time and attention from the beginning of May, to the beginning of August 1836. It obliged him to suspend the sixth volume of his History for which he had been collecting materials all the winter, and which he had been busy writing ever since. Among the very brief memoranda which he kept at this period, I find against the 20th May, the following:—"Again examined on the Record Commission before a Committee of the House of Commons. Detailed my plan for rendering the manuscripts of England available to Historians. It was received favourably; and I was listened to with great attention. I believe my views will be adopted. Altho' the situation was new to me, yet it pleased GOD to give me a

clear memory, and self-possession. I pointed out the errors which had been committed, and showed the mode in which they might be best remedied, at considerable length."

His evidence * taken before this Committee, is interesting as well as valuable. It was on the 16th May 1836 that he was first called in and examined. Having declared that History could only be accurately written from the information contained in ancient records, original letters, and State Papers, he was requested by the chairman (Mr. Charles Buller) to state what steps he thought ought to be taken by Government to render such information available to the country? In his reply, he adverted to the course which had been pursued by the first and second Record Commission Boards, (of 1800 and 1831 respectively,) and laid his finger at once on the 'grand error,' which in his opinion ran through the proceedings of both Boards. It is well known that a series of folio volumes consisting of original documents printed in extenso had been issued by those two Boards. "I think," said Mr. Tytler, "that their *first* efforts ought, for some time, to have been devoted *exclusively* to the formation of catalogues of the historical materials existing in England,—catalogues containing a brief analysis of the contents of the documents which they embrace. The commissioners, I am persuaded, will find that they must go at last to this,—which ought to have been the first object kept in view by the Board." † His words were prophetic. At this instant, (after an interval of 20 years), his advice is being strictly acted upon: and a new era in the historical literature of this country will commence

* *Report from the Select Committee on Record Commission; together with Minutes of Evidence*, &c. (Reports from Committees: 1836. vol. x.)—pp. 386–394 (16th May): 423–426 (20th May): 572 (24th June): 715–717 (8th July): 720–721 (11th July).

† § 4251.

when the Calendars in progress shall have been completed. It is only due to my friend's memory to state a plain fact which sufficiently establishes the soundness of his advice, as well as the sagacity of his views. So slow was the public to appreciate the value of his evidence, that the publication of the correspondence of the reign of Henry VIII., undertaken in 1830, was continued so late as the year 1852; by which time eleven quarto volumes had appeared. It has been recently ascertained that there exist in this country far more than *seven hundred folio volumes* of MS. State Papers belonging to the same reign; each one of which would supply materials for a bulky quarto. It is needless to add that the publication *of the documents* has been suspended. An account of *their contents* (as my friend recommended) is in the course of preparation, instead; Calendars, sufficiently explicit to enable a student to know exactly where to turn for information on any given subject. Let any one calmly consider how utterly impracticable would be any scheme which resulted in the publication of upwards of 700 huge volumes of original documents in illustration of the history of a single reign!

The conspicuous figure which Mr. Tytler made before this Committee, and the approbation which his evidence publicly elicited, attracted towards him, as might be expected, much notice; and involved him in what he supremely hated,—*controversy*. The subject is not worth reviving after so many years; at a time too when the question between him and his opponents may be considered to have been practically set at rest. It may be remarked however, that while *he* regarded our National Archives, *of whatever kind*, as one great collection of Documents; and contemplated these Archives almost exclusively in their *Historical* aspect; there were other persons, (men of great learning, worth, and ability,) who, ignoring the documents in the State Paper

Office, (with which in truth the *Record* Commission, properly speaking, had nothing to do) contended stoutly on behalf of their favourite Records,—the Chancery Rolls for example,—the importance of which they vindicated chiefly in what may be called an *antiquarian and genealogical* point of view. But what Tytler deprecated, was the publication of such documents at an enormous outlay.* Indexes of 'names and places,' is the utmost that he would have allowed: and even these, he would have postponed until good Calendars had been published of what may be called the 'State Papers' of the country. By that term is meant chiefly the correspondence of our Statesmen and Ambassadors; of all in fact who, from the beginning, have been agents in the great drama of English and continental History. With such documents our great National repositories,—the State Paper Office, the British Museum, the Tower, &c.—are furnished to an extent of which few readers of History have the least conception. Domesday Book, on the other hand, or any similar Document,—complete in itself, and of the highest historical value and interest; or again such a series of documents as the Privy Council Books,—Tytler was as anxious as any one to see published.—With these remarks I shall dismiss the subject.

From Hampstead, in the Autumn of 1836, the family removed to No. 6 Wimpole Street, where they passed the winter; and my friend, (who, by the way, had been carefully studying a little book entitled "How a gentleman may live in London for 100*l.* a year,"—which he declared that he meant to reduce to practice the moment he removed to his new abode,) resumed the same quiet studious life which was

* Mr. C. P. Cooper stated, in his evidence, that 360,000*l.* and more, had passed through the hands of the old Board, and that there was no trace of it whatever. (§ 2268. See also p. xxxii. of the Report.) The second Board had already (1836) expended 48,500*l.*

so congenial to him. To his occupations at this time he makes allusion in the following letter:—

"I have often reproached myself for not writing to you, my dear David, but have been lately so much occupied with printing my 6th volume, and preparing new editions of Raleigh and the Life of Crichton, that I really have hardly had a moment to myself. At this very time I am in the midst of these occupations, and for two months, expect to be similarly engaged.

"When lately writing to Tom Hog, I begged him to send you the prospectus of a Society at present being formed here, to be called, 'The English Historical Society.' I take a great interest in it, as one of the original members, and expect that in real usefulness it will go far before the Bannatyne or Maitland Clubs."*

Mr. Tytler was something more than one of the first members of the 'English Historical Society.' It was originated by himself and his friend Mr. John Miller, Q.C.; at whose request that learned antiquary, the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, was called into the conference as to the mode of proceeding. At a later period, Mr. John Holmes of the British Museum and Mr. T. D. Hardy of the Tower were added to their number; and after sundry meetings at Mr. Miller's chambers, the prospectus of the Society was drawn up and issued. Tytler's anticipations concerning its success and usefulness have been fully realized. At the end of the first year of its existence (May 1837 to May 1838) it numbered a hundred members, all belonging to the aristocracy of birth or of letters; and had already published four volumes of real interest and importance. Its professed object was "to print an accurate, uniform, and elegant edition of the most valuable English Chronicles, from the

* *To David Maitland Makgill, Esq.*, dated 6 Upper Wimpole Street, 20th Dec. 1836.

earliest period to the accession of Henry VIII. Together with these, it proposed to publish, simultaneously, a few additional volumes, containing the most important Lives of Saints, Letters, State papers, Historical poems, the proceedings of Councils and Synods, Papal Bulls, and Decretal Epistles." *

At the advanced age of 83, in the ensuing April, died my friend's Mother,—having survived Lord Woodhouselee, her husband, 24 years. "Her death was so peaceful, and her strength had sunk so gradually, that she may be almost said to have died in sleep,"—writes her son; and immediately after, he conveyed the precious remains of his Parent to Edinburgh for interment in the burial-place of the family, in the Grey-Friars' Church-yard.

* See the very interesting *general Introduction* which accompanies the first volume issued by the Society, (Beda's Ecclesiastical History,) edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, 1838. The Introduction was from the pen of the same learned antiquary and Divine; now, a hard-working parish-priest at Leighton Buzzard.

CHAPTER XI.

(1837—1838.)

Visit to Scotland—Archbishop Leighton's Library at Dumblane—Tytler and his sisters finally establish themselves in London—Sydney Smith—Miss Tytler's MS. continued—Anecdotes of domestic life—Tytler in his family, and among his friends.

THE nature of Mr. Tytler's literary pursuits now rendered it plain that his head-quarters must henceforth be fixed in London. It was therefore determined between himself and his sisters, that after a summer spent in Scotland, they should finally establish themselves in the metropolis. "We first visited our friends," (says Miss Tytler,) "and arranged about the transportation of our furniture and my brother's library." Hence, the following letter to Mr. Maitland Makgill:—

"Wetherall Place, Hampstead, June 27th 1837.

"My dear David,—My plans, or I ought rather to say *our* plans, will lead us all to Scotland this summer; and if it would completely suit you and dear Esther, I would bring the bairns to Rankeilour, and pay you a visit of eight days before proceeding to Newliston.

"It was very kind in you to send me the Fife paper, containing the extract from your speech. I liked very much your spirited defence of Dr. Chalmers, which would have been perfect if you had avoided a few words which were likely to produce irritated and unforgiving feelings in your opponents: 'insects of a day,' &c. These arrows stick and fester; and however tempting the occasion may be, I believe it our

Christian duty in defending the truth, to adhere to argument, and abstain from everything like sarcasm, or personal attack. If we retain the affection of those we wish to convince, their minds are more accessible to our arguments; they see we argue from our love to them and our love to the truth; and the absence of all bitter feelings keeps our own minds and those of our adversaries in that sweet and peaceful state, in which it is likely that we shall arrive at sound conclusions. Many good men, and most sincere followers of the LORD JESUS CHRIST are I believe at this moment 'biting and devouring one another' upon points which they will afterwards discover with compunction and wonder, to have been unworthy of such keen contention. But even when the subjects in debate are of vital consequence, we must abstain from all railing accusations; and if personally attacked, content ourselves with stating the facts, and leaving the inferences to those who hear us. These precepts I wish I could follow, as fully as I think I understand them; but I fear in some little literary fracas in which I have been engaged I have often forgot them, and certainly have used expressions which I have afterwards much repented.

"I hope to write part of my seventh volume at Newliston; but I need be in no hurry to publish, as in the present excited state of the public, with the death of our poor old King, the accession of the young Queen, and the approaching general Election, no one has time to think either of History or Literature."

During this visit to Scotland, Mr. Tytler spent his time chiefly at Newliston,—the spot which, next to Woodhouselee, he loved best in the world,—"reading and shooting." The very anticipation made him happy. "I look forward with much delight to sweet days of quiet study at Newliston:" (he wrote to his brother-in-law.) "When I last was there, it was for so brief a space, and I felt that I must so immediately

bid adieu to the scenes which are so very dear to me, that the feeling was one of deep melancholy. But now, I hope to pass two months there, and to be as happy as my heart can ever be, divided from her who made that spot almost too happy."*—In his pocket-diary, against August 9th, there is the following entry,—"Passed a sweet day at Dumblane, in dear Leighton's library;" and on the 14th,—"Went again to Dumblane." This visit, I remember, delighted him much; and he brought away an interesting memorial of it, by transcribing the abundant notes with which Leighton has enriched his copy of Herbert's poems. That saintly man seems to have delighted in the practice of writing sentences from the Fathers, and short pious apophthegms in his books; several of which Tytler also transcribed, and, some years after, showed me. I preserve a memorandum, I believe, of them all; and presume that the reader will be grateful for the sight of at least some of them. They are such as the following:—*Non magna relinquo: magna sequor.—Ama nesciri, et pro nihilo reputari.—Ad supervacua sudatur.—Eripe me his invicte malis.—Potius mori quam maculari.—Nec te quæsiveris extra.*—(This was a favourite sentence. It is found in his much-marked copy of the Confessions of Augustine, with the dates Aug. 24th, 1639: Sep. 18th, 1645: Feb. 10th, 1648.)—*Nil magnum in terris, præter animum terrena spernentem.—Non est cor fixum, nisi crucifixum.*—In some cases, however, Mr. Tytler preserved a more careful memorandum of what he found. Some specimens follow. Thus, on his Book of Common Prayer, the fly leaves of which are covered with quotations,—*Felices essent artes, si de eis soli artifices judicarent.—Quis est fons amoris? Ille idem qui nos lavit a peccatis nostris.*

"On a little book by Burnet, ('The Life of GOD in the soul of Man,') there is written,—*Ex dono autoris:* and

* *To James Maitland Hog, Esq.*, dated Athenæum, July 5th 1837.

added by Leighton, *Doctissimi, mihique amicissimi ac dilectissimi.* On the fly-leaf,—*Oneri mihi est, et fastidio, quicquid mundus affert in solatium.*

"On the 'Theologia Mystica, R. P. Joannis A Jesu Maria Carmelitæ,' *Terra hominum palæstra est, cœlum corona.* (Ambros.)—*Sacramentum Eucharistiæ miraculum mysteriorum legis Christianæ.* It is much marked with his pencil.

"On the 'Pensées de M. Pascal:'—*Nec tumide, nec timide.—Mille piaceri non vagliano un dolore.—Si vis tibi cavere, te primum cave.* (No pencil marks.)

"On 'D. Dionysii Carthusiani Opuscula,' which is much read, and full of pencil marks:—*Summa Religionis est imitari quem colis.*

"On 'Chrysostomi Homiliæ,' much marked with pencil in the original Greek,—Ναὶ ἐρχοῦ, Κύριε Ἰησοῦ.

"On the 'Lettres Chrétiennes et Spirituelles de St. Cyran,' —*Dies ille quem tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis est.* Sen.

"'Historia Pontificum Romanorum, a Jacob. Revio:' most thoroughly read and marked throughout,—*Certe in imagine ambulat omnis homo.*

"On Savonarola's 'Expositio Orationis Domini:'—*Cupio videre cœlestia.* And on 'Præstantium virorum Epistolæ:'—*Sero pœnitet quantumvis cito pœniteat, quisquis in re dubia cito decernit.*

"On the 'Thesaurus Biblicus:' *Qui bene latuit, bene vixit.—Si quis in hoc mundo cunctis vult gratus haberi, Det capiat quærat, plurima pauca nihil.— Ut potiar patior. —Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet.—Noli altum sapere, sed time.*

"On the 'Essaies de Montaigne,' (much read and marked,) —*Insolentia est species magnitudinis falsa.* Sen.—R. L.

Si quid in morte mali, malis tantum.—Crescit in adversis virtus.—Other quotations in Spanish and Italian.

"His Horace (ed. Adams, London 1620), Lucan, Virgil, and Seneca, are marked throughout. On a small copy of 'Thomas à Kempis,' in Greek and Latin,—*Initium omnis peccati est superbia.*—'Εμοὶ τὸ ζῆν, Χριστός· καὶ τὸ ἀποθανεῖν κέρδος. *Et sic certe, Bene moritur qui dum moritur lucra facit.*

"On his little 12mo copy of Augustine's 'Meditationes, Soliloquiæ, Contemplationes,' which is marked all over with his pencil, is written,—*Le Bien Aimé crucifié est à moi, et je suis à lui.* R. L.—*Religionis scabies disputandi pruritas.*—Ὁ ἐμὸς ἔρως ἐσταύρωται.—*Non est mortale quod opto.—Tantum profeceris quantum tibi vim intuleris.—Cupio videre cœlestia.*

"On 'Gerhard's Patrologia,'—*Det ille veniam facile cui veniæ est opus.*

"On the 'Conclave de Pontif. Roman.,'—*Quanto conatu quantas nugas.*

"On Ranzovius, 'Tractatus Astrologicus,'—*A signis cœli nolite metuere.* Jer. x. 2.—*Sapiens dominabitur astris.*

"On Howe's 'Blessedness of the Righteous,' is written, —*Sit vitæ regula Christus.* But the work has no mark of having been read: nor has Baxter's 'Saint's Everlasting Rest:' nor any of Calvin's works. In general, I have found no marks of study or reading in any of the works of the Puritans, although there are many authors of this description in the Library. These may have been his Father's." . . . And so much for the Library of pious Archbishop Leighton at Dumblane.

Miss Ann F. Tytler's MS. now proceeds as follows:— "When we told Mrs. Sydney Smith, on our return from Scotland, that we were bringing up all our furniture by sea, for the house we had taken in Devonshire Place, Sydney

Smith held up his hands in amazement. 'O you Scotch,' he exclaimed; 'who but yourselves would have thought of such a thing! My old Prince's Street friends in a London house? Why, you will find that neither the tables nor chairs will have a leg to stand upon!' 'Now take care what you say,' we answered, 'for as soon as we have everything arranged, you shall come and recant all you have said, and beg our pardon in the most humble manner.'

"And he did come; and stopping short in the middle of the drawing-room, he exclaimed, 'O, ye chairs! friends of my early years! Ye tables! which so oft have witnessed 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' blooming yet in immortal youth! how do ye mock my grey hairs!—And thirty pounds, did you say? All transported for thirty pounds? packed in the smallest possible compass,—piled against the wall,—taken by measurement,—and two Captains to bid down each other! . . . . Wonderful nation! singular people! . . . . And pray, which of you three, had the merit of this unheard of transaction?' 'Ask those Ladies,' my brother said; '*I* had nothing to do with it.' 'No, indeed,' we answered; 'it would have been a very different business if you had. With you, it would have been, 'Now, Gentlemen, do nothing hastily: don't make a rash offer: it does not look much in this way, for it is close packed, but it is the furniture of a whole house, of a large house, gentlemen.' —'Admirable, most admirable; but go on! Did you bring the old Scotch woman with you also?'

"'What! Allen? to be sure we did. We could not get on without Allen. And then she is such an amusement to us! The other day, we desired her to buy a large earthen pan, to keep the bread in. She returned in high indignation.

"'Would you believe it, leddies! I asked in ane o' the fine shops if they had a big brown Pig for keeping our bread, and no ane o' them could make out what I meant. O but

they are a far back nation! And when I priced a haddock this morning in the fish shop, they telt me eighteen pence. I thought I would hae fainted!' . . . . How Sydney Smith laughed, and how we enjoyed this visit! for he did recant every word in the most handsome manner, and praised our pretty rooms to our heart's content.*

"The back drawing-room was my Brother's library, his collection of books being extensive; and here, with the folding-doors generally open, he spent many a happy evening, employed upon his History; coming in to us every now and then to read us some passage, or to talk over some wonderful document he had discovered in the State Paper Office, which promised to throw light on some difficult point. Frequently, when he came in with those old MSS. in his hand, we would, after listening to all he had to say on the subject, coax him to remain to relax his mind by playing with his children. The thoughtful, studious look would then instantly pass from his countenance: he would crow like a cock, or imitate a hen in a windy day, and soon convulse his little audience with laughter.

"But it was not those snatches of time alone which he gave to his children. When not particularly busy, he would devote the whole of the interval between dinner and tea to their amusement; and having treasured up many little incidents during the day, they would then be related to them in the most ludicrous form.

"To this, after a short interval of rest, when they were desired to sit still if possible and compose themselves, music would follow. But the musical performance which most

* On our settling in Devonshire Place, my brother had induced his most valued friend Count Strzelecki to fix his lodgings near us, and they were much together. And here I cannot forbear to say, Count Strzelecki has proved a friend indeed, taking the kindest interest in the children my brother has left. It was through his exertions alone, that a Cadetship was obtained for the second Boy, who wished to follow his brother to India.

delighted the children was when their Father would throw little Thomas Patrick across his knee, pretending he was a kettle-drum, or violoncello, and proceed to perform the most elaborate accompaniments on his little instrument; the boy wriggling and laughing, till generally, tickled beyond endurance, he would roll off on the floor; when the piece would end in a chorus of laughter from us all.

"We used often to endeavour to convince my Brother that this hour after dinner of complete relaxation, was absolutely necessary to enable him to go on with his work; but on this subject he was difficult to convince.

"During the summer which we spent in Devonshire Place, on our first settling there, some years back, he had made many good resolutions. 'I am determined,' he said, 'not to dream away my life solely in the State Paper Office, and British Museum; but to take charge of a great many things in the house, and to make myself useful to you; and I shall begin by engaging a man-servant.' We looked up astonished. 'Yes,' he continued, 'you shall see what a clever servant I shall get for you; for it won't do now that we are in this large handsome house, to have any longer a parlour-maid, and only occasional service. We must have a well trained regular man-servant.'

"Accordingly, he set about the search with the utmost vigour; and many were the amusing accounts he gave us of those that presented themselves, and of the cunning questions he told us he had asked to draw out their characters.

"At last, one morning he darted into the drawing-room, exclaiming, 'I have found the very thing, I am sure you will like him. Such a nice young man! such an excellent face, you will be quite taken with his face.'

"'Yes,' we said; 'but he must be taken by his character; we must know if he is a good man-servant.'

"'A good man-servant! but he is not a man-servant.—'What is he then?'—'A baker.'

"We were dumb with astonishment. 'Now, I knew,' (he said,) 'that you would be surprised at first; but only listen. The poor fellow is obliged to be up these cold mornings at 4 o'clock, to bake the bread; and then he has to carry it about all forenoon, and has quite lost his health.'

"A sick baker! worse and worse. But my brother had not forgotten how to plead the cause of the oppressed; and he made out such a strong case, that Henry was engaged. 'Now, you will be rewarded for this,' (he said,) 'for you will see what an excellent servant I will make him. I shall teach him myself. It is the easiest thing in the world.'

"But it was not only in engaging a man-servant that my Brother showed his usefulness. No one could be more active when he did withdraw himself from his books, and he was indefatigable in assisting us to arrange every thing. There was indeed occupation and enjoyment for us all: for it is impossible to say what an interest we felt in seeing how every piece of furniture fitted into its appropriate place, and how nearly we could arrange the drawing-room to look as it did in Prince's Street, even to the mirrors between the windows, and the large round tea-table in the middle of the room,—*that* tea-table which recalled such glorious tea-drinkings, when Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Henry Mackenzie, and other intimate friends sat around it; with pyramids of cakes, saucers of strawberry-jam, and tea and wit of the purest flavour freely circulating around.

"I think it was on one of those evenings that the conversation turned on dreams, and on the strange facility with which wondrous incongruities are woven into them, and reconciled with one another. Mr. Mackenzie then said, that he must mention a singular dream he had had on the preceding night.

"He had heard in the course of the day of the failure of the house of Dyde and Scribe, and had also had very bad butter at tea; these two facts had united in his dream that

night, and produced the following lines, which he distinctly remembered next morning when he awoke:

'Dyde and Scribe did send a bribe,
Of butter to the Banks;
But if those last had any taste,
They would not give them thanks.
If Dyde and Scribe sent nought besides,
But this same stinking stuff,
Then Dyde and Scribe did send no bribe,
But corruption sure enough.'

"I am bound to confess however, that by degrees some very frail memorials of the olden time which had been utterly condemned, did make their appearance to our astonishment in Devonshire Place; and though we kept it a profound secret from Sydney Smith, one table did arrive with a foot wanting. We discovered it propped up in Allen's room. It had been a pretty table in its day, of an oval form, with indented corners, and painted somewhat to resemble the small window of a cathedral; but it had now a wide crack across the top, and was actually falling to pieces. 'What! Allen,' we exclaimed, 'the old painted table here!'

"'Dear me, Leddies! but I had nae the heart to leave the auld table that I hae kent maist these thirty years. Ye maunna be angry, but I hae packed up far warse than that. When it cam to the last, I could nae hae parted even wi' an auld cork.'

"'Well,' we remarked, 'the auld cork may be useful in making a foot to your table;' but Allen was offended.

"'A weel, Leddies, but it's no my master would hae telt me the like o' that. Naething can be auld enough for him; and surely, this table is real ancient. But all things maun be sae fine in this new habitation.'

"'Now, don't be so prejudiced, Allen,' we said. 'Pre-

judiced! that is what I never was, and I am no meaning to disparage the house. It looks all very weel; but I can see, for all that, that in point o' substantiality, it's naething like what we hae left. I can see a hantle o' things that will soon need to be repaired; and they tell me the houses in London are only built to last sae many years; so I only hope we have nae connected ourselves wi' a frail tenement. After all, as to the table, it's easy to see it's something quite out o' the common; and I hae little doubt, it's seen a palace in its day.' .... How did it touch us when we found that our excellent Allen had brought with her, both the door-plate with my Father's name, and *the chain of the outer door!*

"It was wonderful how soon my Brother collected an agreeable society around him. We had also frequent small dinner parties of his Record men, (as he used to call them;) the late Mr. Holmes of the British Museum, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Stevenson, and one or two others, all men of most varied information. The conversation on those occasions was certainly of a very superior order; but my Brother's playfulness of manner prevented it ever being too much, even for the unlearned part of his audience. How he amused us all at one of those dinners, by the account of what had happened to him a short time before in Doctors' Commons!

"While there one morning on some historical inquiry, a respectably-dressed elderly woman entered the Office, and said she wished to see her husband's will, giving his name. She was told she must pay a fee of a shilling first. This she did, with evident reluctance. A large folio was consulted, but the search seemed vain; and the clerk advancing towards her said, he could find no such name.

"'No such name! that's most strange and unaccountable; and I have paid my shilling too!'

"The clerk seemed much amused, but good-naturedly

said, 'I will look again, if you will tell me the date of your husband's death.'

"'My husband's *death!*' she exclaimed; 'my husband is not dead! What would be the use of my seeing his will if he were dead, and could not alter it?'

"The burst of laughter still further incensed the poor woman. It was in vain that they attempted to soothe her by the assurance that if she would come again when her husband was really dead, they would do what they could for her.

"Her only answer was,—'Give me back my shilling! I say, give me back my shilling. It's a swindling transaction.'

"This last point, after some hesitation, was conceded to her; and she left the Office.

"Our summers at Hampstead were also most pleasant. Every spring we debated on the desirableness of going to some new part of the country, and seeing a little more of the vicinity of London: it was such a Cockney idea, always spending our summers at Hampstead. But those aspiring dreams always fell to the ground, and year after year found us again there; for where was the distance so convenient, the country so smiling and varied, and the society so agreeable to us as at Hampstead? We were there within reach of our London friends, and of our Scotch friends also, as by turns they visited London; and several of our Hampstead neighbours were as kind to us, as if we had always resided amongst them.

"During the first summer we passed there, my Mother had renewed her early friendship with Mrs. Agnes and Mrs. Joanna Baillie; and at their house we had the opportunity of meeting many distinguished characters from different parts of the world; for various were the letters of introduction to them. When threatened with an invasion of this nature, sweet Mrs. Joanna generally walked down to us, with her

pocket full of gingerbread for the children, and with a petition for some of us, accompanied by my Brother, to come to their assistance in the evening. With both the old Ladies he was a most especial favourite. We often met L. A. there, and it was quite amusing how she would on those occasions seize upon him for some historical discussion, which he generally avoided by putting her off in a playful way. 'No, no, my dear Madam,' (he would say,) 'it would never do to bring the dark secrets of the State Paper Office to light in this pretty drawing room.' And how well did those charming old Ladies suit the smiling appearance of all around them! Mrs. Agnes, so full of life and intelligence; Joanna, so sweet, so simple and unaffected; it was, as if she thought every one in the room superior to herself. Then her appearance,—she was the very picture of a lady of the old school: so beautifully dressed, with such exquisite neatness and simplicity, all the colours so well chosen, so soft, so suitable to the expression of her countenance. Yet with all this sweetness, and softness of expression, there was a vein of humour discernible, which often flashed out in the most delightful and unexpected manner.

"She told us one evening, that she often walked out in the morning about little domestic matters; and that she had gone that forenoon to Mrs. Mosé to order a cake for tea. Mrs. Mosé had long reigned unrivalled in Hampstead, not only as an excellent confectioner, but as the only one in the village; till a fine gentleman from London made his appearance, filling his window with wonderful sugar figures, and tinsels of various colours.

"Mrs. Joanna found her old friend Mrs. Mosé in sad distress, mourning over the death of Chief Justice Tindal, which had just taken place. 'Oh! Ma'am,' she exclaimed, 'What a loss, what a heavy loss to his country! for Justice Tindal was a right-thinking man.'

"'He was indeed an excellent man,' Mrs. Joanna answered, 'but I don't quite understand, Mrs. Mosé, what you mean by a *right-thinking* man.'

"'Just a right-thinking man, Ma'am. A man that took up with no new-fangled notions, but always ordered his minee-pies *here* at Christmas.'

"We had another great pleasure at Hampstead in wandering about at will in the beautiful grounds at Heathlands; our kind friend Mrs. Jones making us always welcome, and keeping our rooms at home dressed out with the finest flowers. It was delightful to see the pleasure my Brother took in the varied views from those grounds, and his interest in every tree and shrub. How often did he watch the effect of the passing shades and lights on a picturesque group of Scotch firs which contrasted finely with the bright green of the surrounding trees! and on the lawn, there was one particular shrub of white broom, bending down gracefully, which he admired so much, that an intimation used to be sent to him to visit it, while its blossoms were still in their first freshness." *

* "At Northend, Hampstead, my Brother's little girl was seized with scarlet fever, and never can we forget the exquisite tenderness he evinced for that child during her illness. As soon as the nature of the complaint was suspected, all the other members of the family, (himself and her kind friend Miss MacGlashan excepted,) were banished from the sick room. It was conveniently situated, being in a sort of turret at one end of the house, with a door leading out to the garden and little lawn.

"During the first part of the illness, he was almost constantly in the room. 'It was always' (she said afterwards) 'papa's face which was bending over me, when I opened my eyes. His face never went away.'

"As she became convalescent, he resumed his daily avocations in London; but returned always earlier than before, that he might pass an hour with his little girl before dinner,—her happy hour, as she used to call it, when, from the window of her turret, she could catch the first glimpse of him—pausing at the garden-gate, kissing his hand, and making all manner of signs to her, and often holding up parcels which she knew were little surprises to amuse, as he said, his little captive Princess in her Tower. Great was her delight when a small microscope made its appearance one day, and he showed her the wonder-

ful beauty of some buds, and blossoms, he had gathered for her before entering her room. When he left her to dress for dinner, he was always obliged to remain in the garden a little, to purify himself, as he said.

"There was one Indian dressing-gown set aside for his visits to the infected regions. I can see it now, flying out behind him; he, looking up every now and then at the turret-window, laughing, and giving it frequently a little shake as he rushed along, with redoubled speed and a great show of terror; as his boys, taking this as a signal for a chase, would make their appearance in the garden. Then, what a scampering over flower-beds, as well as grass-plots, would ensue! till the little men getting alarmingly near to their Papa, he would gather his flowing skirts around him, and suddenly dart into the house."
—So far, Miss A. F. Tytler.

CHAPTER XII.

(1838—1839.)

Personal recollections—'England under Edward VI. and Queen Mary'—Death of Dr. Alison—Tour with Tytler in the Highlands—His keenness as a sportsman—Auchlunkart—Tomintoul—A night on Ben Muik Dhui—Scenery—A day at Aviemore—Aldourie—Moniack—Visit to Skye—Highland scenery—The return to Moniack.

I WOULD not interrupt Miss Tytler's narrative to introduce any reminiscences of my own: but there is a break in her story in this place, of which I avail myself to state that it was in the year 1838, that the acquaintance I had formed with her brother a few years before, ripened into such close friendship. Circumstances which it would very little interest the reader that I should narrate, led me in the beginning of that year to apply for permission to inspect the Domestic and Flemish Correspondence of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, preserved in the State Paper Office. Mr. Tytler was then the only person reading there; and it is needless to say that the bond of a common study, constantly pursued in the same room, drew us very much together. When the Office closed, we discussed as we walked home the questions on which we had been respectively engaged, and the papers which had passed under our eyes. Not unfrequently, at the office, one stole across to the desk of the other, document in hand; and many an interesting conversation ensued, by which it is needless to say that I was very much the gainer. Though but a novice in such studies, I was passionately fond of them; and, I suppose, made up somewhat in enthusiasm and application for what I wanted in knowledge.

At all events, he was the last man to assume airs of any kind. We were acquaintances already, and we now became friends. He treated me like a younger brother; invited me often to his house, and admitted me freely to his confidence. I grew very fond of him indeed, and it made me happy to find that he was equally fond of me.

"I have been a truant from the State Paper Office as well as yourself for a long time," (he wrote to me, in May,) "having collected materials with which (without daily attendance) I am slowly attempting to build my VIIth volume."* This shows what had been the progress of his History up to this time; but throughout the latter part of 1838, he was putting together the materials for a work which appeared in two octavo volumes in the spring of the following year. It bore the following title,—'England under the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the contemporary History of Europe, illustrated in a series of original letters never before printed, with historical introductions and biographical and critical notes.' His Scottish researches had brought him to that most interesting period of English History which begins with the latter part of Henry VIIIth's reign, or perhaps with the reign of his successor. Documents, at this period, become even embarrassingly abundant: the private letters of every actor in that bustling drama, (thanks in a great measure to Sir William Cecil's conservative habits,) have been preserved; and the student of history finds himself no longer left to the traditions of Chroniclers, or even to the one-sided reports of occasional observers. There is scarcely a transaction of importance on which it is not possible to hear the agents themselves discoursing to one another; and revealing, under their hand and seal, the share they severally had in bringing it about.

To read with one object before the eye, and to be blind to

* *To myself*, dated 26 Church Row, Hampstead, 21st May 1838.

all beside, is (or ought to be) impossible. As reasonably might it be expected of an artist that he will close his eyes on one class of scenery, because he travels in search of another. The student who has recourse to original documents, must make up his mind to read a vast deal more than he ever expects to make use of. My friend, in pursuing the track of Scotland's History had, in this manner, conned over many a document full of historical and biographical interest,—many a letter which abounded in lively personal details, or threw unexpected light on the events of the period,—but for which he had no immediate use. It struck him that the letters would be well worthy of being edited in an independent form, as a contribution to English History. Accordingly, he selected from the entire mass about 190 of the most important. But then, (and this it is which constitutes the peculiar merit of his work, and gives it such singular interest,) he resolved to make his book readable, by prefixing short introductory sketches to his letters, or connecting them together by supplying the information necessary to make them intelligible. It will be perceived, that his object was not so much to accumulate stores for future Historians, as to contribute something to History himself. Our printed collections of Original Letters, invaluable as they are to the historian, are to the general reader all but useless. The link which binds one letter to another is wanting. The bearing of each on the History of the period is not perceived. It is impossible to plod through so much miscellaneous, and often trifling, matter. We prize those books very highly; but we consign them to the shelves where we keep our *books of reference.*

Mr. Tytler conceived the happy thought of illustrating English History throughout a long period, by a selection from the unpublished MS. treasures in our great National repositories. Where original documents are scant, *there* he felt

himself absolved from the necessity of saying a syllable; leaving the blank to be filled up hereafter, as opportunity might serve. But wherever a very curious document had newly come to light, or he had unexpectedly stumbled on an accumulation of fresh important evidence, *there* he proposed to be diffuse and particular, to present the agents in all their striking individuality, and to let them speak for themselves; only appending a few words of comment, or calling attention to some statement or allusion which might else have escaped notice, or been misunderstood.

It was also a favourite tenet of his, that the ancient spelling of letters so published, ought to be modernized. This is not the right place to discuss such a question; on both sides of which, as usual, there is a good deal to be said. I used to remind him that certain Worthies who spelt like no other of their contemporaries, are deprived of a characteristic feature when their spelling comes to be thoroughly modernized. He would rejoin, that such a peculiarity may be adverted to, without inflicting the experience of it upon your reader: that anciently, no rules were observed even by the same persons, and therefore that their occasional vagaries do not deserve to be placed on eternal record; and that the praise of antiquarian accuracy is purchased at too dear a rate, if the effect of it is to repel ordinary readers, and indeed to render a book unreadable.

We lived so near each other at that time, and met so often, that although I have preserved all his letters, I find little which would bear insertion in this place. The following passages however, are apposite to what goes before:—

"On returning from town late yesterday, I found your parcel and kind letter. The extract of the letter from Cecil to Windebank is certainly valuable, and completely confirms what I have said of Cecil's homely origin. I am glad you mean to give some extracts from the correspondence between

Cecil and his son and Windebank. I remember it well, and remember thinking it characteristic. The more we get at Burleigh in his doublet and hose, or, to use his own phrase, the more we 'weigh him in his jacket,' the better.

"Your Hentzner was most welcome. Some of the facsimiles from the red chalk drawings by Zuccaro in Hentzner and Naunton, are highly characteristic and spirited: especially Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. My dear father had amongst his pictures at Woodhouselee, a small head of him by Jansen (I think), which this drawing much resembles. As for old Winchester,—he does indeed 'imitate humanity most abominably;' but the etching is bad, and perhaps brutifies him too much. He was however I am afraid a mean, false, and selfish man.—I have been thinking often of that inimitable Holbein, since we parted. What a pity it is, that these same barber-surgeons, with the exception of Dr. Butts, were men of little note! To have had Henry's Court or Privy Council in such preservation by such an artist, would have indeed been precious. What a strange thing too, to print every barber's name, not below him, but *on* his body! This must surely have been the taste of the gentlemen themselves, not of Holbein,—it is so barbarous." *

I find, from one of his pocket-books, that simultaneously with his Letters illustrative of the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, he was engaged on the Sketch of Scottish History for Mr. Napier which forms the article 'Scotland' in the seventh edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and has since become a text-book for the use of schools. In April 1839, appeared the Letters, already noticed, which experienced a very favourable reception. The chief feature of novelty which they present is perhaps the light they throw on the character of one, whose 'bloody' *times* have somewhat unfairly supplied the epithet by which she is herself

* *To myself*, dated 26 Church Row, Hampstead, 10th July 1838.

commonly known. *As a woman*, Mary contrasts favourably with Elizabeth, no doubt. On the statesmen of either reign, my friend's volumes are also very instructive. 'L'Envoy,' with which he concludes, is an agreeable specimen of his style and manner.

It was at this time that he had to lament the death of Dr. Alison, his oldest and dearest friend. The following letter, addressed to that gentleman's son, will probably be perused with interest.

"Frognal Place, Hampstead, May 20th 1839.

"My dear William,—I have just received the letter bringing us the account of your revered Father's death,—our oldest, truest, and most beloved friend. I had looked for the accounts for some time; and my thoughts, and I may add my prayers, have lately been more with you and our dearest Margaret than any other where. I knew all, I anticipated all, and yet it is not without tears and being much moved that I write to you. Next to that of my own dear parents, I can scarcely recollect anything so early as his love; so that without any exaggeration I have always looked upon him as a second Father, and I cannot easily express to you how sweet it is to hear from you that my name (unworthy, GOD knows, to be thus remembered) was mentioned by him, a short time before he died. Had it pleased GOD, I could have wished to have been on the spot, were it only once more to have seen him, and receive his blessing, and had I not been persuaded that this was impossible, even if I had been in Edinburgh, I think I would have left my family and come down: but Annie assured me that even those who had a nearer claim were not allowed to see him. There is much cause for gratitude that you were spared seeing him suffer, and that all was so tranquil. This must have been an unspeakable comfort to dear Margaret, and assuredly if ever a

blessing rested upon filial love and devotedness, that blessing will be hers. May it fall with healing and comfort upon her heart! The separation and the blank will and must be severe, but she must think of his perfect happiness with his GOD and SAVIOUR. That soul which even in its imperfect state on earth was so full of faith, and love and kindness to every living thing, has now entered upon its glorious career of increasing purity, and holiness, and bliss. Could she wish for more? It would have been sad to have seen it detained to suffer and linger in its prison. It gives us great comfort to hear that dear Margaret and Dora are to live with you, where we are sure they will be happy. Do you not think that after some time it would do you all good to take a little jaunt to England? It would be a great delight to us if you would come and see us here, or perhaps join us in a trip to Boulogne, where, (sometime in July) we have thought of taking bathing quarters for the children, when they have got quit of their whooping cough. I wish much you would think of this. Believe me, dear William, your affectionate friend

P. FRASER TYTLER."

"I suppose from your not mentioning them, Archy and Elizabeth were not with you. If they are in Heriot Row, will you give them my kind love, and sympathy, and thank Archy for a copy of his 7th volume?"*

It was in the August of this year, that we made an expedition together to the Highlands. We set off by steam, and at early dawn on the 13th, descried the low grey headland beyond which lies the city of Aberdeen. Thence, we proceeded to Keith, and so on to Auchlunkart, in Banffshire, the seat of Patrick Steuart, Esq., who had married a relation of Mrs. Tytler; and here we spent a delightful week in

* *To Dr. W. P. Alison.*

most agreeable quarters, and experienced much graceful hospitality. There is in the grounds at Auchlunkart a beautiful little burn, forming a picturesque *lynn*. The fox-glove, blue-bell, and heather grow about it in abundance. Whilst I daily retired to this quiet spot to bathe my foot, (of which I had lost the use from over study,) or limped with my sketch-book to a neighbouring hill, Tytler invariably resorted to the moors with Andrew, (Mr. Steuart's only son,*) in pursuit of black-cock. We made some pleasant excursions,—one to Elgin especially dwells on my memory, and the curious residence of the Innes family (Coxton Tower) which we inspected on our way; a mere *sentry-box* of a house, measuring externally only eight paces each way, but prodigiously strong. What a notion did it convey of the manners of the knightly household thus packed into three minute apartments! Nothing however seemed to delight my friend so much as an expedition to the moors. "I never knew so keen a sportsman as Mr. Tytler was," writes his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Hog. "For days before the 1st of September, he could think of nothing else; and when in the field, it is hardly possible to convey an idea of his fire and activity. He was capable of tiring a relay of dogs; and I have often not only been knocked up myself, but I have seen well-tried keepers dead beat. While I was living at Letham, (near Haddington,) where the shooting was excellent, particularly the pheasants and woodcocks, Peter used to stay with us, at least for some portion of the season. To give an idea of his keenness:—I remember he was with us for the opening of the pheasant shooting on the 1st of October, and my sister Rachel amused us all by telling that she was awoke in the middle of the night by his springing quite out of bed, and calling out, 'Cock, cock!' It is, of course, usual to

* Now, M.P. for Cambridge.

avoid shooting the hen birds; but Peter was so keen, that whenever a hen bird rose, though the keeper would call out 'Hen,' he would immediately call out, 'No! cock, cock!' at the same time, firing; and if he succeeded in killing it, the keeper used quietly to say of an unmistakable hen bird, —'I darsay, Mr. Tytler, after a', that it may be a young cock.' On one occasion, I have seen him run, *not walk* after the game, so fast, that he would turn quite sick; when, after holding on by a tree, he would after a minute or so, rush on with the same energy as before. One may imagine that it was not very *safe* to shoot with him; and I once saw him fire right and left, and hit the keeper at Auchlunkart and his son,—though fortunately they were at such a distance as did no harm.

"He was as keen, if not more so, on the muirs, as I can testify,—having been thoroughly knocked up on the hills above Moniack. During the shooting season, History was quite forgotten; and his mind was completely rested and happy; if he had had more opportunities for such relaxation after he left Scotland, his constitution, which was naturally so good, might have lasted for many more years."

Our main object in visiting the Highlands was to push on into the neighbourhood of Inverness, where my friend's brother and brother-in-law were expecting us: but while at Auchlunkart we heard so much of the scenery about Ben Muik Dhui, which at that time was accounted the highest mountain in Britain, as well as of the feasibility of making the ascent of the mountain from a place called Tomintoul, about 30 miles off, that we resolved to avail ourselves of Mr. Steuart's proffered carriage to proceed thither. Accordingly on Monday, 19th August, at an early hour we set out, accompanied by Mr. Spence, Andrew's tutor. The scenery was beautiful. Whenever I stopped to draw, Tytler would dart off to the river (the Livet, I think,) with all the glee of

a school-boy, to throw a line.* At last we reached a secluded spot at the entrance of Glen Avon, (pronounced *Aune,*) where, surrounded by fine bold hills, which looked gloriously grey and purple in the evening, stood the Highland town of which we were in search. The situation is really magnificent.

A little incident which occurred by the way amused us considerably. Somewhere near Balvenie bridge, (as I gather from my pocket-diary), the rain drove us into a cottage. The occupant, (Ellen Cantley,) was spinning; and for want of something better to do, I devoted to her a page of my sketch-book. At her side stood another old wife, of whom she inquired what the stranger was about; who replied that she believed I had never before seen a person spin with two wheels,—which was true. 'Presarve us! where do ye come frae?' cried the poor creature with unfeigned astonishment, fastening on me her keen grey eyes as she spoke.—To Tytler, who was drying his clothes at the fire, and watching the scene at a distance, this was irresistible. He came forward, quite unable to repress his merriment, and began to explain in a confidential voice that I was a savage whom he had recently caught, and breeched: that he had had a deal of trouble with me, and that he was now taking me into the Highlands in order to teach me manners; that I had as yet seen nothing of the world; and that in fact, I did not know how to behave myself at all. The poor creature eyed first *him,*—overflowing with his own fun, and enforcing his statement with many gesticulations; then *me,*—sitting silent with my pencil. At last she looked steadily at Tytler, and in the broadest Scotch delivered her verdict:—'I reckon

* His fishing-rod, no less than his gun, had been his passion from early boyhood. "I remember the day," he writes, "when I could scarcely sleep for high spirits and thinking of going a-fishing in Glencorse burn."—*To Miss MacGlashan,* dated Mount Vernon, June 19th 1840.

ye're the waur behaved of the twa!' .... This dictum of the old wife was not speedily forgotten.

The night was cold; and as we sat over our peat fire, Tytler regaled us with many an excellent song. Next morning at 6, we got under way, all three mounted on ponies, and furnished with a guide. We were to be for two days on the mountains, where we should see no human dwelling; so we carried with us a supply of mutton, bread, cheese, whisky, and hard eggs. Very grotesque we looked, so victualled; each enveloped in a large warm cloak. Rather foolish too I believe we felt, for the rain already fell heavily; and the people at the Inn, instead of cheering us on, began (in true Highland fashion) to predict rough weather and our death-of-cold, with other pleasant contingencies. A discovery which we made, did also considerably damp our ardour. Mr. Steuart had told us of a deserted shepherd's bothy or hut, which we should reach in the evening, and where we might pass the night,—preparatory to gaining the summit of the mountain the next morning. This hut, we ascertained from our guide, had been removed; and he intimated that we should have to pass the night under 'the shelter-stone.' My only real uneasiness proceeded from a dread of what must follow if I should find my foot powerless, as heretofore. All these terrors were dissipated as effectually as the mist which hung about the mountains by the rising sun.

Eight miles down the romantic glen, at the bottom of which roared the river from which the glen is named, at a spot called Inchrury, we halted to breakfast in the cottage of McPherson, our guide: after which we attempted to push on with our ponies, but soon found it to be wholly impracticable,—so dangerous and sometimes so precipitous were the passes. We therefore sent back our steeds, and being now joined by Cameron, another guide, and a boy to

carry our plaids, we proceeded on foot. The day became lovely; and while Tytler fished, I drew to my heart's content. The view up and down the glen was enchanting; the river alternately meandering over shingle, and roaring along its rocky bed, semi-transparent, and all in a fury; while the light birch-trees feathered the sides of the hills, and there was magic in the very atmosphere through which everything was viewed. Very soon, we fell in with two of Lord Henry Bentinck's keepers, (Fraser and McHardy,) who offered to show us the way; so we walked all together, and very agreeable companions we found them,—Fraser especially, who for 26 years had traversed that deer-forest, (which by the way means a moor without either trees or deer,) and knew the name of every rock and hill which came to view.

Both our guides were as superstitious as Highlanders ought to be. As it drew towards evening, Cameron, who walked by my side, explained to me his repugnance to passing the night under the 'shelter-stone,' on the plea that the place was haunted. When he found that this argument was not of a dissuasive tendency, he made his appeal to flesh and blood. From the nature of the locality, it was utterly impossible to kindle a fire there, and he predicted a 'coarse' night. He knew of a ruined bothy four miles short of the end of the glen, which had been erected by the keepers in order to provide them with shelter in that wild region, in case of emergency; and advised that we should make for it. Thither, accordingly, we determined to repair at once, for the sun was already sinking. As we went along, we recognized the site of the shepherd's hut in which we had originally intended to pass the night,—a very small circular patch on the waste. Nothing can be imagined more picturesque than the group which at last reached the ruined bothy. One of our Highlanders struck a light, ignited a piece of touchwood, and deposited it in the centre of a

bunch of dry heather: this he waved violently, to and fro, against the wind; and in less than a minute, out burst a crackling flame, with which he ran in, and lighted a heap of fuel which the other had prepared. There were some riven logs lying about, with which we made a capital fire; and inexpressibly comfortable it was, in that wilderness, to see the smoke ascending through the ruined chimney.* Then, we unpacked our things; Spence said grace, the Highlanders doffed their bonnets, and with stones for dishes we crowded round the fire and made a capital meal. Tytler repaid our guides for their Gaelic songs with some beautiful Lowland ones, (he was always ready to sing on such occasions;) and then we got them to tell us some stories of second-sight, the effect of which was wonderfully heightened by the place and the season. McPherson related how his father, in that very neighbourhood, had once passed the night near the river, attended only by his dog. The animal would not rest; but all night long kept fighting with a shadow,—for nothing was visible. His father endeavoured in vain to call off or pacify the animal. The conflict lasted till morning; and when the day dawned, the dog crawled to his master's side, utterly exhausted, and died. The speaker left us to imagine the rest.—Cameron described a night he had once passed, with fifteen others, under the shelter-stone. The whole

* Long after this was ready to be printed, I fell in with my friend's description of the same incident in a letter to his little girl, dated 'Moniack, 30th Aug. 1839:' and I insert it for more than one reason. "I wish you had seen how cleverly they lighted a fire. First, they struck a light with a flint and steel. This kindled a little bit of match-paper. This paper they put in the middle of a bunch of dry heather, and taking it in their hands, they swung it backward and forward in the open air till it began to smoke: then all of a sudden it blazed up, and they ran with it, into the hut, where they had plenty of dry fire-wood dug out of the peat moss, and in a few minutes a fire blazed up, clearer and brighter than any I ever saw before. The wood is so dry and full of resin that it gives a charming flame, and emits also, a sweet fragrance."

party, (he said,) were so pelted with large stones in the course of the night, that they were all forced to evacuate their wretched quarters and come abroad. A 'little green woman' also contributed to the terror. Well might he have deprecated a repetition of the experiment with such inferior odds! . . . The keepers now left us, after helping to pull a pile of heather for our bed,—over which we spread our plaids. I took one look at the scene from the door of our hut before lying down, the awful beauty of which I yet remember. The *glooming* had stolen slowly and softly over every peak and hill, with an effect which is indescribable.

Our bothy was pervious to the sky, and we saw the stars keeping bright watch above us, as, packed close together beneath our plaids, we yielded to the sense of weariness and fell asleep,—our Highlanders jabbering all the while over the fire. The first ray of sunshine aroused us. For myself, I awoke with a start, and remembered: ran out of the bothy, and witnessed 'the morning spread upon the mountains,' or rather upon the mountain-*tops*, in such a sort as I could never have imagined. Such a panorama! such amazing stillness and wildness! The summit of every mountain, (for we had reached the height of the tops of the surrounding mountains,) already kindling in the early sunshine, assumed a thousand tints of indescribable softness and beauty; while a winding wreath of blue mist stretching far away, indicated the sinuosities of the glen along which we had travelled the day before.

At about 6, we proceeded across a tract of decomposed granite, where we put up ptarmigan in abundance. One peep at Loch Aune alone would have been worth the whole journey. Its exquisite loveliness is truly indescribable. Imagine a sky of cobalt; cliffs, brown purple and grey, all around; and a lake of the colour of a greenish turquoise, still as Death, held in a hollow of the mountains! Its clearness

and coldness when we reached the spot, were surprising. Cameron caught some trout. At about 9, we reached the shelter-stone, which a person might easily visit Loch Aune without discovering; inasmuch as prodigious masses of rock, as if by the sport of giants, are piled about on every side. Indeed, some of them are shelter-stones on a smaller scale. The large stone covers a cavity about twelve feet square; the space within, varying in height from one to six feet. Every spot here has a Gaelic name, which the guides gave us in English; as 'the brown dog's path,' 'the black burn of Bainoch,' 'the milk run,' 'the milk burn,' (a common epithet of streams which whiten with foam,) and 'Fingal's ford.' Here we broiled our trout, and on a huge flat stone, well known in that locality, breakfasted. At 11, we again got under way. The road was difficult. We had to follow to its source the small cataract which feeds Loch Aune, and streams down over a face of flat granite, up which we had to climb. On gaining the summit, we beheld glittering in the sunshine (on the 21st of August!) a broad tract of newly fallen snow. The *air* was intensely cold while we traversed it, being ourselves as hot as on a summer's day, and the view was surpassing lovely. The mountain called Cairn Gorm stood out bold and clear, and with a glass we descried the eagles soaring about it, like motes in the sunbeam. Then came the peculiar feature of the locality we had reached,—rough rocks confusedly piled one upon another, for miles, all the way up to the summit of Ben Muik Dhui, which we reached at 2 o'clock. Snow had fallen the day before, and hung in large crystals about the heap of stones which marks the summit of the mountain. Here, a keeper encountered us, to our mutual surprise; and pointed out the Lomonds in Fife, (15 miles from Edinburgh,) as well as Ben Nevis. The panorama was gorgeous. The sea we saw, of course. Our guides said that they had never witnessed such a day on

the mountain in all their time. On beginning to descend, we drank from a spring, (the highest I suppose in Great Britain,) which welled up at our feet, and contributed its clear ice-cold waters to the lake far below. Next we descended a precipitous declivity; and at length found ourselves patiently plodding our way along the glen of Rothiemurchus, (such a wild place!) where an interminable succession of large rough stones, piled about in heaps, had to be traversed. At 6, we emerged from this wilderness, wound our way through the wood of Rothiemurchus, crossed the water of Glenmore on the backs of our guides, and by nightfall reached the Spey. The river is rapid, and the night was so dark, that instead of attempting the nearest passage, Tytler judged it more prudent that we should cross the river at the usual place, some few miles further down, where a Highland girl ferried us over by moonlight. And thus, at 11 o'clock at night, we reached the Aviemore Inn on the Highland road,—having walked between 30 and 40 miles, and feeling completely weary.

The next day afforded a singular contrast to its predecessor: the aspect of external nature so sweet and grey, or rather *purple!* and there, under the shade of those quiet birches, and in the neighbourhood of that bold bluff rock which supplies the Grants with their war-cry, 'Stand fast! Craig Ellachie,'—we enjoyed a ramble to which, in after years, we always reverted with pleasure. All was so still and peaceful,—so exactly in unison with the tone of mind which commonly follows upon moments of excitement. Tytler spoke to me, for the first time, with entire confidence and freedom, about his adored Rachel and her two angelic sisters; and with many tears, and more kindness than I can describe, opened his heart to me on many incidents of his life. Such details fade from the memory after many years, if no memorandum is made of them at the time, (and I made none;) especially if no single association, beyond your love for the individual speaker, is present to your mind while you listen.

On the other hand, the general impression of the day we passed at the Aviemore Inn together, will never be obliterated from my memory. I remember his showing me his Rachel's portrait,—the last object on which he always gazed at night.—Such a walk does more to ripen friendship than a year of ordinary intercourse in London. . . . . The mail proved to be full, so at a late hour we posted to Inverness, which we reached at 4 in the morning; crossing Culloden moor in far too sleepy a state to see the lights or the phantom steeds which the Highlanders declare are visible on the battle-field at night.

The morrow found us happily established under the hospitable roof of my friend's eldest brother, who was then sheriff of Inverness-shire,—William Fraser Tytler, Esq., of Aldourie, on the banks of Loch Ness. His affectionate shout, 'Where is the villain?' on learning from his daughters that 'Uncle Peter' had arrived, rings in my ears even now. It seemed quite strange to find ourselves suddenly transported into a scene of so much elegance and refinement, after our recent experiences. The place itself was also exceedingly beautiful, and the family truly delightful. After a few bright days, (the brightness of them can never fade away!), we went over to Moniack, the seat of my friend's brother-in-law, James Baillie Fraser, Esq., the well-known traveller and author of so many popular works. Here, a fresh scene of graceful hospitality awaited us, and more kindness than it would be right to dwell upon in this place. Yet is it impossible to recur to days of such unclouded sunshine, without a passing allusion of gratitude and delight, even while the swelling heart aches at the thought that both those kind friends, as well as he to whom I owed the blessing of their friendship, may never more be seen by me on this side of eternity. . . . . Of the few brief entries in Tytler's pocket-book at this time, I select the following:—"27th August. Took a delightful drive to the Dream and the Falls of Kil-

morack. Thought much of my beloved Rachel, with whom I had visited this scenery in 1834. I am now left alone, but my dear children are spared; and oh, how constantly is her image present!"

The Sheriff persuaded Tytler and myself to accompany him on an official tour which he was about to make to the Isle of Skye; and on the 2d of September we started: Bannatyne, the Sheriff's son, (now Colonel Tytler, C.B.,—a very gallant soldier,*) being the only other individual of our party. Down Loch Ness to Fort Augustus and Fort William, we went by steam, stopping to admire the Fall of Foyers in our way. How vain it seemed to sketch the outlines of scenery of such varied loveliness, where *colour* was everything, and *that* was changing every quarter of an hour! The exquisite beauty of the hills quite captivated the imagination; Ben Nevis especially, which we beheld in all its evening grandeur, wreathed about with clouds, patched with snow, and spiritualized by the twilight, until it became a sentiment. We visited Invergarry Castle and Lochie Castle,—the latter a noble ruin of the 13th century, (the walls about 12 feet thick,) and next morning proceeded from Fort William (where the Sheriff held a court) along the bank of Loch Eil, which was the loveliest sight we had yet witnessed. It was early morning. The air was breathless, the sun bright, and the mist was slowly gathering up like a curtain from the surface of the water, which reflected the hills (and such hills!) with wondrous fidelity. Two herons were seen soaring over the breast of the lake. There were also two boats full of fishermen, whose very faces were mirrored in the unruffled

* Late Brevet Lieut. Colonel in the Indian Army. He acted as Assistant Quarter-Master-General with General Havelock's Army, during Havelock's arduous and splendid campaign; in which Bannatyne so greatly distinguished himself, as to be repeatedly mentioned in the highest terms in Havelock's dispatches. The result was that he was appointed by her Majesty Colonel in the British Army, 'for distinguished services in the Field,' and C.B.

waters. Then we traversed Glen Finnan, full of grand specimens of the original Scotch fir,—'thro' the noblest scenery I ever saw,' writes my friend: 'the old pine-trees colossal in size, and in their forms the most picturesque things in the world.' Loch Sheill next came to view, also like a mirror. It seemed the crowning incident of beauty where everything was surpassingly lovely. All so bright, and still, and exquisite around it! It was like a dream of fairy land, only one had never dreamed of anything half so fair: 'the combination of beauty and grandeur,' writes Tytler, 'surpasses anything I have ever seen.' Before us was the pillar which marks the spot where Prince Charles Edward, (for in society, there were still found elderly people who looked grave and displeased when I called him 'the Pretender,') planted his standard on landing in 1745, and where he held his first council of war. How spirit-stirring was it to stand on that spot, at the self-same time of year, and to have the mountain-passes pointed out down which some of the clans came pouring, while gleaming arms and wild pibrochs gave notice of their approach! The beauty of the scene, looking down the jutting headlands of that lake, was simply unutterable. But on returning at the end of an hour, the effect was entirely changed. A light breeze had sprung up, and hardly a single tint remained the same.—Our route lay through Glen Fillan and round the beautiful Loch Rainachan, the scenery still exquisite. 'I have never seen anything finer anywhere,' writes my friend, who abandoning his fishing-rod more than once came to draw by my side. At sunset we saw the sea, and the Scaur of Eig as it is called, and at last reached Arisaig, which is the extreme point of the mainland. The next day we went on to Skye, and established ourselves at Broadford.

Here, our plan was to visit Corriusk and Glen Sliga-

chan; which, from the accounts we obtained, must certainly be by far the most remarkable scenery in Scotland; and thence, next day to go on to Portree, where the sheriff was to have held his court. But illness prevented *him* from executing his intention, and the weather foiled *us*. It rained incessantly. We ordered ponies and guides for the following morning, in hopes of better luck: but the rain was incessant, and the guides declined undertaking the expedition. If I remember right, a part of the feat of visiting Corriusk was said to consist in creeping along a narrow pathway on the side of a rock which affords but a precarious foot-hold. It was a great disappointment; but our obvious alternative was to expend our enthusiasm on some object a little nearer home. Tytler thus writes in his pocket-diary,—"Johnny amused himself in an attempt to excavate a Norwegian barrow, hiring Skye labourers, and encouraging them with extraordinary attempts to speak Gaelic, calling them 'calves of his heart,' and giving them plenty of whisky. But the rain fell in torrents, and the rogues struck work, much to Johnny's distress; and mine too, for I would have given a great deal to have seen his success." It was indeed an extraordinary cairn, and it stood in a locality of extraordinary interest too. Nothing can be imagined more picturesque than the scene presented by the motley group which assembled in the foreground; while the sea and the grey mountains spread beyond; and behind us, wreathed about with ribbons of mist, up soared a conical hill, on the summit of which, Haco, King of Norway, is said to have buried his old nurse, in order that her grave at least might be fanned by the winds which blew from her native land.—As for the cairn, I discovered nothing in the part which I excavated; though a singular subterranean chamber at one extremity, which had been revealed by accident, convinced me that there *was* something

to discover; and that if I could have dug a little longer, I should have discovered it.*

We left Skye on Saturday, 7th September. The Swift, revenue cutter, wafted us and a most agreeable party of ladies to Balmacarra in Ross-shire, where Mrs. Lillingston received us with infinite kindness; and we reached Loch Carron at night, having traversed an enchanting country. We stopped at Jeantown, a long straggling village full of children, most picturesquely situated; and on the next day, Sunday, travelled along the banks of the lake, amid splendid old hills, until we reached Craig Inn. Here the Sheriff read the Service to us; and thence we repaired by appointment to the shooting quarters of a gentleman whose acquaintance we had made at breakfast,—(Mr. William Steuart of Glenormiston, Peebles)—who with his nephew, Mr. Finlay, gave us a hearty welcome to Loch Rosque. It would be impossible indeed to convey the least idea of the original racy humour, and irresistible drollery of our host. At the end of twenty years I remember the effect of his stories, which convulsed us all four with laughter till we fairly cried. After dispatching his grouse, we sat listening to his endless reminiscences for about five hours,—weary only of laughing. I have sometimes thought that it would be interesting to classify wits and humourists: but how many individuals would form a class apart! Quite *sui generis*, certainly, was our new acquaintance. I see him now, flushed and excited with the fun of the coming story. It is about some famous character, whose voice and manner he can reproduce exactly. He has said enough to relax the muscles of every face, and he hastens to deepen the impression by quick, telling strokes, until he has established the beginning of a contagious laugh. Then he starts up from his seat, raises his voice, and bend-

* An account of this Cairn appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1841.

ing over the table, accompanies all that follows with gestures which enforce what he says, and supply what he omits. You rock in your seat with merriment, but he gives you no quarter. Changing his voice, he reveals, in broader and broader Scotch, some ulterior consequence of the story, so preposterous and unexpected, that fresh shouts of laughter are elicited from the exhausted party. At last he falls back himself, faint at the excess of his own fun, and joins powerfully in the general chorus. . . . . On your return home, you do your best to reproduce the story: but on *your* lips it seems to have a marvellous small amount of mirth in it. The spirit has surely evaporated. A faint smile is all that follows.—From Loch Rosque we made the best of our way to the Auchanault Inn; and next evening returned home, having passed many lovely lakes, and paid a pleasant visit at Brahan Castle,—the seat of the Seaforths.

With my friend's brother-in-law and sister at Moniack, we spent a delightful week; making short excursions into the neighbourhood, and visiting the Lovats at Beaufort Castle, and 'the Princes,' as two gentlemen named Stewart, residing in the romantic Isle of Aigais, and supposed descendants of the Pretender, styled themselves. Here, the royal arms encountered us over the doorway; and within, were several indications of Royalty, together with not a few indifferent historical pictures. One portentous piece which represented the landing of the Pretender, Tytler insisted was a representation of Noah coming out of the Ark. The gentlemen were inoffensive, and seemed good-natured and amiable. The resemblance of the elder brother to the portrait of Charles I. was certainly extraordinary.—But I was now reluctantly obliged to bid farewell to the Highlands, and return south. I have therefore no excuse for continuing my story any further.

CHAPTER XIII.

(1839—1842.)

Tytler proceeds with his History—The State Paper Office—His Daughter's account of him among his children—Letters to them and to myself—Second edition of the History—Tytler's piety and playfulness.

TYTLER lingered behind in the Highlands for another month. On the 27th September, he writes in his pocket-book,—"Walked over the hill by Glach Ossian to Antfield: taking leave of dear Jeanie, and sweet Moniack. It was a lovely day, and the view from the hill above Dochfour, enchanting,—the whole country bathed in a rich golden air tint, and Loch Ness stretching out in a sheet of silver. I was happy, and very grateful to GOD for my eyes. *Benedicite omnia opera,* came into my mind." A yet earlier entry may be perused with interest:—"20th Sept. Drove into Inverness with Sir J. Mc Neill and Mr. Wedderburn and the ladies, and visited Culloden Moor. Mr. Wedderburn's grandfather and father were both in the battle on Prince Charles' side, in Ogilvy's regiment. The grandfather (Sir John Wedderburn of Blackness) was tried and executed on Kennington Common. The father, then a mere youth of 16, escaped from the field and after lurking about, got clear off. The madness of the Prince's troops in fighting, is most extraordinary. There was strong ground too, in the neighbourhood."

Soon after my return home, Mr. Tytler addressed me as follows:—

"Moniack, 26th Sept. 1839.

"My dear Johnny.—I have not yet quite recovered your leaving me, but I comfort myself with the idea that we shall soon, please GOD, meet again; and in the meantime, I con-

verse with Sir Thomas Gresham, with whom as far as I have yet gone, I am much delighted; but old Mrs. Fraser pays him such devoted attention that often I cannot get a peep at him. She clings to him as closely as old Lazarus Tucker did to his ducats, and not only by day, but takes him to her bedroom at night,—which is wrong. From all this I augur that the old boy is a pleasant companion, and far from so dry a stick as a certain little ——* used to represent him.

"I am in hopes that before leaving this, I shall hear something precise and definite regarding the manuscripts of the Scots' College at Paris, reported to have been brought to the Roman Catholic College near Aberdeen.—The other day I plucked up courage and rode to Eskadale, (you remember the beautiful situation of the little Chapel built by Lord Lovat, and the priest's cottage beside it?) where I was received very hospitably by the Rev. Mr. Mac Swein, and learned from him that he had seen some of the original letters from Mary to her Ambassador; that Dr. Kyle, the Catholic Bishop, had transcribed some of them; and that the rest were either in his possession, or at the College at Blairs. I hope when we meet again to be able to give you some account of these interesting stores. And yet, after all, they may turn out to be only a portion of the letters of the Scots' College, already published by Keith. Nous verrons.

"To-day, I leave this sweet place for Antfield; whence I shall proceed south. We passed lately a delightful day in the woods of Aldourie, William showing us where he meant to build his new house, and the whole family circle listening to his plans, and suggesting their own emendations. I will not tell the little —— what was said about him, or how often his name rose to our lips, lest it should make him more of a —— than he is already."

The seventh volume of his History of Scotland provided

* One of the many ludicrous names he used playfully to bestow upon myself.

my friend with abundant occupation all the ensuing winter, which he spent in Devonshire Place in the manner most congenial to him,—surrounded by his children and his books. He had now, in fact, reached the most picturesque and interesting part of his great subject,—that juncture in Scottish History over which the great novelist has flung the splendid mantle of his genius; causing it to glow with all the gorgeous hues of Romance. But, what is remarkable, when Truth, (ever 'stranger than Fiction,') comes to relate the most striking passages in Queen Mary's fortunes,—her escape from Lochleven Castle, for instance,—the novelist finds himself surpassed in the strangeness and picturesqueness of the narrative which History is instructed to deliver. Tytler had been put in possession of many new and important documents; partly, by his diligent examination of the treasures in the State Paper Office, until then *wholly* unexplored; partly, by documents which had been communicated to him by Prince Labanoff. His VIIth volume begins by establishing the implication of John Knox in Riccio's murder, (1565;) and carries on the eventful story of the Scottish Queen, down to the year 1574, when her cause became desperate; throwing new light on Darnley's murder, Bothwell's Trial, the Marriage of Mary with Bothwell, and the plots of Queen Elizabeth against the life of the Scottish Queen. The volume, when it appeared in the Autumn of 1840, attracted great attention; but, as might have been anticipated, the historical proof that the stain of blood rests on the name of the great Scottish Reformer, was regarded as little short of blasphemy in Scotland, among the Presbyterians. A long, severe, and unfair review of the History appeared, in consequence, in the North British Review—a Free-Church and rigid Presbyterian Quarterly. The originality of Tytler's work was impugned: his many discoveries were ignored; and his conscientious conviction of John

Knox's guilt denounced with considerable wrath and bitterness. Would not John himself rather have gloried in the charge, than been ashamed of it?

While on the subject of this VIIth volume, the esteemed publisher of Mr. Tytler's great work has a fair claim to be heard. "One of the most conspicuous among his good qualities," observes Mr. Tait, "was his conscientiousness. No historian ever studied more earnestly to be impartial. His entire honesty was severely tested by his history of Queen Mary: for never did a man entertain a more affectionate reverence for his literary ancestor, than he for his ancestor William Tytler, the defender of Mary's innocence. As the History proceeded, I watched with much interest and considerable anxiety, what line Mr. Tytler would take, when he should come to discuss the conduct of the Scottish Queen. But his impartiality and high moral feeling came out triumphant over all his natural prejudices; and he arrived at that conclusion which I supposed would settle the question for ever,—so overwhelming is the proof of her guilt. Accordingly, when this part of the History appeared, the public acquiesced generally in Mr. Tytler's conclusion. Yet, strange to say, there has been at least one instance of a writer, and a clever one too, maintaining Mary's innocence; after Robertson, Laing, and above all, Tytler." *

It was at this juncture, (November 1839,) that he also printed for private circulation, certain letters which had passed between the Home Office, the State Paper Office, and himself, regarding an interdict which had been put upon his researches into English History.† The interdict was speedily removed, and the pamphlet (at the request of Lady Holland) so carefully suppressed, that I suspect not more than two or three copies, at most, are at this time in private

* From a letter of Mr. Tait to myself.

† The pamphlet was printed by Bentley, pp. 32.

hands. No further allusion therefore seems necessary to the subject. "The root of the evil I believe to be,"—(to adopt, as I cordially may, my friend's words,)—"that the State had turned publishers and historians, instead of leaving that task to the activity and enterprise of literary men."* He alludes to the same subject in the following letter to his brother-in-law.

"Athenæum, Nov. 21st, 1839.

"My dear James,—I have been determining to write to you for many days, but I wished to give you some intelligence about Bentley and his notions as to your Travels, and your new Eastern Tale. . . . . In the meantime, as to my own occupations, I am now fairly and uninterruptedly at work again at the State Paper Office with my VIIth volume; but they gave me much annoyance, by refusing me *even for Scottish* history, the *English and Foreign* Correspondence; H——'s orders being to confine me solely to the Scottish papers. They might just as well shut the door on me at once; for it is in the English and French letters that I have often found my most valuable information. Against this limited interpretation of Lord John's last order, I protested; and finding as usual no redress, I wrote to Mr. Phillipps, laying the case before Lord Normanby, and requesting access, as before, to all the Correspondence in the office, for my Scottish History. This he has granted me, tho' not without a strict injunction that I am to use it solely for Scottish purposes; so that I am once more on my old ground, with my old rights . . . .

"I breakfasted yesterday with Sydney Smith, quite alone, except his son. He is full of jokes and in the highest spirits. It was in consequence of a note he wrote me to come and talk *de rebus Hobhousicis* (as he styled it); and he is quite keen for me to make the whole Correspondence public, and

* I quote from p. 21, of the pamphlet referred to.

petition the House. He says that I could get every thing my own way, my case is so strong. This is also the feeling of Lord Northampton, with whom I had a long conversation this morning, and who expresses himself in the strongest possible terms.

"I must not forget to tell you Sydney Smith's last joke. Speaking of his friend Tom Macaulay and his unpopularity at Court, he said,—'As for Tom, I always knew he was nothing but a book in breeches.' Sydney told me this had been repeated to . . . . And now, dear James, as this fills up my paper, I must have done, with kindest love to Jeanie."

Throughout the ensuing Spring and Summer, we met frequently. Many a note from himself recalls the memory of pleasant hours when he was a guest at my Father's house, or we spent a long afternoon together. But a far better idea of the man, and of that domestic interior of which he was the sun and centre, will be derived from the following graceful reminiscences of his daughter, who was then a very little girl, than by anything I could myself supply.

"Every evening when my brothers and I came into dessert, we had a little music with our dear Father, and learned some songs from him, chiefly those of the old English masters. But Tommy especially delighted Papa by his quickness in catching any air, from the commonest organ-tune in the street, to the most elaborate Italian song he might hear in the drawing room. I remember the glee excited by his humming 'Duncan Gray' before he was two years old; so that, as Papa said, 'Tommy could sing, before he could speak.'

"Many were the catches which we learned to sing with our dear Father, who used to moderate his tones not to drown our childish voices. His voice always seemed to me so mellow and beautiful. There must have been something

sad and thrilling in its tones: that indescribable something, which one hears and loves,—even though it brings tears; for always, when he sang to us 'Black eyed Susan,' I used to feel a choking sensation, and had to run quickly away, lest I should cry.

"At one time we used to sing with him every evening that beautiful thing of Purcell's, to Shakspeare's words, 'Where the bee sucks, there lurk I.' Also, 'Come unto these yellow sands;' ending,—'Hark, hark I hear the strain of chanticleer;' and for the strain of chanticleer, Papa generally concluded with such a crow, as would have roused all the cocks in the neighbourhood, had there been any in or about Devonshire Place.

"I call to mind an anecdote I have heard related of my dear Father, when a young man. He was returning with some friends into the country, one morning, from a ball, (I fancy all sleepy enough;) when Papa put his head out of the carriage-window, and gave forth such a 'strain of chanticleer,' as roused all the sober cocks in the neighbourhood, and crow followed on crow, till both cocks and company were fairly roused from their slumbers.

"Scarcely less was our delight when he sang to us that part of Handel's 'Acis and Galatea,' beginning with the beautiful air,—(it always struck me as touchingly beautiful when he sang it,)—'The flocks shall leave the mountains.' We used to picture the cruel giant Polyphemus, (for Papa told us the story,) watching Acis and Galatea from the rock above, and then breaking in upon the soft sweet melody with the lines ending,—'Die, presumptuous Acis, die, die!'—We liked this bit best of all, for Papa 'did the giant,' and taking up his plate, flourished it above his head for the stone; then, down would come the plate with a great show of force and fury, till within a hair's breadth of the little heads looking up at him, but touching them like a feather;

which generally elicited the invitation to 'please do it again.' —'Rule Britannia' and 'God save the Queen,' were our concluding songs, all present joining in chorus.

"This domestic music ended, in the drawing-room, unless he was pressed with business, he used to lie down on the sofa, while I spent a happy hour playing to him. After tea, he would draw something for us in our scrap book, which is full of graceful and humorous little sketches of his. He was always anxious to cultivate a taste for drawing in us, and stopped in whatever he was doing to look at our childish attempts. But it was his comical sketches which we used to enjoy most. There was a fabulous being called *Puck*, whose education and adventures he used to illustrate for our especial edification and delight. Puck was always represented with pointed ears, and legs like a satyr. There was Puck's nursery, where old Puck was represented with two small pucks, ears and legs to correspond; and Puck's school-room, old Puck inflicting violent castigation on a rebellious little puck, lying across his knee. Old Puck again dosing a sick little puck from a jar beside him labelled 'Gregory's mixture.' Puck's dancing Academy, where old Puck was represented on an elevated seat, playing on a fiddle, and watching with fatherly pride the evolutions of two merry little pucks kicking their heels in the air. Then, last in the series, was Puck's visit to the Foundling; with a bag of small children which he beheld with a leer of elfish triumph, very terrible to behold.

"I have never seen any one so full of playful humour, or who entered into any little amusing incident with such a buoyant spirit of delight. He never could resist *Punch*. If he met him exhibiting in the street, he would always stop with the crowd to see the performance, and tell us in the evening how he had laughed with the little boys and girls, and give us the whole exhibition.

"His extreme tenderness to us all was very remarkable. I feel how utterly impossible it is to give a true idea of what I mean to those who have not seen or experienced the like. It was both a Mother's and a Father's love." And the writer goes on to specify certain little acts which show, (if proof could be needed,) how deep an impression such things make upon children's minds, as well as how capable they are of appreciating the homage which is generally reserved for riper years.

In June, his children were at Newliston, while he prosecuted his work at the State Paper Office, coming into town from Hampstead daily for that purpose. "It gives me constant pleasure to think you are there," (he writes to his sons,) "for Newliston and Woodhouselee are the two places in the world that I love best." Part of one of his playful letters to his little daughter Mary, written at this time, seems to deserve insertion.

"Mount Vernon, June 10th, 1840.

"My dearest Mary,—I have been longing very much indeed to have a little bit of a letter from you. Cur mihi non scribis? you dear lazy little puss. Nil opus est scribere epistolam longam, but a line or two only to tell me you are all well, and what you are about. Quid agis mi anicula? an in horto sæpe ambulas? an flores carpis? an serta et coronas nectis pro parva Nellicula?

"Thursday, 12th.—My own dear Mary,—you are *not* a lazy puss, but have sent me a very nice long letter well written, and well expressed. I remember Mrs. Robertson well, and when you see her again give her my kind remembrances; and when you go to Gateshead, observe the beautiful view from the cottage looking to the Pentland Hills. It is one of the finest views I ever saw. Do you know that the road behind her cottage, which passes the top of Lindsay wood, is so very old a road, that Edward Ist, when he

advanced from Kirkliston to Falkirk, and fought there with Wallace, marched along it? Tell Sandy this, and Tommy.

"Your cousins here are quite well, and very fine children indeed. Little Roger calls me *Unky Peepie*, and is not the least shy. His great amusements are squeezing the puppies, galloping over the flower borders, and hiding himself behind a large tree near the house, from which he peeps like a little bird out of a bush.

"It is very good and funny in Uncle Jem to play the drill-sergeant with you after dinner, and trot you about. He will do far better than the stiff conceited fellow who used to come to Downshire Hill, and make such a fuss; and you know your exercises so well now, that you are able to continue them alone, which I wish you to do. How nice it must be to fish in the pond with Uncle Jem! but take great care, when you get your own rod, not to tumble in with too much happiness."

On the 27th July, having finished the printing of his VIIth volume, which had cost him more labour than any of its predecessors, my friend proceeded to Edinburgh, and joined his children at Newliston. From the residence of his excellent brother-in-law, Mr. James Hog, (which was ever the home of his heart,) he wrote to his sister at Moniack, as follows.

"Newliston, August 3rd, 1840.

. . . . . "I have this moment come in from fishing with Sandy and Tommy for perch, a recreation they are very fond of. James lay on the bank beside us, reading aloud Waterton's 'Essays on Natural History,' which have delighted me much. The book is full of witty, original remarks, and I believe every word he writes, however extraordinary. There is a freshness and nature about his descriptions of animals and rural scenery, which I never met with before.

"Annie asks me to tell her all about my new volume and my Russian Prince.* The one is, I think, to come out immediately; and the other, (I mean the Prince,) we may perhaps see in Scotland before our return, as he proposes coming in September. He is a clever enthusiastic man, and as he is to be in London at the State Paper Office all next winter, I shall have the advantage of consulting all the collections he made in France and Italy on the subject of Mary. I have already found in his manuscripts one or two important letters which he copied from the private family papers of the House of Medici, now in the possession of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. They have given me some new facts relating to the murder of the King and the escape of Mary from Lochleven, which are of great service. On the whole, if I can be any judge of my own writing, this new volume is by far the best; both from the variety of its incidents, and the authenticity of the sources consulted.—James Hog is wonderfully kind and indulgent under the proof of John Knox having a chief hand in the murder of Riccio; and although not absolutely convinced, is nearly so. Indeed, on all church matters, and questions ancient and modern, we discuss everything most amicably. I wish all the wild Presbyterians had his moderation and good temper."

In a characteristic letter to myself, written shortly after, he describes his subsequent movements.

"Moniack, 14 Aug. 1840.

"We left Newliston on the 10th, and proceeded to this sweet spot, where I am again domiciled in our snug room, with its window looking into the flower garden, and its *two* nice beds; but Johnny is not in one of them, and this is not pleasant. In his place, there reposes on the pillow a double-

* Prince Labanoff.

barrelled gun, for our minds are full of preparations for going to the moors, and I feel most savagely inclined against the old cocks.

"Yesterday I walked over the hill with James. The day was beautiful, and the views above the burn, where you remember we spent some happy hours in exploring, were exquisite; but again there was no Johnny, and my mind wandered to him and wished for him beside me . . . . I hope you have got the VIIth volume of the History which I ordered Mr. Hansard to send to No. 11 Brunswick Square. I have had a very kind letter from Lockhart about it, and feel happy that he speaks so warmly in its favour.

"Jeanie begs most earnestly that Johnny will let her know how much she is in his debt for the vase. Happily it has arrived with both its handles on, and *at a distance* the effect is excellent, but from the shaking on the journey down, the pieces once so charmingly joined, have separated, so that on a nearer view, the rupture is apparent. This Jeanie wished to conceal, from a regard to Johnny's feelings, and a desire that he should continue to cock his bonnet, and grow three inches taller: but as I love truth, and think him quite tall enough already, I have refused to be a party to any concealment. And now my manny, I must bid you good bye."

Some of his letters to myself here printed, (let me say it once for all,) though occasionally their contents are very trivial, yet remind me, (and will remind others,) of *him* and of his playful manner, more than any which have been put into my hands.

"Moniack, 22nd Sept. 1840.

"My dear Johnny,—Tho' I hope to see you soon now, I must thank you right heartily for your letter, which was more than I deserved. It came most opportunely, and showed me that Johnny was uninjured. I will not tell

him how often he came into my head, on a certain day last week, when Lord Lovat took me with him to shoot deer in his forest up Glen Strath Farrar, near to that Inn of Struey which he knows, or has heard about. Oh, I wish he could have seen the interior of that forest: such rocks! such shaggy old trees! such torrents! such colossal heather! so tall and thick, that it reached neck high: such noble peaked mountains with their interminable and unpronounceable names, (Scour-na-cor-a-glashan,) and the beautiful lake reflecting all in its blue bosom! and then the deer, (which I did not shoot, but saw,) and the foresters and gillies, with their kilts and plaids glancing through the woods: it was really an exhilarating sight, and would have furnished Johnny with a whole portfolio full of sketches,—besides studies of rocks and foregrounds, which for wildness might have made Salvator Rosa's hair curl. But I must put an end to all this nonsense and tell Johnny seriously that we sail from Inverness on the 24th, and after being ten or twelve days at Newliston, proceed if we are all spared, to London from which we make our way to Hampstead, *if* before that time we have succeeded in securing a house; *if* not, we remain in London till we get it. Here are many *ifs*; but in laying plans, poor short sighted man must live upon *ifs*.

"And so, you and Tom are taking a run into Derbyshire, and you won't tell me why! As if I didn't know you were going to visit an old clergyman, who lives in an old Rectory, and has in his possession an old parish-register from one of the very oldest entries of which you mean to show,—but I won't tell you what, till we meet; and then I'll blow your hypothesis to atoms by showing you, *he* was not the same man as your man: and that T means 'Timothy,' not 'Thomas.' Talking of blowing people to pieces I wonder that trig homunculus, Mr. ——, has so long allowed me to walk about the Highlands with all my limbs entire. What

has become of his defence of old Burghley, which was to be so crushing an affair? Perhaps no bookseller will print it; and yet we know there is a certain old lady who for more than a century has been supported by voluntary contributions.* Why does he not go to the tawney-coloured crone? She would welcome him, and rejoice in another discharge of sparrow-hail from that ancient pistol which is fit only to fulfil Bottom's wishes, and kill a red-hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle.

"And now, dear Johnny, I have no more nonsense to write to you, but only to send the kind love of all here, little people, and big people, to their old friend,—not forgetting to join my own kindest regards to your dear Father and Mother, and your whole circle, down to the little fairy at Houghton. Your affectionate friend."

"Moniack, 23rd Sept. 1840.

"My dear Johnny,—I am utterly ashamed that in my nonsensical scribble of yesterday, I forgot to say a word about the very curious impression from the brass in Moulsey Church, which you and dear Miss Helen have sent me. Anthony Standen I knew as a servant of the unhappy Darnley; and after the murder, Mary wished to retain him in her service; but he preferred leaving the country, and before he did so, received the present of a horse from Bothwell. He is repeatedly mentioned in Randolph's and Drury's letters, as far as I recollect, and I think was examined by Cecil regarding the murder. The impression is beautifully taken off, and I shall preserve it with the greatest care."

At Edinburgh, on his return south, he found some MSS. in the Register Office and in the Advocates' Library, which were necessary for his VIIIth volume. He therefore lingered in the northern capital, working hard all the time. Writing to Mr. James Hog on the 23rd Oct. he says,—

* He alludes to *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

"I am distracted by the number of extracts I have to make from MSS., and mobbed by the kindness of old friends who insist on my dining with them. It is pleasant to find one is not forgotten, and yet difficult to manage without seeming cold; and I was never famous for being able to say 'no.' It will end in my staying, I think, a week longer in Scotland; but how to satisfy my uncle, and my brother James, and my old friend David Anderson, and my still older and dearer friends the Alisons,—is past my comprehension." It gratified him to find in every quarter an anxious desire to facilitate his researches. "I concluded also with Mr. Tait," (he writes,) "an agreement for a second edition of my history on very fair and just terms;* and had the satisfaction to hear from those best qualified to judge upon the subject, that the History had by degrees established itself so firmly in public opinion, that the success not only of a second, but of various successive editions, was considered certain. (I bless GOD that He has thus prospered the work of my hands. May His goodness strengthen me yet a little, to bring it to a conclusion!) These two weeks in Scotland, I spent chiefly at Woodville, with my dear old friends, Dr. W. Alison, his dear wife Margaret Alison, and Dora Gerard, (dear Montagu's daughter.) The place was full of the sweetest and tenderest recollections, for since I had been last there, he, the father of the house, who was to me a second father in the affection and interest with which he always regarded me,—*he* had fallen asleep; and as my dear Margaret and Dora took me through the well-known spots,—his room, the garden, the walks,—every place seemed hallowed by his memory. Surely if ever a blessing descended on filial love, it is falling daily and hourly on the head of that dear creature, our own Margaret, who nursed him with such constant affection and ever wakeful love!"†

* See above, p. 202, *note*.

† From his *MS. Diary*.

Tytler returned to his old haunts and his old habits in the early part of November, taking his friend Mr. Howard of Corby Castle in his way. "The house," (he wrote to his sister,*) "is romantically situated on the Eden, surrounded by magnificent oaks; many of them, I am sure, as old as the Conquest. On the bank opposite the house, is a massy square tower built by William Rufus, and the whole place is redolent of feudal antiquity; with a fine gallery of old portraits, an old library, and (as you know) a ghost: but I have come away without seeing the radiant boy of Corby. This was very extraordinary; for I had to walk to my bedroom every night through a long dark gallery of which you could not see the termination, with old warriors frowning on me, and the moon streaming in through the Gothic window at the end;—circumstances which one would have thought any well-conditioned ghost would have profited by."

His children's studies, the preparation of the VIIIth volume of his History of Scotland, and the correction of the earlier volumes for a second edition, now took up all his time. But it would be wrong, I think, to omit a single glance at the indications supplied by one of his memorandum-books, of the inner life which was going on all the while. Those secret aspirations I am not about to make public; but it is instructive to find that the man's *true* life was spent neither in the State Paper Office, nor among his relations and friends. It was a hidden thing. I may mention, once for all, that although his brief pocket Diary is generally so meagre that sometimes whole weeks are bracketted together, with the single memorandum that he has been busy at the State Paper Office, or at the British Museum, he constantly makes a record of his approaches to the LORD'S Table, and of the peace and joy he experienced in

* Carlisle, Nov. 8th, 1840.

communicating. Such a record lies before me dated, "Sunday evening, Dec. 6th, 1840. Second Sunday in Advent." He used at this time to attend the ministry of Mr. Scobell, of Vere Street. Soon after, I find his friendship for the Rev. W. Upton Richards leading him by preference to Margaret Chapel, where he continued to be a regular attendant. Mr. Richards tells me, that he never approached him to administer the sacred elements, without noticing the tears trickling down his cheeks. 'And you remember,' (he adds,) 'the almost boyish liveliness of his disposition!' All his friends will remember it well; and they will bear me witness that his character afforded a beautiful illustration of the doctrine, that Joy is ever a part of true Religion. Let me mention here, (what I gather from his memorandum-book,) that since the 1st January, 1837, my friend had adopted the practice of "reading the Scripture *according to the Calendar*." His habit up to a recent period had been to read the chapters prescribed for every day *in the Directory*.

So excessive was his application at this time, that a slight paralytic seizure which marked the beginning of 1841, warned him of the necessity of relaxing the mental tension to which he had so long habituated himself. To this event he makes allusion in a few lines written on the 4th of January in the following year. "It well becomes me to open this new year with expressions of the deepest gratitude to the Giver of all good things. The year just closed (1841) has been one of great trial, and great support. How can I ever forget this time, or at least about this time last year, (it was I think on the 28th January,) when I was suddenly struck with an illness, which although under the blessing of God it soon gave way to the remedies applied, was most serious and alarming at the time; and for two months, incapacitated me from pursuing my ordinary studies. How merciful was this warning sent me by my heavenly

Father that I was overtaxing my mind with my History, and pursuing too intensely and exclusively a very minor object! The blow might have been a far sharper one; it might have prostrated my bodily and weakened my mental powers, and rendered me a burden to myself and others: but how tenderly, how gently was it sent me! How loving was the lesson, how perfect has been the recovery! and O my gracious Father, how imperfect is my gratitude! If every moment of my life could be spent in praise, it would be yet too little for all that goodness and mercy which has followed me all the days of my life."

His attack was indeed a slight one, as his daughter's allusion to it which follows, shows: but it might have been attended by the gravest consequences. "He was apparently in perfect health in the morning. I was spending the day with a young friend. The maid came to fetch me, and on my way home, told me that Papa had returned, not feeling well. I had but a little way to walk, and I asked no further questions, never stopping till I reached his room. He held out his arms to me. One glance at his dear face, —words I had none. There was the same loving look that ever met us all, a bright smile as if to reassure me, but his mouth was slightly twisted. I saw it at once, and fell on the pillow beside him in an agony of tears He let me weep for a minute or so, and then gently soothing me, told me he might have been very ill, but he had been cupped,—was much better,—and that there was no danger to be apprehended now. He was going to get up in the evening; and when we came up to the drawing room after dinner, there he was,—sitting on the sofa.

"I shall never forget his relating to us, in his own playful way, his experiences of cupping,—an operation which he had never undergone before. His amusement at little Mr. B—— (the cupper)'s self importance, who consoled

him while smarting under the operation, by telling him 'he might be grateful to have met with such a cupper.' Presently, he got out his guitar, and sang one or two of his favourite songs. The sweet rich tones of his voice, and that look resting on me again as if still further to reassure me, made me nearly break down in very joy; but I would not trouble him again with my tears, nor let one *little* drop of rain dim the sunshine of such an evening as that was."

To the same incident he alludes in the following letter to his brother, Mr. James Hog:—

"34 Devonshire Place, 15th March, 1841.

"My dear Jem,—It will be impossible for me to go to Paris just now, however tempting your offer. I am so far recovered as to be allowed to work for two hours at the old State Paper Office again; and as I feel myself getting every day better, I trust it will please GOD to give me strength to complete the History within no very distant time. This is so important an object, considering how things are situated, and that the first volume of the new edition will be published in the first week of April, that everything ought to give way to it.

"I have bought a charming horse, and am quite a gentleman at large, reading light literature and taking my ride in the Park every day; the doctor discouraging me from taking as yet any long expeditions on horseback. I have called my horse King Robert Bruce, and am already much attached to him."

The last words of the preceding letter to his brother serve to introduce the following extract from a note which he addressed to Mrs. J. B. Fraser, a few months after. "I take my horse to Mount Vernon; and mean to ride out and in, every day, to the State Paper Office or the British Museum, so that my VIIIth volume will go on as usual. Mr. Tait

writes to me that from the state of the sale and the continuing demand, this edition of 2000 copies will be all sold before winter, which is encouraging.—How very beautiful everything at Rebeg and Moniack must be just now! Your picture of the loveliness of your nest in the rock, and the tranquillity of your life there, moved me much, and makes me long to be there too. Yet Nature every where at this season is beautiful; and riding the other day over Hampstead heath, and looking towards Harrow at sunset, I thought I never gazed on anything more glorious. The distances seen through a warm purple haze, and the colours of the clouds round the sun, were quite enough to have thrown Claude or Turner into despair."

The following amusing letter to his little girl, requires neither introduction nor apology, and shall close this chapter.

"34 Devonshire Place, Oct. 6th, 1841.

"My dearest Minny,—You have written me a most nice letter, which gave us all here great pleasure. Our little Sandy is Dux to-day in Latin, and the bigger boys are getting so impatient that such a *smout* should take them down, that Latimer threatened to thrash Sandy when they got out of school; but he was too nimble for him, and got home with a whole skin. He is fifth in Greek.

"Both the canaries are quite well, and Tommy said this morning with a very important face, that *they had both chirped.* What they are to do to-morrow, if they chirped to-day, no human being can tell; but we are all on the *qui vive*, and you shall have the first intelligence. We are very great in the bird line just now; for the boys went today to St. James's Park to see the ducks, and I went to the *Eccalobeon*, and saw innumerable chickens hatched by artificial heat. I think the sight would have driven Kitty Hog mad with astonishment: she used to be so very nearly mad when

she had a hen sitting at Mount Vernon. I saw chickens in all stages, and of all ages: some, in the shell, with only their bill out, having just chipped it; some, a few hours old, eating merrily, and not appearing to have the least idea that they had no mother; others, a little older, looking *very grave*, as if they had just found out that their mother was a wooden box full of hot sand; and others, fat and full grown,—pretending to be Dorking cocks and hens.

"I was very much amused with all this, and my ideas as to the usefulness of hens were rather shaken; when I suddenly recollected that there must be *eggs* for the Eggalobeon, and hens resumed their importance."

It is better that my friend should thus be exhibited delivering himself occasionally of his playful sayings in person; than that I should try to recall any of those pleasant speeches; or seek to revive the amusing remarks, which always made Tytler so entertaining and agreeable a companion. In truth, his wit was of that delicate kind which will scarcely bear repetition; his *bons mots* owed their attractiveness to the quiet humour, and the extreme drollery with which they were delivered, and can scarcely be reproduced. Thus, though he used to make us very merry at home; and though, when we went into the country for the summer months, he would reside with us for many days together, and had always something playful and pleasant to say; I can recall but a few such passages; and scarcely one of them seems sufficiently striking to set down. A friend of the poet Cowper, whom I once begged to give me any specimens he could remember of that poet's conversation, expressed himself concerning Cowper in exactly the same terms.

Tytler had great vivacity; and when he liked his company, (as I am *sure* he liked all of *us*,) he used to talk a great deal, and overflowed with amusing anecdote. He came out delightfully in society also; the gentlemanly

reserve of his manners, and his extreme urbanity, always conciliating the good will of strangers who saw him for the first time. But he was most delightful when we were quite by ourselves. If I try to recall him on such occasions, I commonly see him smiling over a quaint sketch which he is intent on making in one of his own pocket-books. At last he lays it down, as if exhausted with the effort: and proposes, with a submissive insinuating voice, that every one present shall sing a song; adding (to the relief of the whole party) that he should like to sing *first*, and earnestly requesting that we will all supply the ludicrous chorus, in which he proceeds to instruct us. Then he begins, in a fine rich strong voice, without a particle of hesitation,—'There were two flies upon a time,' &c. &c. It is needless to add that the song proves full of drollery; and leads to another, and another: so that, at the end of many years, the incident lingers in the memory; and the burden of the first song passes into a family proverb.

From the commonest incidents of the hour, he knew how to extract the soul of playfulness and humour. At Houghton Conquest, we had once been calling on a friend who possessed a museum of Natural History, and who pressed us to accept of several specimens on our departure. He took a great fancy to Tytler, whom he conducted through all his green-houses. On driving off, I asked Tytler what made him spring so nimbly into the carriage? 'O Johnny,' he exclaimed, with a face drolly expressive of alarm and insecurity; 'I was so afraid your friend would insist on my putting *one of those stuffed bustards* into my pocket.' —'But you were pleased with his green-house plants, were not you?' asked my sister. 'O, very much pleased,' he replied; and paid the plants and their owner every compliment she could desire: but he explained that he feared he did not care enough for such objects to bestow upon them

all the attention they need; adding thoughtfully,—'I don't think I should like *sitting up all night with a sick cactus.*'

We had taken a cottage at Moulsey for the summer; and one day, after dinner, were looking at a cherry-tree on the lawn. Tytler, turning to one of my sisters, modestly inquired the meaning of an empty box of figs and a strip of red bunting, in the middle of the tree? She explained that she had put it there in order to frighten away the birds. 'O, I assure you, Miss Burgon,' said Tytler very gravely and thoughtfully, 'that's all a mistake. The birds stand upon the box to eat the cherries, and then *wipe their beaks on the rag.*'—When he heard that my brother-in-law was a rural dean, he said he thought it such a pretty title; adding,—'Do you know, I always think a rural dean ought to walk about *with a daisy in his bonnet.*' . . . . So trifling, at the end of a few years, are the sayings which linger in the memory!

CHAPTER XIV.

(1842—1843.)

Letters descriptive of his pursuits—Concluding portion of Miss A. Fraser Tytler's MS.—Domestic retrenchment—Anecdotes of home—Narrow escape from drowning—Conclusion of his History—'The Darnley jewel'—Letters—Tytler with his family in France.

I HAVE already reached the period when I began to see less and less of the dear Friend whose Life I am writing. The circumstances which about this juncture set me free to follow the dearest wish of my heart, and to proceed to Oxford, would be interesting to no one: but this passing allusion is indispensable. Henceforth, an occasional visit to London was my only chance of seeing one with whom for the last few years I had been on terms of such close intimacy. Accordingly, we communicated oftener than heretofore by letter. One or two agreeable specimens follow.

"34 Devonshire Place, March 22nd, 1842.

"My dear Johnny,—I wish much you would let me know by a single line that you are well, and not over-studying. I was sadly disappointed to miss you and dear Mr. Rose, when you came to see us, before leaving town for Houghton. I had gone to the Graphic Society with James Hall, but saw nothing among all the fine things there to make up for losing your two. As for ourselves here, we jog on pretty much in the old path in which you left us. Annie attacks the income tax, and I defend it, on the broad principle that literature and the Muses flourish only in quiet times, and that we ought to be happy to pay 3 *per cent.*, any day, for

a firm government that lays down a principle, and carries it out. Leila has come to the 180th page: volume VIIIth to p. 336, and I have sent down part of the Appendix. Did I ever show you, or tell you any thing of the MS. volumes which Sir George Warrender lent me? I had not examined them thoroughly till the other day, as they chiefly related to the period of my ninth, or last volume: but, to my astonishment, I have found in them a little nest of Elizabeth's letters, (in her own hand throughout,) addressed to James, similar to that letter which Mr. Dawson Turner has. Most of them are long and very private: some, contain four pages all written in the good old Lady's own hand. No other collection which I know either in England or Scotland has such a treasure. And the strangest thing of all is that Archbishop Spottiswood, and in later times Dr. Robertson had these volumes of Sir G. Warrender's in their possession, and although both were engaged in writing the history of the times, neither of the gentlemen availed themselves of these letters of the Queen! I suspect, as they are written in her running hand, (not her plain upright hand in which she signs her name,) and excessively difficult to make out, that they had given them up in despair.

"And now, dear Johnny, I have given you all my little news. Let me hear that you go to bed at 10 o'clock, and are stout and well."

"34 Devonshire Place, June 14th, 1842.

"My dear Johnny,—It would be very kind in you if you would write me a 'wee bit letter,' and tell me how you came on at Oxford, and whether you were happy there. That you were busy, I know: that you will make a figure, I am sure; but it always pleases me best to hear that my friends are happy; for when I think of you, or any other dear friend, the conviction of this comes like sunshine in a cloudy day.

"Our little circle here are well, and I am busy with my IXth volume. I have been mingling more than I usually do with the gay world, being pushed into it by that 'sweet moralist,' Miss Ann, who now that she has finished *Leila* thinks that she ought to spend all her remaining energies in poking me out of my hole, and counteracting my tendencies towards 'a monastic life.' . . . . . GOD bless you, my dear Johnny. Give my kindest remembrances to dear Mr. and Mrs. Rose, and the little Rachel,*—a name I cannot yet write without feelings of tenderness and love that agitate me; but not with sorrow, for her memory is the sweetest thing in my life."

In August, he started for the Highlands; and on the moors between beautiful Moniack and Aldourie renewed hostilities against the grouse, 'drinking in great gulps of health,' as he expressed it, at every step. More delightful scenery, kinder hearts, or more congenial natures, are nowhere to be found; and he was perfectly happy, as well as braced into renewed vigour of mind and body by the fresh elastic air of those heath-clad hills. He wrote me one or two affectionate letters, too private, I fear, for insertion in this place; and returned home in November, paying a visit at Castle Ashby in his way. In December, I find the following letter from him.

"34 Devonshire Place, Dec. 12th, 1842.

"My dear Johnny,—I hope I shall be in Oxford on Wednesday, 21st December,—see Johnny,—stay a night at the nearest Inn to Worcester College, and return to London on Thursday, the 22nd. What is the meaning of this sudden escapade? Shooting is the meaning, Johnny,—killing hares is the meaning,—and pheasants, and perhaps woodcocks. Still all is in the dark? Well

* The intended name of an infant niece.

hear, you Greek particle you! To the State Paper Office came a little while ago, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bertie and Lady Georgina Bertie, the gentleman being the lineal descendant of the famous Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby, about whom you and I know something. They are busy in the laudable task of writing some account of their family, and were soon over head and ears in the Flanders Correspondence. Peregrine's letters they could read, but the Duchess of Suffolk (the Mother of Peregrine) defied them, as she often did you and me, Johnny, with her fearful scrabbles. Well, I was of some little use, and as the researches still continue, may I hope be of a little more service still; and Mr. Bertie, a kind and gentlemanly man, hearing, (how I know not,) of my passion for research sometimes taking a sporting, rather than a literary direction, to-day when I was deep in the IXth volume, suddenly fired off an invitation at my head, coming up and presenting the pistol with his own hand. What could I do, Johnny? To come down to Albury near Woodstock,—to shoot on Tuesday,—to be driven by Mr. Bertie to Oxford on Wednesday,—to see Johnny in his cap and gown,—it was too much for me to resist. So I capitulated, accepted, and am to come, all keeping well till the 21st. Ever, dear Johnny, yours."

I now proceed with Miss A. F. Tytler's narrative, of which what follows is the concluding portion.

"After having passed some years in Devonshire Place, a friend in whose hands part of our funds* had been placed, (from no fault or imprudence on his part,) suddenly became involved in his circumstances; and our very moderate income was so considerably diminished, that the necessity of immediately moving into a smaller house seemed imperative. My Brother himself was the first to propose this measure.

* This money after several years was repaid.

He appeared to feel far more for his friend, than for any deprivations he himself might be exposed to; and talked with the greatest cheerfulness of how comfortable and happy we still could be in some quiet little corner, where the rent would be trifling in comparison of what we were then paying. But how were the books and book-cases to be got into quiet little corners, or indeed most part of our furniture, which was on a large scale? and when, after much consultation, we proposed that we should try to remain where we were by reducing our establishment, and making every possible retrenchment, he eagerly caught at the idea.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I am sure you were right. Moving is always a great expense. Reducing our establishment is the thing. We shall have an importation of cheap little girls from the country; and our excellent William I am sure will undertake the cooking in addition to his other work, with one of the little girls under him. You know he is an excellent cook, and so economical!'—William was an elderly man of most prepossessing appearance; had been a soldier, and an officer's servant, and could turn his hand to any thing. He proved indeed a treasure.—My Brother continued:—'Then, another great retrenchment will be my allowance. I have been spending too much. There shall be no more books or prints bought: not one. You shall give me a small weekly allowance.'

"'Your public charitable subscriptions must of course go on,' we said; 'but your beggars, how are they to be managed? those perpetual shillings and half crowns; and far worse than that, your decayed authors,—5*l.* to one, 10*l.* to another.' 'Now don't speak of that 10*l.*,' he answered, 'for it has proved the most economical expenditure I ever made in my life. You know the poor fellow was once rolling in wealth, so I could not well have offered him less; and since I made him that loan, I have never seen his face again. But

all that sort of thing shall be entirely put a stop to. Besides, they won't come to me now, for I shall be a poor author myself.' And so he smoothed over every thing, and so successful did our retrenchments prove, that if we had some privations, we had no debts, and remained in our comfortable house; our little girls (for we did import three) turning out very well on the whole, though rather troublesome; and my Brother most cheerfully denying himself many former indulgences as to the books and prints; the only privation he seemed really to feel was the being obliged to give away with a less liberal hand. He did indeed more than any one I ever knew realize that beautiful definition of Charity,—he suffered long and was kind; for though from his own guileless nature he was often deceived, he was never weary of well doing.

"Our annual migrations to Hampstead did not prevent my Brother from frequently accepting London invitations, and on one of those occasions a rather amusing incident took place.

"He had an invitation to one of the Queen's Balls; and in the morning he sent in every thing necessary for his toilet, with a message to the old woman who kept the house in Devonshire Place, that he would be there at a certain hour to dress. In vain did old William urge his services. He would not hear of his accompanying him. Next day he returned to us in buoyant spirits.

"'Well,' he exclaimed, 'I have always been convinced that over carefulness is wrong; that all those bolts and bars, and replacing things as you found them, is positively injurious to one's comfort. Now mark my words. I went into the back-parlour, when in London the other day, to look for a book: unbarred the shutter, and forgot to replace the bar. What was the fortunate result? On arriving at our house to dress yesterday evening, I found the old woman—out;

inquired at our neighbours on each side,—they knew nothing of her. Walked up and down the street for some time,—not a trace of the old woman:—gave her up as drunk or dead, and gave up the Queen's Ball also with heavy sighs; when suddenly I remembered the parlour window. I immediately applied next door for the stable-ladder, mounted the wall, found the window still unbarred, entered and made my toilet with the greatest success; never was better dressed in my life, and the old woman returned in time for me to make my exit in style by the front door, and in a particularly clean cab. The Ball was beautiful; but I could not help thinking every now and then, that the Queen would have been amused, if she had seen me creeping in at the window to make my royal toilet.'

"And here I cannot forbear saying that loyalty was a strong feature in my Brother's character. I remember that when presented at Court, Basil Hall accompanied him home, and his first observation was,—'I wish you could have seen your Brother when he knelt to kiss the Queen's hand! His expression was so full of devotion, it would have brought tears into your eyes.'

"Loyalty to their Queen was a part of the religion he taught his children. From them we learned that on the day of her marriage he had added a few simple words to their morning prayers, invoking blessings on their youthful Sovereign and the Prince Consort. Her Birthday was always marked to them by a full holiday, a visit to some interesting exhibition in the forenoon, and by their dining at table. On those festal occasions they would all stand up, and join their glasses half filled with wine to drink to the health of Queen Victoria; the whole concluding by 'GOD save the Queen,' sung at the very top of their voices, and with a more than common outburst of loyalty.

"For several winters my Brother was much engaged in the evenings,—more than he himself liked; but one party led to another, and he became involved in the vortex before he was himself aware of it. It was at this period that our faithful William stepped forward to lessen in some degree the additional expense of those numerous engagements.

"It was the fashion then for the gentlemen to wear white stocks of cambric muslin made up with a bow in front. What was it William would not have done for his master? He was, as I remarked before, an old soldier, and a jack-of-all-trades. Those stocks were now always washed, starched, and made up by him, and each night one was placed upon the toilet.

"'Here comes my prince of valets,' his master exclaimed one evening, as William entered with that look of triumph which he always wore, when the arranging the bow in front had been particularly successful: 'Perfect, quite perfect! It was but last night, William, I saw Lady B——'s eyes fixed upon me for some time. I knew she was envying me my laundress.'

"There was however rather a distressing want of arrangement in old William's multifarious duties, on those mornings when a servant mounted on horseback in the royal livery would arrive with a message from the Palace:* but when the beautiful engravings of the Princess Royal and Prince of Wales, with the Queen's autograph, were brought home, the old man's judgment was shaken to its foundation. He never was quite the same man after. There was a sad confusion in the composition of sauces and made dishes, after that event; and had old William lived in those

* "My Brother had then in his possession a collection of miniatures belonging to the Queen, which he was endeavouring to authenticate. This led to those frequent messages from the Palace."

days when the putting pepper into a cream tart* was considered a capital offence, his life would have been in no small danger.

"In 1843, my Brother had a narrow escape from drowning, while skating in the Park. The particulars are best given in his own words.

"'34 Devonshire Place, Feb. 24th, 1843.

"'My dear Jem.—Your kind letter was very welcome to me. Tommy and I have indeed the greatest reason to be thankful to GOD for our preservation, and now that I can coolly think over our escape, there seem so many providential things about it, that I alternately wonder, and tremble. The ice-boat being near, and not on the other side of the water; my having hold of Tommy's hand when the ice broke under us, and its going down gradually, so that there was no sudden plunge; my being able to keep myself afloat by treading the water, and a slight assistance from leaning part of my hand and arm on the unbroken ledge of the ice; Tommy's instantly recovering hold of me, so that he could hang by the upper part of my arm, and dear Sandy's being snatched away suddenly by a gentleman, and thus prevented falling in;—all these were so many providential circumstances, the failure or non-occurrence of one of which might have caused a very different result. Certainly nothing could be better than Tommy's behaviour. I told him when in the water, neither to cry nor struggle, but to hold firm,—which the little man implicitly obeyed; not shedding a tear or uttering a sound, which the people who saw his diminutive size seemed much astonished at, one gentleman calling him a little hero. He was then carried to the tent of the Humane Society: I followed: we were stripped, put into a warm bath,

* See 'Arabian Nights entertainments.'

took a little whisky, and went together into the same bed between warm blankets; whilst Boyd Alexander, who had seen it all, ran to Devonshire Place to order a change of clothes, and tell Annie and poor Mrs. Alexander Tytler who was living with us, that we were safe and well. As to my own feelings, I have tried to analyse them, and they really puzzle me. In the water, I felt no fear, but I spoke quietly to Tommy, told him what to do, and took what I believe was the only method to keep myself afloat. All this was merely mechanical. At one time, when the men were bringing the ice-boat, and I saw this heavy lumbering machine pushed towards us, I felt a momentary fear lest it should cause a great breakage of the ice, and a whirlpool that might endanger us. But this fear did not disorder me; and as it turned out, the boat came quietly alongside of us, so that I managed with the assistance of the officer to get Tommy in, and follow myself.

"'We were then dragged to shore on a ladder, and it was not till I was lying in the warm blankets with my little boy safe and saved in my bosom, that I began to have some sense of the danger we had escaped. Since then, my heart has indeed I trust been very grateful; and I have sometimes, in thinking over all that passed, felt a sense of sickness and dread, which, had it seized me in the water, might have taken away all power of exertion or recollection. This surely was very merciful: so that from first to last, all has been providential, and it is sweet to think that what people call presence of mind was truly nothing else than the presence of GOD.' *

"I now will close these most imperfect and brief remembrances,—leaving all the higher parts of the subject to his valued friend and biographer.

"Though my Brother's life was, from his naturally

* *To James M. Hog, Esq.*

buoyant and cheerful disposition, a happy one on the whole, yet had he many disappointments in his literary career, and many domestic sorrows, which I have not touched upon. The death of his sister Isabella, which took place in 1841, he felt most deeply.

"On the 25th of October, 1843, he finished the IXth and last volume of his History of Scotland. I quote the following from a memorandum made at the time:

"'Yesterday evening, my Brother finished his History of Scotland. At tea, he seemed uncommonly dreamy, and forgot to ask for his third cup. Then, instead of writing beside me as usual, he retired into the Library and stood employed at his high desk for some time. Returning into the drawing-room again, he said, 'Annie, if you like, I will read to you the last paragraph of my History:'—and he read,

"'It is with feelings of gratitude mingled with regret that the Author now closes this work, the History of his Country, the labour of little less than eighteen years: gratitude, to the Giver of all good, that life and health have been spared to complete, however imperfectly, an arduous undertaking; regret, that the tranquil pleasures of historical investigation, the happy hours devoted to the pursuit of Truth are at an end, and that he must at last bid farewell to an old and dear companion.'

"Thus gracefully does he bid adieu to his interesting task. Most deeply grateful should we all be, that he has been preserved to finish it. I say *all*, but I alone was there to hear the end. We are all separated now, and some 'are not.' But if blessings have been removed, he still remains to me to gladden life."

Such are the concluding words of Miss Tytler's MS. She alludes to the notice which her Majesty was graciously

pleased to bestow upon her Brother: in explanation of which it should be stated that he had been commanded in the early part of the year (1843) to examine a singular relic in her Majesty's possession, known as 'the Darnley jewel,' and to make a report upon it. His notes he transmitted in writing to the Palace, where they gave so much satisfaction that he received her Majesty's orders through his friend the Hon. C. A. Murray to cause a few copies to be printed for her Majesty's use; and by the end of April, twenty-five elegant little quarto volumes were the result. One of these copies was afterwards presented to himself. I remember his telling me that he had scrupulously burnt the sheets which had come to him for correction from Nicol, the printer.

In the course of the summer he sent me the following playful epistle.

"34 Devonshire Place, Aug. 12th, 1843.

"My dear Johnny,—Many, many thanks for your kind letter; for though I had no right to do it, I had often abused you as an unworthy little rascal, first for flying through town so quick that I could not lay salt on your tail, and then for your wicked silence; but I had no idea that your stay was so short. As to forgetting you, dear Johnny, there is not the slightest fear of that. You have twined yourself, somehow or other, with very many of my pleasantest and happiest recollections, and I don't know that there is any other friend to whom I can talk so freely and confidentially on everything, as to yourself.

"I fear from the account you give me that you are overworking, which I would fain warn you to beware of. *Haud inexpertus loquor.* There is no good in it; for though you may gallop for a week or a fortnight, you get *groggy*, (as the grooms and boxers say,) and cast a shoe or break down before the month is out. Now I wish Johnny not only to

distinguish himself in October, but to be a sinewy broad-shouldered, muscular divine and dialectician, who will live long and do good service to the Catholic Church, in these days when champions are needed and storms seem brewing and the faction of the Puritans is getting more envenomed every hour in their attacks of all that is ancient, holy, and good.

"And now, as to our noble selves, I have *almost* finished my History; that is to say, I have got through the tangled maze of the Gowrie conspiracy, the last of the *quæstiones vexatæ* in Scottish history; and I have only to kill Elizabeth, and set good King Jamie fairly on his bottom in the throne of the old lady, and be done with her, and him, and History, for ever: huzza! And as all this will be done in about 30 pages, I don't much mind about it, but rejoice that after a fifteen years' race, the stand is in view, and I can come in at an easy canter, with neither broken wind, nor broken knees. *Deo gratias!* To speak more gravely, dear Johnny, I feel very grateful to GOD that I have had health and strength to conclude a work of much labour, which I have a hope will preserve my name and prove, when Time the only true and fair judge comes to try it, not altogether unworthy of my country.

"Annie, who sends her kind love to Johnny, has had a note from Mr. Hatchard her publisher as to a new edition of 'Leila in England;' and as we get a treat of ices and cakes at Grange's in Piccadilly for every new edition, we paid a visit there on Saturday, and enjoyed our treat much. There is something very delightful in this mixture of literature and confectionery. We rejoice at the increasing moral influence of Miss Tytler's celebrated works, and rejoice also in the ices and cakes. Miss Tytler is thus, to use the language of Shakspeare, a soul-curer and a body-curer.

"Dear little Tommy has for some time past been rather

an invalid, and his doctor having prescribed sea-bathing, we are on the wing for Boulogne, where we remain a few weeks. I take my MS. of vol. IXth with me, and propose making a run with Mary and Annie to Paris, and getting a peep at the Scottish letters in the Bibliothèque Royale, before I send it to press, which I shall do in the end of September, if we are all spared so long. We go *en masse*, as Sandy has got his holidays; the party being Miss F. T. senior, Miss M. F. T. junior, Miss Mac, Sandy, Tommy, old William, Emily the nursery-maid, and myself: eight precious souls, to be packed into as small a compass as possible,—like the small 8vo edition of the History. The children are wild with spirits, and hope, and anticipated novelty. We speak French now constantly, to bring us in; and have, as you may believe, a thousand jokes as to the way we are to get on with the Mounseers. Mary for the last three weeks has been teaching the nurserymaid, who is an apt scholar; but we have sore misgivings as to old William, who (like Bottom) is 'slow of study,' and not exactly a heaven-born linguist."

To Boulogne the travellers went, and his daughter's reminiscences of Mr. Tytler at this time are all true to the life. "His enjoyment of any little amusement or relaxation was especially remarkable on our two successive visits to Boulogne. He invariably began to speak French *à tort et à travers* (as he expressed it) to everybody whenever he set foot on French ground,—douanier, and poissard, soldier, man, woman and child; every one in turn was greeted with some little playful remark. And so he was always making friends among high and low, from the librarian at Boulogne (to whom he gave a copy of his History for the library there, as an acknowledgment of the civility shown him during his frequent visits to the Musée,) down to the peasant woman who brought us milk. One evening we went with him,

uncle Tom, and our six cousins to sup at the good woman's farm. We were regaled with hot bread, butter, and fresh milk. She was in a high state of delight at the attention Papa paid her, and the praises he bestowed on her farm, her delicious fare, &c. The repast ended, she took us into her garden, and we (the children) dispersed ourselves in all directions. After a little time, I came suddenly on Papa and our hostess; she, listening with a face of mingled awe and delight, while he was enlightening her, and improving his French, on the subject of 'Marie Stuart, Reine d'Ecosse.' He delighted to dwell on the ancient alliance between the Scottish and the French nations; and it was so amusing to hear him recall the fact in his best French, and with a look full of fun and playfulness, to the woman from whom he was buying flowers or eau de cologne.

"One bright morning, Papa and I sallied out before breakfast into the market,—a lively scene was that market-place in front of St. Nicolas, crowded with the peasants from the neighbouring country in their dazzlingly white caps and gay petticoats!—and after an animated conversation with some good woman, we returned in triumph with a turkey for the dinner of the family. Alas, when it appeared on table, there was a misgiving look on old William's face, and a certain difficulty in carving it, which prepared us for the extreme toughness of the bird. It was pronounced to be a grandfather. Not all William's skill in cooking could conceal its venerable age. Aunt Annie solemnly charged us never to attempt such an important transaction as buying a turkey again; and William himself devoutly 'hoped that Master would never buy another *ding dong*,'—his nearest approach to correct French."

The trip to Paris was also made, and "very delightful impressions I have of it" (writes the same lady). "From the time we set off in the *intérieur* of the diligence till we

returned, he was in such boyish spirit, entering into conversation with his fellow travellers, and determined to make use of every opportunity for practising the language. Intensely exasperated was an Anglo-Saxon who sat opposite, and had evidently nothing to say for himself in any language but his own; probably little enough in that. On arriving at Paris, we were greeted by a very officious little official, who took for granted, to our indignation, that we could not speak a word of French, and began in the most patronizing manner settling our affairs for us. We were standing by our belongings, when he cried to a porter, (pointing in our direction,)—*Otez ces objets.* Travel-stained, dusty and tumbled as we were, there was something so peculiarly apposite in this remark, that Papa and I burst into a fit of laughter. *Otez ces objets.* Pretty greeting on our arrival at the capital! Papa related the story with infinite glee to our cousins. It was in vain that they assured him that *objets* related to the luggage, not to the travellers. The joke was far too good to be spoiled by any considerations of idiom."

CHAPTER XV.

(1843—1849.)

Tytler waits upon Her Majesty at Windsor Castle—Letters from Scotland—Tytler receives a pension—Impressions of society—His literary plans—His second marriage—His long illness abroad—The cold-water system—Return to England—His Death—POSTSCRIPT.

IT was, I presume, in consequence of what had happened in April, that in the ensuing November Mr. Tytler was honoured with her Majesty's commands to dine at Windsor Castle. "You must not look for me to-morrow," he wrote to his sister late at night, "for the Queen has been pleased to command me to remain another day here, that I may see some of the historical curiosities, drawings, pictures, MSS., &c. which they are now arranging." Of the events of that day, to himself so memorable, he wrote down a particular account for the private gratification of the same sister, to whom he well knew how precious every detail would be; and there seems to be no sufficient reason for withholding the following extracts from a narrative of what was so good and graceful on one side,—so honourable and gratifying on the other.

He relates that he went to prayers, where her Majesty and Prince Albert with all the servants of the household attended, at 9. After a delightful hour and a half spent in the Library, "Mr. —— brought me word that a horse with a groom would be ready for me to ride through the Park at 12, and that Mr. Murray had left a route for me on my table. At 12 it rained a little, but at half past 12 it cleared beautifully, and I went from the Library across the Quadrangle, where I found the horses waiting. I had a delightful horse

called 'Liverpool,' which carried me beautifully, and an intelligent young groom who showed me all the best points of view. I went by the Obelisk to Virginia Water, rode round it, enjoyed many noble points of view, and as I was obliged to be at the Castle again by 2 o'clock, rode rapidly there at a hard canter, Liverpool carrying me like the wind. I got to the Castle as 2 o'clock was striking."

He had communicated to his friend Mr. Murray his ardent desire to see the Royal children, and his wishes had found their way to her Majesty. Accordingly, "soon after luncheon," (he says,) "Mr. —— came with a message from Mr. Murray to say I must meet him immediately to go and see the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, who were coming into the corridor with the Queen. Away I went, joined Mr. Murray, and got to the corridor, where we found some of the gentlemen and ladies of the Household; and after a short time, the Queen, with the two little children playing round about her, and a maid with the Princess Alice, Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Hohenlohe, and some of the Ladies in waiting, came up to us; and her Majesty bowed most graciously, having the Prince of Wales in her hand, trotting on and looking happy and merry. When the Queen came to where I was, she stopped, and on my bowing and looking very delightedly, which I could not help doing, at the little Prince and her,—she bowed, and said to the little Boy, 'Make a bow, Sir!'—When the Queen said this, the Duke of Cambridge and the rest stood still; and the little Prince walking straight up to me made a bow, smiling all the time and holding out his hand, which I immediately took, and bowing low kissed it. The Queen seemed much pleased, and smiled affectionately at the gracious way in which the little Prince deported himself; and the Duke of Cambridge, who speaks very loud, called out, 'Well done! quite right, quite right!'—

It seemed to me as if both the Queen and all felt as if the young Prince was already taking the oath of homage from his subjects.

"All then passed on through the corridor; and after an interval of about a quarter of an hour Prince Albert, followed by a servant bearing two boxes, and having himself a large morocco box, came up to where I was, and told me he had brought the miniatures to show me, of which he had spoken last night. Then, in the sweetest possible way, he opened his treasures and employed more than half an hour in showing me the beautiful ancient miniatures of Holbein, Oliver, Cooper, and others,—most exquisite things! embracing a series of original portraits of the Kings, Queens, Princesses, and eminent men of England, and the continent also, from the time of Henry VIIth to the reign of George IIIrd. The Prince then gave me the written catalogues, pointed out the different drawers containing many unknown miniatures, and bade me in going over them mark with a pencil on the margin of the catalogue any errors in the catalogue, and any hints as to the unknown portraits. He also asked me whether there was preserved any where any original portrait of Bothwell. I told him that much research had been made for some authentic portrait of Bothwell; but as yet, so far as I knew, without success. He then left me, and I continued my pleasant work. By and by, little feet came pattering up, and I saw the Princess Royal with her French Governess. I bowed to the little Lady as she passed, and she kissed her hand and bowed, trailing a little horse behind her, and having a skipping-rope in her other hand. She played about for a long time whilst I was engaged in examining the miniatures. Presently, the day overcast . . . and a page came with another servant and proposed to carry the miniatures into an adjoining room; which they did, and placed the boxes and catalogues on the table. Here I

had continued my examination for nearly an hour more, when the door opened and the Prince came in again, and we had another long conversation and examination of the miniatures. He seems to take a great interest in them, and is very intelligent about them. After he left me, the evening was becoming dark, and I could only continue my examination for about half an hour longer. . . . . I went to my own room, and at 6 o'clock Mr. Murray came to me, as we had appointed, and I read to him the death of Elizabeth and the conclusion of my History. He made some valuable alterations and criticisms.

"Then I dressed, and occupied my time till ten minutes before 8, when I went to the drawing-room. In passing through the corridor, I had some pleasant conversation with Mr. Drummond, and some of the Lords and Gentlemen in waiting, till it was time for them to be at their posts, as they said. On coming into the drawing-room, I found myself alone; but soon after, Charles Murray came, and I learned from him that all the royal and noble guests of yesterday, except Prince Hohenlohe, had taken their departure, and that it would be almost a domestic party,—which turned out to be the case. I handed Lady —— —— to dinner, and all went on very happily, without any stiffness. I sat between Charles Murray and ——, a Lady who talked pleasantly but incessantly, and I was afraid she might bring me under condemnation, for I was obliged of course to answer all her many questions, and there was nobody but herself and Prince Hohenlohe between me and the Queen. However, I do not believe I gave any offence; for her Majesty, when we came into the drawing-room, singled me out after a little time and entered into conversation upon the miniatures. I expressed my high admiration of them, and their great historical value, and praised the Prince for the ardour and knowledge he had shown in bringing them together and rescuing them from

neglect. Her Majesty seemed pleased, and questioned me about the portraits of Bothwell. I expressed the doubts I had stated to the Prince, as to there being any authentic picture in existence, but added that I would make myself master of the fact immediately on my return,—which she seemed to like. The Band by this time had come into the room and the conversation ended. We had delightful music, the Prince directing the Band himself what to play. In about half an hour after, the Queen retired."

I remember well the pains which my friend afterwards took to identify some of the exquisite miniatures above alluded to, as well as his nervous fears about them. "Peter not liking to have his former room at the Palace, now that Charles Murray is gone, asked leave to take the enamels home. The Queen having consented to this, he returned in a cab with a box containing 130 miniatures. I hope no one will come in from the roof of our house!"* His experience of her Majesty's kindness and consideration at this time, as well as of the affability of the Prince, was very striking and touched him very much. But the most interesting feature of all was the perfect equanimity he retained under circumstances by which most men would have been unduly elated. His friends were not backward in sly congratulations and quaint surmises as to what was to come next;† but he put the whole matter aside with unaffected modesty. His sister writing to another sister, (Mrs. Baillie Fraser,) says,—"How delightful it is to see how little it affects him in any way, but as it ought to do! On Saturday evening, when the book arrived, [alluding to a copy of his Notes on the Lennox and Darnley jewel,] you may suppose we were

* Miss A. F. Tytler to her sister Mrs. Baillie Fraser.

† The notice in the 'Court Circular' of 10th Nov. was somewhat peculiar:—'Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler took his departure to-day. He would have left yesterday, but was invited by special command to remain at the Castle until to-day.'

rather full of it. Next morning he said to me,—'I was reading in a little book last night some notes I had written at the time of my dear father's death, and thanking GOD for the constant mercies which have followed me during this long period.'"*

I find the following interesting letter from him to myself, dated in the summer of the ensuing year. As already explained, I had left London in 1842 and come to reside at Oxford, where I was already very hard at work; so that, henceforth, Tytler and I met seldom indeed.

"Newliston, July 16th, 1844.

"My dear Johnny,—How very long it is, since I have written to you, or you to me: and yet, sure I am this does not come from any want of affection on either side, but you dear Johnny have a good excuse. You have been busy, and studious, I am sure to the best purpose. Whilst I have been idle; not forgetful of my friends who are separated from me, (for I sometimes think I live more in memory now than ever I did before,) but somehow or other, so indisposed to write anything, even a letter, that unless when absolutely forced to it, I never look upon a pen; and feel squeamish and sick when I see ink.

"You will perceive by the date that I am again at this dear place, so full to me of tender recollections; scarcely now mournful, but solemn and sweet. The image of my beloved wife is almost ever before me: it was here her infancy was passed: here, after she was mine, that our happiest days were spent; and although, since I lost her, I believe there have been few, if any days, and certainly no evening that I have not thought of her, yet here, every scene, every view, almost every tree brings her vividly before me. . . . .

"We are now on our route northwards to Moniack, hoping

* Nov. 23rd 1843.

to be with dear Jeanie and James Fraser on Wednesday. Annie, we left at Woodhouselee with brother James, who has made a beautiful addition to his house, with which we were all delighted; and the rest have come here, with me. We spent a week at Woodhouselee, most happily, visiting all our old haunts which I had not seen for fifteen years before. I forget whether, on your return from the North, and your short visit to Edinburgh, you went to Woodhouselee? James has completely pulled down one side of the house, which from its great age was becoming dangerous and insecure; but he has had the good taste to build it up again, exteriorly almost exactly in the shape it was before. The new side falls in with the picturesque feudal outline of the rest of the house. Within, all is different; for instead of the large old haunted bedroom, with its little dressing closet, out of which the ghost of Lady Bothwellhaugh walked, we have a beautiful drawing-room, above which are two new bedrooms, and below it, new servants' apartments. The only improvement to which I was not quite reconciled, is the changing my dear Father's library, which was the room at the top of the Tower, into a bedroom; and bringing down the books and bookcases, into the old drawing-room, which is now the library. This, to me and my sister, who travelled back more than thirty years to the happy days when her girlhood and my boyhood was passed here, was rather a trying change.

"My letter, dear Johnny, was interrupted by a sudden trip, first to Newliston, and afterwards to Aberdona, where my venerable uncle Col. Tytler, now in his 86th year, is in a somewhat precarious state. . . . . We are all now at Moniack, where we arrived yesterday evening. Nothing can be more beautiful than this sweet place at this moment, and you can well conceive the kindness of our reception, after an absence of two years."

After some particulars about his two elder children,—"As for Master Tommy, he is a clever little fellow in all practical things, such as packing, running messages, &c. and is uncommonly observing and inquisitive; but, like Bottom, he is dreadfully slow in study; and in Latin lessons, requires his cue to be given him, as often as Snug the joiner. This I trust will mend. As for their papa, about whose occupations Johnny may be inquisitive, he is like the needy knife-grinder, who had no story to tell, having lived (since the conclusion of his long task) like a gentleman at large, or an old horse pronounced past work, and turned out to grass. He is beginning, however, to be visited by some remorseful and better thoughts; and meditates a struggle against idleness, and an escape from a life of vegetation. And now, dear Johnny, let me send you my kindest love, and that of all those now beside me."

Soon after his return from Scotland, my friend was agreeably surprised by the receipt of the following letter from Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister.

"Whitehall, Nov. 16th 1844.

"Sir,

"You probably are aware that Parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown, a fund (I regret to say very limited in its amount) which is applicable by the Crown to the recognition of public claims on the consideration of the Sovereign, and on the gratitude of the Country.

"Among other foundations of such public claims, eminent literary merit and services have been specially mentioned by Parliament.

"I have great satisfaction in informing you, that having recommended to Her Majesty that your distinguished name should be added to the honourable List of those who upon such grounds have received marks of the Royal Favour,

Her Majesty has been pleased graciously to approve of my proposal, and to direct that a Pension of two hundred pounds per annum should be granted to you for life from the Civil List. I have the honour to be," &c.

This communication Tytler was not slow to acknowledge with becoming gratitude: but I suspect the reader will be more amused with the less studied language in which the Historian imparted his good fortune to a private friend.

"34 Devonshire Place, Nov. 18th, 1844.

"My dear Johnny,—When any good thing comes to one, next to being grateful to Him from whom all good proceeds, we think of those dear friends whose sympathy makes them part of ourselves. On Saturday, poor Miss Annie's face was very long, almost trailing on the ground, for the water-pipes in my house in Edinburgh had burst, and the *repairs*, and other little thorns of bills, weighed her down; but, that evening, came a strange letter to me, with 'Robert Peel,' and 'private' on the back; and, in the inside, some very pleasant lines informing me that in consequence of his recommendation, the Queen had conferred on me for literary services to the Country, a pension of two hundred pounds per annum. This made Miss Annie skip, and think no more of the water-pipes; and made *me* think of dear Johnny, and some other kind old friends to whom I have just been writing.

"I rejoiced the other day, on calling at Osnaburgh Street, to find your dear Mother and Helen so well. I only had heard two days before from dear Mr. Burgon, whom I met at the British Museum, that you had all come to town. Will you make, Johnny, my apology to Helen for meeting her like a sister, and having the audacity to kiss her, and her Mother too? I had remorse for it afterwards, for I had forgotten she is now a grown-up young lady; but I am an

old man now,—and she will forgive it. Write to me a few lines, dear Johnny, and believe me ever," &c.

He was at this time more in society than he had ever been before. But he was essentially domestic in his habits; he had a constitutional aversion to a crowd; and was never happier than when he was with his children by his own fireside. I have repeatedly heard him notice with pleasure the effect of the firelight on the gilded backs of the books in his library.* He was, at the same time, such a very social being, and so well fitted to please, that I cannot feel surprised at the evidence his letters afford that he had become far less of a recluse than when I parted from him two years before. The Duke of Somerset was very fond of him, and persuaded him to be frequently his guest at Wimbledon Park. One short and highly characteristic letter which he wrote from the mansion of that amiable and accomplished nobleman, deserves to be inserted.

"Wimbledon Park, December 5th, 1844.

"My dear Annie,—As usual, I shall not get back to you as soon as I thought, for there are gay doings going on here; and when the house is full of company, the Duke seems more than ordinarily to love a quiet corner where he can enjoy the literary talk of one with whom he is on no ceremony.

"—— seems very happy about his marriage, though he says it is a grave step for an old bachelor like him to take. His bride was here to dinner on Monday, the day I arrived; and there was not only a large party to dinner, but a ball in the evening. It was dark on Monday before I arrived, and I found myself in the porch, surrounded with myrtles and evergreens, and a grand piano-forte, just arrived too. Amongst the company was your old friend Mrs.

* See above, p. 197.

——, who is still in a dreadful, though happy bustle, with the marriage of her daughter to a gentleman of excellent character and fortune, a Mr. ——, whom they met with in the ruins of Syracuse, and who seems to have fallen in love with her in a strange ruin, called Dionysius' Ear, into which the whole party crept. He did not propose however in Dionysius' Ear, but waited till they met again in England. She seems very happy about it, and was full of kindness, and old stories.

"Yesterday, I walked six miles to call on dear Lady Dunmore, in Richmond Park. I had heard she was so ill that she saw nobody, but after I had left my name, and was walking away, the servant came running after me, and said his Mistress must see me; so I went back. She can only speak in a whisper, but happily it is so clear and distinct, that I heard her quite well. She was most kind, and a good deal affected at first seeing me, (you know I used to be very fond of old Lord Dunmore, and much with him long ago.) She insisted on taking me with her in her carriage, and would not hear of my walking back again. The way in which she held my hand as I sat beside her in the carriage, and listened to her sweet little clear low whisper, was more like the tenderness of a mother, or a wife, than any other thing. She said she was so glad I had come that day, for it was the only day for a long time before, that she could have seen me, as she had slept five hours the night before. Alas, how little do we sometimes think of the infinite blessing of health and sleep! Gladly would I give up three or four hours of my night's rest if they could be added to the sleep of this dear old friend, who is so patient a sufferer. But doubtless, these sufferings will purify her for that long sleep which will be followed by so bright and blessed a wakening.

"Yesterday and the day before, we had the Speaker here,

Mr. Shaw Lefevre, of whom your friends the Miss Allens spoke so much. All they said was true; for I never was in company with a more agreeable man, full of anecdote, funny, and without the least affectation of any kind. He is a noble looking man too,—quite like what the head of the Commoners of England should be. I was sorry he went away so soon. We had another treat in another way:—a Mr. ——, the son of Lord ——, who is a magnificent player on the piano-forte. He is very very little, with a small white face like a sixpence, black mustachios, and little eyes, like the tops of a black pin, and very wee hands; but when this thing sits down to the piano, if you shut your eyes, you would imagine three or four giants were playing. He practices *seven* hours a day, and wearies and wears his little hands so, that his wrists have large lumps on them, which have to be bandaged down, so that in his quick passages you see nothing flying along the notes, but two black ribbons. He is a perfect delight, and amused me much, both in seeing him, and thinking of him afterwards. Ever, &c.

"When Tommy has finished the recapitulation of *Amo*, let him go over the two next verbs, which he has already got with me."

From many a passage in my friend's letters, his love of the Fine Arts, of pictures, and of portraits especially, will have been made apparent. He did not feel at liberty to purchase such objects for himself, though a very interesting portrait of Mary Queen of Scots which he obtained about this time, was a memorable exception to his general rule of self-denial. He drew up a memoir, which was privately printed in 1845, 'On the Portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots, with remarks on an original portrait of that Princess, recently discovered,'—in which I think he establishes with a high degree of probability that the portrait in question

was the same which Queen Mary sent to Queen Elizabeth, from France, in 1559–60. As for Literature, of which for a full year he seemed to have taken leave, it was too sincere a passion with him ever to die out, or even long to slumber. He had been for years meditating, as he more than once told me, a great work which, if he had been spared to execute it, would have been a truly valuable contribution to letters; I mean, a *History of the Reformation*. We have already met with one allusion to such a projected work.* He was singularly qualified for the undertaking. His churchmanship,—his familiar, and as it were personal acquaintance with the principal actors in that splendid drama,—his matured habits of investigation,—and his great knowledge of the sources from which the materials for that period of history are to be derived, all pointed him out as the proper man to be entrusted with such a work. But he was destined to write no more: and his literary life cannot, I think, be taken leave of more appropriately, than in the following words from a letter already quoted, of his friend Mr. Pringle of Yair:—"I believe that it was his original intention to bring down his History of Scotland to the Union of the Kingdoms; but he found the materials of the last century so increased in quantity, that the labour of discriminating, selecting, and condensing, appeared to him quite appalling; and indeed, it would then have been quite beyond his impaired strength; for he had so devoted his energies to the perfecting of his work, that I believe his health had been irreparably injured, and his valuable life was shortened by the inroads which incessant labour had made on his constitution.

"There was however one addition which I should much have liked him to have made. I allude to the earlier portion of our History, before the succession wars,—the period

* See above, p. 207.

at which he took it up; and on this subject, I have frequently conversed with him. He had been deterred from commencing the narrative at an earlier period, on account of the scantiness of the materials, and the difficulty of establishing facts with such a degree of accuracy as would satisfy himself: but I reminded him of the article on the Culloden Papers; and recommended him to follow the example, and write as an introduction to his History, a preliminary Essay, through which the facts might have been interspersed in the way of illustration. The idea seemed to please him; and the last time that we spoke of it, (which was not long before his work was completed,) he told me that he had some thoughts, after he had obtained the rest from his labours which he then so much required, of resuming the work, and writing an introductory volume in the form which I had suggested; for he was then so familiar with the facts, that to do this would not require much further research,—the kind of labour which he most dreaded. But alas! his literary exertions were then too near their termination. And, with him, there has been lost to his country a fund of historical experience and information which we cannot expect ever again, in our generation, to see accumulated." * . . . Now, to resume the interrupted current of my story.

In the following May (1845) he announced to me, by letter, that he contemplated a second marriage. The object of his attachment was Miss Anastasia Bonar, (daughter of the late Thomson Bonar, Esq., of Camden Place, Kent,)—a lady who had long been the intimate friend of his own family. She possessed (as I knew, for I had made her acquaintance at Edinburgh in 1839), great personal attractions, fine abilities, and many accomplishments. Devotedly attached to his children, and a person of great piety, in her my friend

* *To James Tytler, Esq.*; dated *Yair*, 19*th Aug.* 1854. See above, p. 177.

fondly hoped to reconstruct a fabric of domestic happiness, and to taste the sweetness of that state of life which he seemed to have parted with for ever. "How all this has come about, dear Johnny," (he wrote,) "I can scarcely tell. It has been so gradual and so gentle. There was a time, as you well know, when I never dreamed that my heart could have admitted these feelings again: but now, without losing any of the sweet and sacred memories connected with that beloved being who has fallen asleep, I have resigned myself to a feeling which I cannot resist." I will not dwell upon all this. The announcement took me by surprise, I own: but it requires little observation in such matters to be aware that they defy criticism at a distance, and are often rendered perfectly intelligible when we know more about them. The sentiment moreover is probably a distinct one, with which a second marriage is contracted; and while the warm and passionate love which *first* takes possession of a breast like his, can never be displaced, it may well be thought to leave room for the aftergrowth of a sincere attachment, different in kind as well as in degree, especially when years of bereavement and loneliness have come between. Miss Bonar had recently been in a manner domiciled with the family in Devonshire Place; and by my friend's eldest sister was treated almost as a daughter.

Later in the summer, he wrote to invite me to his marriage. "It will be very quiet and private," (he said:) "none but the dear relatives and a very very few friends; and of these, it is my earnest wish that one should be my own Johnny, if it is not *very* inconvenient to him to come to Richmond on that day." * But I was a long way from Richmond on the day of his marriage, (12th August,) and very hard at work, and unable to be there.

After the wedding, they proposed to go to Oxford, and push

* July 21st 1845.

on from thence northward; and Tytler asked me to tell him of 'some sweet quiet country Inn' within a walk or short drive of the University, where they might make their head quarters. I suggested Godstow, as it was to be in vacation time; but the notion proved impracticable. They established themselves in Oxford, and found the calm and solitude of the place so delightful, that they prolonged their stay there until the end of August. "One of our sweetest walks was to your gardens of Worcester, and beautiful they are. We sat under the shade of your charming trees. . . . . What a delightful silence and solitude there is in these college walks and gardens!"* To his little daughter, he wrote,—"There is something about this old city which I have never seen or felt in any other place; an air of sweet solemn quiet, a religious repose which falls softly on the mind, and disposes it to pure and holy thoughts. And then, for a studious man, its noble Libraries and the collections of MSS. in the different colleges, make it I should think a literary paradise."†

From this time forward, strange as it may appear, I lost sight of my friend entirely. I wrote to him occasionally, but he was never equal to the effort of writing to me in return. Indeed, I believe it was judged more prudent not to show him my letters. His health gave way in what seemed a mysterious manner. After a visit to the Highlands, where every thing appeared to excite instead of to soothe him, he returned south; submitted himself to hydropathic treatment; and became a confirmed invalid. He disappeared from society. In June 1846, he went to Vielbach near Frankfort. His medical adviser was now Dr. Mayow; and at Vielbach he stayed for the space of a year.

But his health continued to decline, and he became the victim of a settled despondency. He was silent, and despaired of his ultimate recovery. His whole nervous system

* Sept. 1st 1845. † 27 August, 1845.

seemed shattered and unstrung. Was it the result of the excessive mental application to which he had accustomed himself for so many years? I cannot, for my own part, think this any adequate account of the phenomenon. The accounts I had of him from time to time were all distressing and unsatisfactory. From himself, as already explained, I never heard at all.

In June 1847, Mr. and Mrs. Tytler transferred themselves to Elgersburgh in Thuringia, Saxe Weimar, where there is a famous 'cold-water establishment.' The patients appear to have led a sufficiently primitive life: rising at half past 5, breakfasting at 7, (on clotted sour milk, and brown bread and butter;) dining at half past 12; drinking tea, or rather sour milk, at 6; and going to rest at half past 9. The spoons and forks of the establishment were pewter and iron. Peasants waited on the patients "in the rudest style imaginable, but with much good humour and kindness." When the weather allowed, meals were taken in the open air: otherwise, in a large hall surrounded with a score of banners,—the national flags of the patients who had contributed them. On one was painted the arms of Elgersburgh,—which exhibited for bearings, a blanket surmounted by a sitz-bath, and the emblems of the favourite springs; while, in the centre, reposed "a frog luxuriating in the pure stream of water which the emblem of each spring pours down upon it." I can well believe that my friend "was rather shocked at this, and called it 'a sad parody on heraldry.'"*

In the month of December, 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Tytler repaired to Dresden, and continued to reside in that capital till the ensuing Easter. On Easter Day 1849, (as I was told seven years afterwards,) Tytler went to church for the first time since August, 1845! From Saxon Switzerland, near Dresden, they went on the 1st September to Paris; and

* Mrs. Tytler to myself, dated *Elgersburgh, Sept. 14th*, 1847.

thence, by slow stages, came back to England; reaching Malvern on the 29th October, 1849. He had been absent from home, I believe, for nearly three years and a half. Mr. Tytler now became a patient of Dr. Gully.

I wrote to him immediately on his return to England, but his wife was afraid to show him my letter. "I have not ventured to read it to him; for all associations connected with old friends unnerve him; and to you he is so tenderly attached, that he could not hear your letter read without emotion." "Letters on business are easy:" (I quote from the same letter of hers, dated Springfield Lodge, Great Malvern, 24th November:) "but where his heart is so deeply concerned, his courage fails him."

If I pass over these concluding passages of my friend's life in the briefest manner, it is partly because I can recover so few of the details of his illness:* partly, because I shrink from a subject which it gives me unmingled pain to contemplate. "Dr. Gully is delighted with the progress his patient has made," (writes Mrs. Tytler,) "but does not conceal from us that he must make much more, before he can be restored to health." She herself, (certainly the tenderest of nurses and most devoted of wives,) was full of sanguine expectations. "We hope much from Dr. Gully's skilful treatment, and trust that with GOD'S blessing, the late striking improvement will daily increase; and his mind be in time restored to its former buoyancy and happiness. Could he but *hope*, the illness would be cut short. It is his despair of recovery which reacts on the body and unstrings the nerves."

I hasten on to the closing scene. On Monday, 17th December, Tytler breakfasted with his family for the last time.

* The Journal of their sojourn on the Continent, and which had been very carefully kept by Mrs. Tytler, was entrusted by her to the care of Dr. Gully,—who lost it; as she herself informed me shortly before her death.

He had now grown exceedingly weak and languid; and slept through the greater part of the day. He was equal to no mental exertion; but derived pleasure from hearing Washington Irving's 'Life of Goldsmith' read aloud in the evening. Next day, he felt too weak to leave his bed; and only shook off the drowsy torpor which seemed to be stealing over him, to say his prayers, of which he made his wife promise she would remind him at the customary hour. He rose on the day following; but was unequal to the task of writing Mrs. Tytler's name in a book he had once given her. A fit of exhaustion came on in the evening; and the sunken eyes, contracted eyelids, and almost inaudible voice, showed but too plainly what must shortly follow. His wife asked him if he felt ill. 'Total exhaustion,' was his reply: 'life is ebbing.'

Next day, he could not make up his mind to leave his bed; and remarked that it was 'vain to struggle any longer.' His voice was very low, and he spoke as if in his sleep. At every suggestion that he should get up, he replied,—'Ten minutes longer! A little more rest, I entreat you:' and dropped asleep again. Once he said, 'I cannot rise; my strength is gone.' He could not even feed himself: but he folded his hands before and after every meal, and syllabled the customary grace. Throughout almost all the following day, he slept; but made an effort to rise in the evening. After hearing his favourite Psalm (the 121st) read aloud to him, slowly and distinctly, in order (as he said) that he might understand it, he returned to his bed; never to rise from it again.

On Sunday, the 23rd, he grew confused in memory: experienced difficulty in swallowing, and complained of darkness. The curtain was drawn, and the light of the winter morning was suffered to stream on his bed; but in vain. He folded his hands, and exclaimed,—'I see how it is.' He

slumbered throughout the day; and remarked, when the doctor called upon him in the afternoon,—'I shall not now be long on the face of this earth.' Later in the evening, he kissed and blessed his children. A night of confused thoughts followed; and before the dawn, it became apparent that he was sinking rapidly. His wife, who had been seeking to administer some wine and water, supposing that his difficulty in swallowing was owing to his position, strove to alter it. He gently shook his head, and smiled faintly. Suddenly, at about half past seven, a deadly pallor overspread his features, and his pulse became almost imperceptible. He drew one long breath,—and all was over!

Thus peacefully, but very sadly, early on Christmas-Eve, 1849, at the age of fifty-eight, departed the friend whose memory I have sought to embalm in the only way which is permitted to me. His remains were conveyed to Edinburgh by his sons; and on the 29th, he was followed to his last resting place by his nearest relatives, and a few of his oldest and dearest friends. He sleeps in the Tytlers' vault in the Grey-Friars' churchyard, where so many of his family had been gathered already; and where the following inscription, which was set up shortly afterwards, commemorates in briefest outline the history of his life and death. It will be found overleaf.

IN THIS VAULT,
WHERE SO MANY OF HIS FAMILY
ARE ALREADY GATHERED,
REST THE REMAINS
OF
PATRICK FRASER TYTLER,
YOUNGEST SON
OF
ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER,
LORD WOODHOUSELEE.
HE FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST,
24TH DEC. A.D. 1849,
IN THE FIFTY-NINTH YEAR OF HIS AGE;
'LOOKING FOR THAT BLESSED HOPE
AND THE GLORIOUS APPEARING
OF THE GREAT GOD, AND OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.'

OF HIS GENIUS AND HIS TASTE,
HIS HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS
ARE A SUFFICIENT MEMORIAL.
OF HIS PURE CONVERSE
AND DELIGHTFUL MANNERS,
HIS SERENE TEMPER
AND LOVELY DISPOSITION,
RECOLLECTIONS ARE GARNERED UP
WHERE ONLY THEY CAN BE PRESERVED,
IN THE HEARTS OF HIS FRIENDS.
OF HIS PIETY, HIS FAITH,
HIS HOPE AND LOVE,
THE RECORD SURVIVES IN HEAVEN.

'BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART:
FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD.'

His daughter Mary Stewart, and his two sons, Alexander and Thomas Patrick, still survive him. The young men are both Lieutenants in the 17th Regiment, Madras Native Infantry.

An extract from a letter* of Mr. Tytler's old friend, Mr. Alexander Pringle, addressed to Mr. James Tytler, on learning his brother's death, will perhaps be no unfitting conclusion of the present Memoir.

"I can hardly describe to you what a conflict of thought has filled my mind, since I heard of this sad event. I was not at all prepared for it, having cherished the hope that I might again have seen my early friend, and that after the effects of his fatiguing journey had subsided, his recovery might have gone on progressively. But GOD has willed it otherwise. May He be a Father to the fatherless children, in whom I shall ever feel a very warm interest. It is about forty two years since our acquaintance, or I should rather say our intimacy, (for it was intimacy from the beginning,) first commenced; and in how many events of our lives have we been associated!

"His was a highly gifted, as well as highly cultivated mind, combined with the sweetest disposition. Having spent many of my happiest hours in his society, I cannot help dwelling on the recollection of them; for in the circle of those friends amongst whom the most active and interesting years of my life were passed, he filled an important place. No one contributed so large a share to the joys of that social intercourse which lightened our toils, and excited us to fresh exertion. I can hardly reconcile myself to the idea that the scenes of those happy days have passed away for ever. I have had various intimations of this melancholy fact; but this event is the first that has convinced my mind of its certainty. Some of our most esteemed early friends

* Dated *Yair, 29th Dec.*, 1849.

have departed before him, and we lamented their deaths as occasioning premature blanks in our circle. But I now acknowledge the fact, that *that* circle is broken up for ever; and that, for the remainder of the time allowed to those of us who survive, our social enjoyments must be reckoned amongst the things which have run their course. When we meet, we can never again rise to that buoyancy of spirits which we once enjoyed, though we may have a melancholy pleasure in dwelling on the memory of the past; and especially in cherishing our recollections of one whose playful wit and varied accomplishments were the chief charm of our intercourse."

POSTSCRIPT.

THE compilation of this Memoir has proved a melancholy undertaking: *how* melancholy, few can imagine who have never tried to put together some memorials of a dear friend departed. Slumbering recollections are aroused so effectually that they disturb and distress the heart. There is too much peeping and prying into what is secret and sacred: while the question, How much of this ought to be printed? is a truly uncongenial one to be for ever asking oneself in the examination of documents which, from beginning to end, one is profoundly conscious were never intended for the public eye at all.

But perhaps the most painful thing to a biographer is the effect of a protracted study of those many private letters which are sent to him for perusal, and which constitute his chief materials. The air of living earnestness, the startling freshness, with which everything is expressed, affects the imagination very powerfully; contrasting as it does with the sad conviction that the writer, and not unfrequently his correspondent, as well as the individual of whom he writes,—all sleep in dust. Anxieties, fears, hopes, rejoicings: births, marriages, illnesses, funerals: success and triumph to-day, disappointment and affliction to-morrow:—how does it all pass before one like some strange feverish dream; apparently without results, and apparently without reality!

This has been particularly the case in the present instance. At a period of life comparatively premature, all the chief personages here mentioned have left the scene: and three of those to whom the foregoing sheets would have

been of supreme interest, have departed while I have been putting together the materials which they had themselves supplied. My own personal recollections again, are of the brightest, sunniest kind imaginable: while the concluding portion of my narrative is full of unmingled sadness and dreary retrospect.

Only one word more, and I will gladly lay down my pen. I have often observed that it is best not to search too curiously into the lives of illustrious men whose Memoirs are already before the public. Enough, for the most part, has been revealed; and the penalty of turning at random a fresh page in their histories, is commonly to make a discovery which charity would willingly have ignored. Of *this* friend, however, I may truly say that the more I have looked into his private history, the more I have learned to appreciate the purity of his character. His stray letters, wherever preserved; the reminiscences of friends, wherever they may have known him; the casual reference made to his character by others;—all will be found to harmonize with the portrait here attempted to be drawn. No one could correspond with Mr. Tytler, without contracting affection for him; no one could know him, without speedily learning to love him likewise: and I have heard those who knew him best, declare that in him they beheld the truest impersonation of their ideal of a *Christian Gentleman*.

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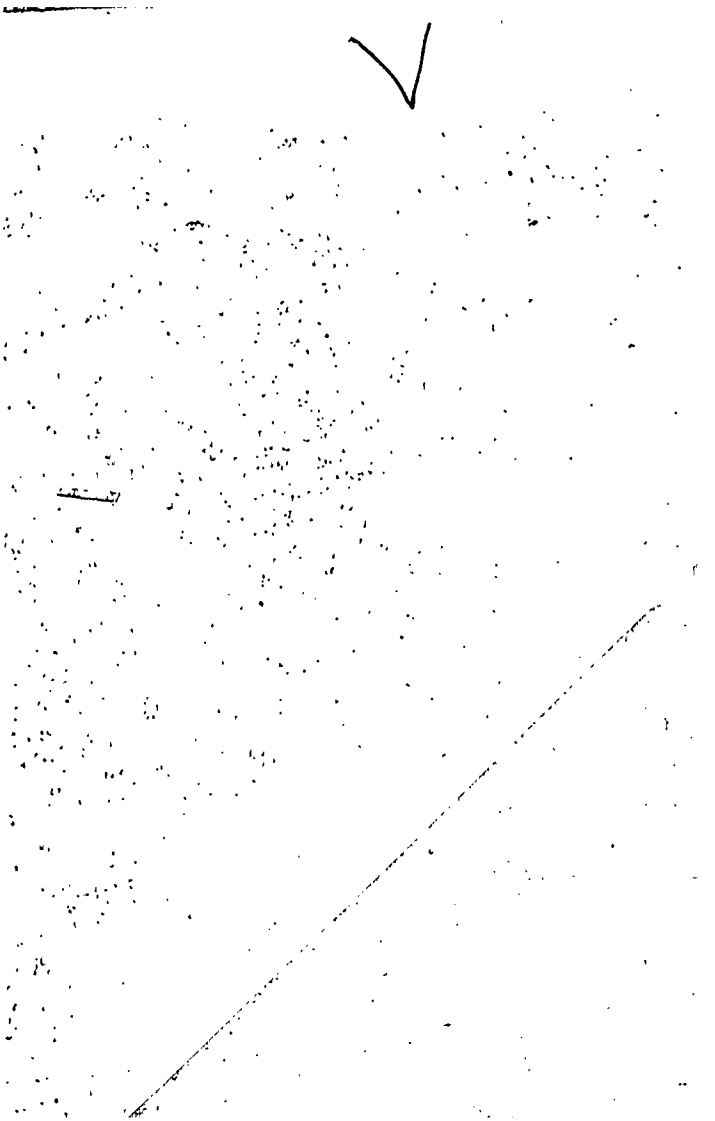

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